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CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

Second Series.

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VOL. I.

CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN;

WITH

EPISODES, POLITICAL, SOCIAL, SPORTING,
AND THEATRICAL.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

Second Series.

" Papillon du Parnasse, et semblable aux abeilles,
A qui le bon Platon compare nos merveilles;
Je suis chose légère, et vole à tout sujet,
Je vais de fleur en fleur, et d'objet en objet."
LA FONTAINE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1877.

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ROYALTY.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

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"L'histoire ne dit que les faits
Le temps seul dévoile les causes."

"Le Cadran d'une horloge marque l'heure, sans que le travail de l'intérieur soit aperçu, ne pourroit-on pas dire qu'il en est à peu près de même de l'Histoire, comme Recueil de faits plus ou moins exacts, dont les auteurs se sont très-rarement trouvés à portée de connoître les causes, et qui depuis qu'on s'est mêlé de l'écrire, se sont presque tous servilement copiés les uns les autres?

"Aussi les personnes qui en sont curieuses, et surtout celles qui n'ont d'autre but que celui de l'instruire ont-elles souvent recours aux actes et aux mémoires particuliers, soit imprimés, soit manuscrits, échappés aux ravages du temps, dans les dépôts, ou publics ou particuliers."

IN early life I had the good fortune to be honoured with the acquaintance, and, without presumption I believe I may add, the friendship of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, only daughter of the fourth George by his unfortunate marriage with the

sister of the ill-fated Duke of Brunswick, who fell gloriously at the battle of Quatre-Bras. Sorrowful even to this hour is the remembrance of that sad day when I heard of the death of one who, in due course of nature, was destined to rule over this nation, and who from childhood to womanhood had won the love of all. I was dining at the Equerries' table at Windsor Castle on the evening of the 6th of November, when, just before breaking up, a servant entered hastily, and in an agitated manner communicated the melancholy intelligence that the Princess was no more. To describe the feelings of all present would be impossible, they could hardly realize the fact. It appeared so awful, so sudden, so strange, so unexpected, that for many moments the silence was not broken; at length one and all with grief depicted on their countenances left the room to ruminate over an event which would cast a gloom over the entire realm. Upon reaching the cavalry barracks where I was quartered, I found the officers still indulging in "potations pottle deep" of fiery port wine. It was a guest night; mirth and good humour prevailed, but no sooner had I communicated the death of the poor Princess than the party broke up. Let me now return to the youthful days of the departed Princess.

During Her Royal Highness's studies the most scrupulous attention was paid to her health, and a temporary residence by the seaside was recommended as likely to prove highly beneficial to her. Bognor at that period was a small, quiet town, and thither the Princess repaired with her establishment

A mansion belonging to Mr. Wilson was taken for a certain number of years, and here for a considerable time she enjoyed unalloyed happiness. She had not resided at Bognor more than a fortnight, when some fears were expressed of the dangerous consequences which might result to Her Royal Highness from the vicinity of her mansion to a dépôt for soldiers afflicted with ophthalmia, who occupied small wooden huts on an adjoining green. This barrack has long since ceased to exist. A Commission was appointed to investigate the possibility of persons residing in the neighbourhood being afflicted with the disease. Not one case of that nature had ever occurred; and the physicians reported that the contagion did not extend to persons who were not in immediate contact with the afflicted. Without entering at this time into the truth of that report, there can be no doubt that a more suitable place might have been selected for the temporary residence of the heiress-presumptive to the throne, than one in the heart of which a dépôt for invalids was situated. Warwick House at Worthing had been for some short time occupied by the Princess Charlotte, but for private reasons that house was relinquished, and Bognor was fixed upon as the future summer home of Her Royal Highness. It was in this retreat that she enjoyed that liberty and that degree of happiness which the forms and etiquette of a sojourn in the metropolis had denied her. It was here that the native joyousness of her disposition burst forth; it was here that she felt herself unfettered by the tedious ceremonies attendant on

her elevated rank; and her eye beamed with sparkling lustre as she gazed on that ocean on which the bulwarks of her nation rode, bearing the thunder of their vengeance on the foes of her country, and triumphantly defending her shore from all ruthless invaders. The condescension of her manners, the affability of her conversation, the ease and freedom with which she received and returned the visits of the neighbouring gentry, the ready access to her presence on all occasions when suffering, indigence, or sudden misfortune had a claim upon her bounty, endeared her to all classes. Dressed with the utmost simplicity, often have I met her tripping down to Richardson's, the baker's, about the time when she knew his buns were ready, and entering the shop would sit down and partake of them with all the gusto of an unsophisticated school-girl, talking to the worthy baker about his business, as if she took a deep interest in the concern. Then, accompanied by Lady De Clifford, she would mount her low phaeton, drawn by two beautiful grey ponies, and full of youthful mischief she would drive into a field belonging to Sir Thomas Troubridge, which happened to be very uneven and full of knolls and ruts, over which she would drive at an awful pace to the detriment of the springs and the great annoyance of her companion, who, like Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," was "jolted to a jelly," and who uttered many a shriek at the danger to which she fancied she was exposed; to all of which, and to the most ardent expostulations, Her Royal Highness laughingly exclaimed, "Nothing like exercise,

my lady, nothing like exercise!" The Princess took particular pleasure in frequenting the beach, rambling among the then famed Bognor rocks, and collecting seaweed of every description. Many a necklace did she form of the beautiful black berries that were there found. The heart of the Princess was in the right place. She gave freely, and there was not a poor man, woman, or child that came under her notice that went away empty-handed. During her residence at Bognor an officer of long standing in the army was arrested for a small sum; being at a distance from his friends, and being thereby unable to procure bail, he was about to be dragged from his family to be incarcerated in Arundel jail. The circumstance came to the knowledge of the Princess, who, with that high and generous feeling which characterized all her actions, exclaimed, "I'll be his bail;" and then suddenly recollecting herself, she inquired the amount of the debt, which being told her, she continued, "There, take this to him; it is hard that a gallant soldier, who has exposed his life in the field of battle, should ever experience the rigours of a prison!"

A story is told of the Princess which occurred during her early childhood. When residing with her governess, a medical practitioner (in those days called an apothecary) was in the habit of daily visiting the house, much to the horror of Her Royal Highness, who dreaded to have to undergo the usual panacea for all ills—a nauseous black draught. "There's old Thompson again," she declared, "I wish he would stay away, his great pleasure seems

to be to dose the servant-maids." "Mr. Thompson!" said the governess, "it's highly improper in Your Royal Highness to drop the Mr., and if it happens again after so many repeated warnings, I shall be compelled to send you to bed." A few days afterwards "Monsieur Tonson" was seen again approaching, dressed in the orthodox medical dress of that day, a somewhat sombre suit, black coat, waistcoat and short breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles, powdered head, and a Malacca cane in hand. "Here's old Thompson again," shouted the Princess, in the exuberance of spirits, "Here's old Thompson! Thompson! Thompson! and now I'm ready to be sent to bed." Whether after this "touch of nature" the threat was carried out deponeth knoweth not.

The Princess's name was first brought prominently into notice by the following lines from Byron's pen :—

> "Weep, daughter of a royal line,
> A sire's disgrace—a realm's decay:—
> Ah! happy if each tear of thine
> Could wash a father's faults away!
> Weep! for thy tears are virtue's tears,
> Auspicious to these suffering isles,
> And be each drop, in future years,
> Repaid thee by thy people's smiles."

Every right mind will regret the perverted genius of this talented poet, who could thus indulge in the personal malice contained in the above lines; so strong was the feeling of all lovers of order and decency that it drew forth the following rejoinder.

"Lord Byron is a father; he has an only daughter,

since whose birth he has been separated from his wife; and perhaps his lordship might now be more conscious of the extreme impropriety of his conduct, by the feeling which would probably be excited were he to read the adaptation of his own verses to his, and to his infant daughter's present circumstances :—

> "Weep, daughter of a noble line,
> Thy sire's disgrace—thy hope's decay:—
> Ah! happy if each tear of thine
> Could wash a father's faults away!
> Weep! for thy tears are guiltless tears,
> O'er him whom lawless love beguiles;
> And be each drop, in future years,
> Repaid thee by thy mother's smiles."

The Spring of 1814 had commenced, and I, "a youth"—which is only a more civil word for "hobbledehoy"—of fourteen years of age, was about to set forth in the flowery path of the world; for at that time the blossoms of life had not shed one leaf, nor were the thorns which cluster round the stem of every destiny apparent to my sight. The season was one of the greatest gaiety. Napoleon had abdicated the throne of the world. The Bourbons had been restored; Louis XVIII. had quitted England—the warehouse for bonded sovereigns—"to relieve France," so said Berthier, "from the weight of misfortunes under which she had for five-and-twenty years been groaning." Kings, emperors, princes, potentates flocked to London, which was thronged with the votaries of fashion and pleasure. Everybody was driving out, dining out, supping out, hunting the royal and imperial *lions;* balls, fêtes,

masquerades, illuminations, reviews naval and military, plays, operas, formed the order of the day and night. As Byron wrote to his tried friend and biographer, Thomas Moore:—

"The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
The *fêtes*, and the gapings to get at these Russes,—
Of His Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.

. . . . . .

"The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker,
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey—
Mere breeches whisked round in a waltz with the Jersey,
Who, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted
With Majesty's presence as those she invited."

The Countess of Jersey, above alluded to, was one of the loveliest women of her day, and of her it may be said that "her outward graces were placed about the thoughts and counsels of her heart."

On the 5th of February the Prince Regent gave a ball at Carlton House, upon which occasion the Princess Charlotte was to make her first appearance in public. I had had the good fortune to receive my commission as cornet in the Blues during the previous year, and was at a private tutor's at Donnington, near Newbury. Although I was not what the young ladies called "regularly out," being honoured with an invitation to the ball, I easily persuaded my parents to allow me to order my dress uniform—uniforms or court suits being indispensable. The dress of the old "Blues" of that day would surprise the present members of that distinguished corps. It consisted of a swallow-tail coat, with large red facings, collar and cuffs elaborately

covered with gold lace, epaulettes, white kerseymere breeches, white silk stockings, evening shoes, or "pumps" as they were called, and a huge cocked hat and feathers. The ball was fully attended, waltzes and quadrilles were not then in prospective existence; so it opened with an English country dance led off by the Duke of Cumberland and Princess Mary, to the tune of "I'll gang nae mair to yon toun." The second dance was led off by the Duke of Clarence and the Princess Charlotte of Wales. It is rather a curious coincidence that I had the honour of dancing in the same country dance with the Princess Charlotte of Wales, then about to be affianced to the Prince of Orange, and that in after-years I had the privilege of forming one of a quadrille in which her present Majesty, then Princess Victoria, danced with another Prince of Orange, who, according to rumour, was an aspirant for the hand of his royal partner of that evening.

At the period I write of, Carlton House was the centre of attraction, and happy were those who had the good fortune to be admitted within its precincts. It stood in Pall Mall, facing the Guards' memorial in Waterloo-place; this building gave rise to the following jeu d'esprit.

Carlton House was distinguished by a row of pillars in the front; and York House, now Dover House, Whitehall, then the residence of the Duke of York, by a circular court, which still remains. These two buildings being described to Lord North, who was blind during the latter part of his life, he facetiously remarked, "Then the Duke of York has

been sent to the Round House, and the Prince of Wales put in the *Pillory!*"

To provide as far as possible for the succession to the throne, it had now been determined that the Princess should marry. The person fixed upon as her husband was the young Prince of Orange, who was recommended by his long residence in this country, by his acquaintance with the genius of our Government, with the habits and manners of the people, and by the connection between his House and the reigning family of Great Britain. In addition to these recommendations, he was favourably known to the British public by the courage he had displayed in the campaigns of the Peninsula, under Wellington. While the negotiations for this union were in progress, and at the time when the Allied Sovereigns were in London, the Princess of Wales entered into a long correspondence with the Queen respecting the appearance of the former at Court, which terminated on the part of Her Majesty intimating the impossibility of her receiving Her Royal Highness at the drawing-rooms.

The celebrated drawing-room, of which so many high expectations had been formed, on account of the peculiar circumstances connected with it, was at length held, and the Princess Charlotte of Wales, for the first time, made her appearance in public. It may here amuse my lady readers if I describe Her Royal Highness's dress, which consisted of an elegant petticoat of rich white satin, with a superb border of the same, a wreath of silver laurel leaves, tastefully intermingled

with white roses; draperies of richly-embroidered patent lace, in silver lama, with a superb border formed in festoons, and ornamented in an elegant style with wreaths of silver cords and tassels; train of rich striped and figured silver blond lace, ornamented with beautiful diamonds; head-dress a profusion of the most splendid diamonds and ostrich feathers; necklace, ear-rings, armlets, and bracelets to correspond.

At the close of the drawing-room, on her Royal Highness leaving the Palace, the Prince of Orange handed the Princess Charlotte to her carriage, and afterwards dined with the royal family at Carlton House upon the most familiar and friendly footing. It does not, however, appear that the Prince of Orange was ever very acceptable to his intended consort. The real objections of the Princess remain in obscurity, though many conjectures were formed and assertions ventured upon the subject. She certainly expressed a strong unwillingness to leave the country, especially at a time when her mother required her countenance and consolation. Many of the friends of the heir to the throne of Holland exerted themselves on behalf of the now disconsolate suitor, all of which appeals were replied to with the utmost good-humour. On one occasion, the only reply she made to some very *warm* remonstrances was, that she thought matters were getting very *hot*, and she would let in a little fresh air to cool them; and when some confidential personage about the household remonstrated respecting her refusal of the proposed match, she laughingly

replied that she was afraid her Irish friends would accuse her of keeping an Orange Lodge. These and a variety of other anecdotes, though apparently of little interest in themselves, were very current at the time, and are now introduced to mark the bias of the Princess's character and mind—trifles often develop character when greater events are wanting.

It was generally understood that, through the instrumentality of the Duchess of Oldenburg, afterwards Queen of Würtemberg, the match with the Prince of Orange was broken off; and there can be no doubt that the Duchess was the means of introducing the Princess to her future consort, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who eventually proposed and was accepted.

The preparations for the marriage went on with uncommon activity, and the 2nd of May was the day finally appointed for the consummation.

At this time it is said that no less than five hundred and seventy-four applications were made for the appointment of lady of the bedchamber, and two hundred and seventy-nine for that of lady in waiting. The above gave rise to the following epigram:—

"Eight hundred and fifty-three maidens fair,
To wait on the Princess their wishes declare;
'Say what other Court throughout Europe can boast
Of virgins so noble and numerous a host?
If all in a body they should wait upon her,
No doubt they'll be styled, the 'Fair Legion of Honour.'"

Again thinking that my female readers may

take an interest in the dresses worn by the Princess Charlotte on her wedding day, and at the first drawing room, I give the following particulars:—

The wedding dress was composed of a most magnificent silver lama on net, over a rich silver tissue slip, with a superb border of silver lama, embroidered at the bottom, forming shells and bouquets above the border; a most elegant fulness tastefully designed in festoons of rich silver lama and finished with a very brilliant rollio of lama; the body and sleeves to correspond, trimmed with a most beautiful point Brussels lace, in a peculiarly elegant style; the mantua of rich silver tissue, lined with white satin, trimmed round with a most superb silver lama border in shells to correspond with the dress, and fastened in front with a most brilliant and costly ornament of diamonds. The whole dress surpassed all conception in the brilliancy and richness of its effect. Head-dress a wreath of rosebuds and leaves, composed of the most superb brilliants.

At the drawing-room, held shortly afterwards, the Princess appeared in the same dress.

The anniversary of the "marriage of the soul" of the Princess Charlotte with Prince Leopold was observed with great festivity at Claremont, where a great number of the nobility and gentry were invited. The return of this auspicious day was signalized by a "happy thought" of their chaplain, Doctor Short, who found means to convey an intimation of the unalloyed felicity in which the royal pair had passed the first year of their married life. Before submitting the brief particulars of the anec-

dote to my readers, it is necessary to premise that the whole was an allusion to the well-known ancient custom, which is thus described in Grove's "Antiquities:"—"Among the jocular tenures of England, none have been more talked of than the Dunmow 'Flitch of Bacon;' by whom, or at what period, this custom was instituted, is uncertain, but it is generally ascribed to one of the family of Fitzwalter. A similar custom is observed at the manor of Wichenor, in Staffordshire, where corn, as well as bacon, was given to the happy pair."

The parties claiming the flitch were obliged to take the following oath, kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones in the churchyard of the Priory of Dunmow, where the monks of the convent attended, using many ceremonies and much singing, in order to lengthen out the time of their painful situation :—

"You shall swear by the custom of confession,
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression;
Not since you were married man and wife,
By household broils, or by contentions strife,
Or otherwise, in bed or at board
Offended each other in deed or in word;
Or since the parish clerk said 'amen,'
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought, or any way,
But continued true in thought and desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire.
If to these conditions without all fear,
Of your own account you will freely swear;
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known,
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own."

Bearing in mind the particulars of this ancient

custom, I have merely to state that early on the morning of the anniversary of their nuptials, the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold were surprised by the receipt of a large parcel neatly packed, which was brought to Claremont by an unknown messenger, desiring that it might be immediately presented to their Royal Highnesses; who, upon its being opened, were greatly amused and not a little delighted to find that it contained a flitch or gammon of bacon, referring to the ancient usage already detailed, in a congratulatory note from their pious and devoted chaplain, Dr. Short.

The Princess Charlotte and her consort were great patrons of the Drama; at their request Mrs. Siddons was prevailed upon to appear once more before the public in the character of "Lady Macbeth." Before the day fixed for the performance, Her Royal Highness was taken ill and unable to attend. It, however, took place later, and the tragedy, which was splendidly performed, seemed to interest the royal party deeply. Shortly afterwards, the public were again gratified by the appearance of the royal pair at Covent Garden Theatre. It was an evening set apart for a charitable fund, and Mrs. Siddons performed the character of "Queen Katherine," in "King Henry VIII." Every passage of the play which would bear a complimentary construction was eagerly seized by the audience. That scene in the second act, where the Lord Chamberlain says of Anne Boleyn, whom he has been sounding concerning the King's inclinations,—

"Who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this Isle?"

was instantly applied, and received by the most rapturous shouts.

Nothing could exceed the conjugal felicity of the newly married couple, when, free from the pomp and state of court, they enjoyed a certain degree of privacy at Claremont. The Princess was particularly fond of flowers, and hours were passed in the beautiful gardens.

"There they would sit, and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state, and images of power."

On the 18th of May the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold honoured the Opera House with their presence, and a few nights afterwards they visited Drury Lane Theatre to witness Kean in "Bertram." The audience were so eager to see the royal pair, that it gave Prince Leopold an excellent specimen of the degree of freedom allowed in a British theatre. His Serene Highness, not comprehending the object of their hissings, and cries of "Stage Box" proceeding from the audience, was informed by the Princess that it was nothing less than a positive demand that they should show themselves more conspicuously to the impatient but loyal multitude. The Princess and her consort in consequence rose immediately and appeared in the front of the box, where they stood some time, to the great gratification of the whole audience, among

whom quiet was instantly restored. The entire company of Drury Lane Theatre, decorated with white favours, in honour of the recent royal nuptials, sang "God save the King" with the following additional stanzas:—

"Oh! Thou omniscient Power,
In this auspicious hour,
Bless Thou the Bride!
List to a nation's voice;
Grateful it doth rejoice
And prays thee with one voice—
God bless the bride!

"Grant thy Almighty aid,
Which ever grac'd the *Maid*,
Wait on the *Bride*,
Oh! let thy precepts too
Ever her heart renew
Honour and grace endue
Charlotte the Bride.

"Long may the Noble Line,
Whence she descended, shine
In Charlotte the Bride!
Grant it perpetuate,
And ever make it great;
On Leopold blessings wait,
And Charlotte his Bride."

The above verses, though breathing a spirit of affectionate loyalty, are too much of the Catnach school, and were more worthy to be sung by some mendicant musician from St. Giles, than at the aristocratic gatherings at the Opera House and Drury Lane Theatre.

On the 24th, the royal pair honoured Covent Garden Theatre with their presence to see "The Jealous Wife," and again on the 27th, to hear

Braham as Apollo in "Midas." On the 29th, the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold were present at the Concert of Ancient Music, occupying the Directors' Box. The concert was under the direction of the Earl of Darnley, and the first part was principally from Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." The chorus was so appropriate to the occasion of the visit of the newly married couple that a burst of enthusiam followed the chorus :—

"Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
Deserve the fair."

During the Winter of 1816, the Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte visited Brighton; here the loyalty of the populace was so great that Townsend, the Bow Street police-officer, was obliged to be sent for from London to clear the way between the Steyne and the Pavilion. The Princess was thoroughly English in her habits and tastes, as the following anecdote will show. During the above visit to the "Queen of watering places," a beautiful cap, formed of Brussels point lace and other costly foreign materials, from an eminent dressmaker residing at Brighton, was presented at the Pavilion for Her Royal Highness's inspection. The Princess appeared much struck with the form and elegance of the article, but at length ordered it to be returned; observing that, had the materials with which it was composed been solely of British manufacture instead of foreign, so much did she admire it that she

would have been the purchaser. The above incident proved how deeply the then prevailing distresses of the poor employed in the British manufactures had impressed Her Royal Highness's compassionate heart.

The twenty-first birthday of the Princess Charlotte was celebrated at Esher, at Claremont, and at Brighton, by a general festivity. If the humble inhabitants of the small village of Esher were unable to vie with the more wealthy ones of Brighton in their splendid illuminations, their loyalty was equally great. The morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells, which repeated their merry peals throughout the whole of the day; a band of music paraded the streets from noon till night playing patriotic airs, and the whole of the village presented a scene of universal happiness and joy. The Princess gave an additional donation of £100 to the poor on this auspicious occasion. The festivities at Claremont were followed by a concert, at which Madame Fodor, Signor Vercellini, and Signor Naldi attended. To this entertainment I, having met Prince Leopold at the Congress of Vienna, was honoured with an invitation. "Misfortunes never come singly," they say, and that proverb is occasionally applicable to good fortune, for, in addition to the above, I received a command to attend a ball given by the Prince Regent at Brighton. As railways did not then exist, and as it was impossible to be in both places at once, I was left in the position of the king in "Bombastes Furioso."

"So when two feasts whereat there's nought to pay
Fall unpropitious on the selfsame day,
The hungry cit each invitation views,
And knows not which to take or which refuse,
To stay from either he is very loth
And sighs to think he cannot dine at both."

Of course I was bound to attend the Prince's command, and at nine o'clock on the evening of the 7th of January, 1817, I found myself in the Pavilion at Brighton. The Prince Regent had issued an order that such articles as were the immediate manufacture of this country should be worn on this occasion, and this order was scrupulously attended to, for neither foreign silks, nor even foreign lace, nor foreign materials, were seen at the ball. The ladies who were British in their dress appeared to the greatest advantage. The ball commenced at ten o'clock in the new magnificent ball-room, which was splendidly illuminated. The Duke of Clarence led off an English country dance with Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, followed by

Lord Clive . . .	Miss J. Floyd.
Lord Castlereagh . .	Honourable Miss Twisselton.
Mr. C. Percy . . .	Lady Emily Bathurst.
Captain C. Whyte . .	Miss Lucretia Shiffner.
Mr. Leach . . .	Lady Maria Meade.
Sir G. Wood . . .	Honourable Miss Seymour.
Sir Henry Ryecroft . .	Miss Bowen.
Sir Tyrwhitt Jones . .	Hon. Miss Onslow.

About twenty other couple followed, among them "last but not least" in his own estimation, Lord William Lennox and Miss H. Shiffner. In the evening, between these national dances, several quadrilles, then novelties, were performed by Mrs.

Patterson, late Madame Jérôme Buonaparte, two Misses Caton, and Miss Floyd. Among the waltzers were Prince Esterhazy and Lady Maria Meade, Lord Castlereagh and Lady Charlotte Cholmondeley, Sir Edmund Nagle and Miss White, Mr. Lloyd and the Honourable Miss Lake, Sir Godfrey Webster and Miss Shiffner.

Having practised both quadrilles and waltzes at Paris under Monsieur Deschamps I was able to take part in the two last named dances, which had only been recently imported from France. Supper was served at two o'clock, and the dancing was kept up with great spirit until five o'clock, terminating in the true old English style with Sir Roger de Coverley, led off by the Duke of Clarence and Miss Caton. It is impossible to recall these festive scenes, these birthday rejoicings, without feeling a deep interest in the fate of her whom her relatives and friends then little thought (and as little did the Princess herself think), they should so soon be called upon to mourn.

Early in February the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold arrived at Camelford House to be present at the celebration of the Queen's birthday. On account of the disturbed state of the British manufacturers, the Prince Regent again commanded notices to be given in the "Gazette" that those who attended Court should appear in dresses of British manufacture. His Royal Highness not only exerted himself in every way possible to carry the above into effect, but subscribed most liberally to the charities that had sprung up in consequence of

the state of the times; moreover, he contributed £50,000 for the general good of those of his future subjects who were suffering from a stagnation of trade. Again I give a description of the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Coburg's dress:—"A rich white satin petticoat, with most elegant gold lama draperies, magnificently embroidered, and tastefully looped with a very rich gold bullion cord and tassels, and finished with two superb flounces of gold lama, bordered in festoons; a manteau of gold tissue, most beautifully embroidered in rose-buds, and trimmed with very rich gold lace; head-dress of the choicest brilliants, with rich ostrich plume."

Camelford House being extremely inconvenient, the Prince and Princess were in treaty for Marlborough House, which was then estimated to be worth £4,000 a-year. The Duke had consented to take £3,000 per annum for five years, but the royal pair declined unless the period could be extended to twelve, and the negotiation terminated. It was during the month of April that the nation was gratified by the announcement that the Princess Charlotte was in that situation which promised additional security in the prospect of an heir to the House of Brunswick. Alas! how soon were all these flattering prospects put an end to.

From the above period up to the time of the Princess's illness, which terminated in her death, she gave many musical parties at Claremont, and attended a grand fête given by the Dowager Countess of Cardigan in honour of the anniversary

of the birth of the Prince Regent, at her house on Richmond Hill, and which was thus described in the fashionable journal of that day :—" This fête, which was one of the most splendid entertainments ever given, terminated with a dance, during which Her Majesty amused herself at a game of commerce. At eleven o'clock the Prince Regent called for his favourite country-dance, ' I'll gang nae mair to yon toun,' after which the party broke up."

I pass over the melancholy scenes that occurred at Claremont during the poor Princess's last illness, during which period the solicitude of the public mind was exceedingly great!

CHAPTER II.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE—GRIEF OF THE NATION—FUNERAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."
"Pale Death with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of royal halls and hovels of the poor."

THE death of the Princess Charlotte filled the whole British Empire with grief, dismay, and mourning. At no period, perhaps, in the whole compass of our history, has the demise of the presumptive heir to the throne produced so poignant a sense of sorrow, so general a feeling of despondency. The hopes of the nation were blasted, the expected mother of a line of kings, the beloved Princess, and the happy wife, was a lifeless corpse.

No awful ceremony on the demise of any of our rulers, or of any branches of their illustrious families—the funeral of the late Prince Consort, perhaps, excepted—has been marked by so general and unequivocal a testimony of unfeigned sorrow and regret. The parochial churches and the different chapels, both of the Establishment and of the Dissenters, exhibited the signs of public grief by the

covering of their pulpits, desks, and galleries with the sad emblems of mourning. Besides the shops being shut up with the strictness equal to the observance of the sacred Sabbath, the ordinary business of the town was suspended, and every private house had its window-shutters entirely closed. All that custom ordains as the sign of external sorrow was to be seen everywhere in the public streets, in the parks, and in the most retired and obscure parts of the metropolis. Unconfined to those with whom a change of dress is no consideration, the same sentiment operated with great effect upon thousands whose condition approaches closely to difficulty and poverty. Among these humbler classes there were few who could find the means of procuring any black that did not put on the visible demonstration of their unaffected sorrow. The Courts of Law, the Custom House, the Royal Exchange, the public offices were closed. Orders were sent to all the dockyards to prohibit the usual transaction of business. British vessels, and those of all other nations, hoisted their colours half-mast high, and on the Thames, and at the different seaports, minute-guns were fired during the night.

How fully were the following stanzas realized :—

"Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immediate wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulph is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief

"Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever; with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seemed to cloy.

"Peasants bring forth in safety—Can it be,
Oh, thou who wert so happy, so adored—
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to bound
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head,
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wer't thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!"

The removal of the bodies of the Princess and the royal infant from Claremont was fixed for three o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 18th. The hearse and the attending carriages, in one of which sat the Prince of Saxe Coburg, were escorted to Egham by a party of the 10th Prince of Wales' Own Hussars, where they were relieved by the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), the funeral procession arriving at Windsor shortly after midnight. The corpse of the infant was interred in the Royal Cemetery at St. George's Chapel. The hearse then proceeded to the Lower Lodge, where it remained until the following evening. At eight o'clock on Wednesday evening the mournful cavalcade proceeded to the last abode of departed royalty, escorted by a party of my regiment, the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) under my command. The whole procession from the Lower Lodge to St.

George's Chapel was flanked by the 3rd Regiment of Foot, now the Scots Fusilier Guards, every man bearing a flambeau. Nothing could be more solemn, more impressive than the service inside the Chapel, for being on duty I was admitted. The choristers chanted "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and Dr. Blake's anthem from the 16th Psalm, "I have set God always before me." At the conclusion of the mournful ceremony, the "Dead March in Saul" was played upon the organ. Peace to her manes! Virtues such as hers may "walk through the valley and shadow of death and fear no evil"—the stay and staff of Israel was with her.

At Drury Lane Theatre, which was re-opened on Friday, the 21st, and Saturday, the 22nd November, for a charitable purpose, the greatest respect was paid to the memory of the illustrious dead, by allowing no performance to take place, except a most solemn and appropriate selection of music. Upon this occasion the theatre was hung with funeral emblems; the pillars were entwined with bands of black cloth, which were secured at the capitals by knots of white ribbons. The box usually occupied by the Princess Charlotte was hung with black; the draperies and front being of the same, and over it was an escutcheon with the arms of Prince Leopold and his Consort, the latter in a sable field, and ornamented with true lovers' knots in white ribbon. The effect of the whole was extremely affecting, and operated very perceptibly upon the audience, who, during the whole evening, manifested a state of mind highly creditable to the national character.

The music selected by Sir. George Smart, and performed under his direction, was most judiciously chosen, every part of it being adapted to the occasion. It consisted chiefly of Mozart's "Requiem" (one of the noblest efforts of human genius), the sublime Funeral Anthem of Handel, and the last act of the "Messiah," with the "Dead March in Saul," and a few songs intermixed. The performers who excited the chief attention were Mrs. Salmon and Miss Goodall. The former had evidently resolved to exert all her astonishing and delightful powers to heighten the effect of this performance, and her success was undisputed. Miss Goodall's unaffected simplicity, her correct taste, and beautiful melodious voice were never more apparent. She sang with great pathos, and seemed to be impressed by a recollection of the kind notice she received at Claremont upon one of the very last occasions that music and cheerfulness resounded within the walls of that now melancholy mansion. After the "Dead March in Saul," the following Monody, written by Thomas Campbell, was spoken by Mrs. Bartley:—

"Britons! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
Think not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
Which like a shade hath darken'd every place,
And moisten'd with a tear the manliest face.
The bell is scarcely hush'd in Windsor's piles,
That toll'd a requiem through the solemn aisles,
For Her, the Royal Flow'r low laid in dust
That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust,

Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas!
That e'en these walls, ere many months should pass,
(Which but return sad accents for her now)
Perhaps had witness'd her benignant brow,
Cheer'd by the voice ye would have rais'd on high
In bursts of British love and loyalty.
But, Britain, now thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn;
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
The 'scutcheon glooms—and Royalty hath felt
A grief that every bosom feels its own—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown—
The most belov'd and most devoted bride,
Torn from an agonized husband's side,
Who, long as memory holds her seat, shall view
That speechless, more than spoken, last adieu!
When the fix'd eye long look'd connubial faith,
And beam'd affection in the trance of death.
Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd,
While torch succeeding torch illumin'd each high
And banner'd arch of England's chivalry—
The rich-plum'd canopy—the gorgeous hall—
The sacred march—and sable-vested wall—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallow'd as the types of deep felt woe,
Daughter of England! for a nation's sighs,
A nation's heart went with thine obsequies:
And oft shall Time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
Fair Spirit! send thy blessing from above
To realms where thou art canoniz'd by love,
Give to a father's, husband's, pleading mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind;—
To us, who in thy lov'd remembrance feel
A sorrowing, yet a soul-ennobling zeal,
A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast;—
Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb,
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom—
They shall describe thy life, thy form pourtray;
But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
'Tis not in language or expressive arts
To paint—ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts."

SCHOLASTIC.

DR. DODD.

CHAPTER III.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL IN BYGONE DAYS—"THE NEW BOY"—A BROSURE — PRACTICAL JOKES—FAGGING — MY MASTER — OLD TOTHILL FIELDS—A VISIT TO RICHARD AND MISS HUBBERT—"SLENDER BILLY"—A TREACHEROUS FRIEND—REPRIMANDED BY DOCTOR DODD—SPORT FROM WESTMINSTER—THE EASTER MONDAY EPPING HUNT.

"Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last;

"Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance
Of comrades in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied!

"Again I revisit the *fields* where we sported,
The stream where we swam, and the *spot* where we fought,
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught."

BYRON.

AMONG the celebrities of my early days was Doctor Dodd, familiarly called "Jemmy Dodd," at that time tutor at Mrs. Packharness's—"Old Mother Pack's"—Great Dean's Yard, West-

minster. Here I am reminded of that melancholy circumstance which occurred in 1777, and deprived the inhabitants of London of one of the greatest orators in the cause of benevolence they had ever possessed, I allude to the ignominious death of Lord Chesterfield's tutor, the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, whose conduct cannot but be allowed to have been inconsistent beyond parallel; a teacher of the most exalted benevolence, one who practised it to the degree he taught; and yet a luxurious spendthrift, and a violator of the penal laws of his country, to support unjustifiable extravagance and splendour of living. When we reflect on the large sums of money his exertions collected for the relief of those who found, and still find, a refuge in the Magdalen Hospital, an establishment which owes its origin, (in conjunction with Mr. Dingley), to Dr. Dodd; when we think of his labours in promoting the Society for the relief of prisoners confined for small debts, and besides those, the fruits of his preachings on numerous occasions; we cannot but lament that mercy was withheld which a nation solicited. Here let me give an extract from a sermon preached by Dr. Dodd in the year 1771 :—

"God, the great Father of the world, of His immense bounty, has created you a reasonable being, has given you powers and faculties elevated far above the animal world, capable of the noblest enlargement, capable of the knowledge of Him, of nature, of yourselves; capable of producing all those fruits of good science and good practice, which are the dignity, the ornament, the preroga-

tive of your race. And can you weakly and vainly suppose that there is no duty incumbent upon you to improve and to enlarge those faculties? If so, they are given you in vain; and you are insensible of that which is the distinguishing excellence of your nature."

Sad it is to reflect that his practise and his precepts did not go hand in hand.

His was a singular case,—but enough—Justice required his life; and Death, the portion of forgery, closed the scene. In his dying apology for his past errors, he declared that he was led from religious strictness by the fatal delusions of show, and the delights of voluptuousness; never attending to the calls of frugality, or the needful minuteness of painful economy. "Vanity and pleasure," he says, "into which I plunged, required expense disproportionate to my income; expense brought on me distress; and importunate distress urged me to temporary fraud." Greater influence was scarcely ever exerted to save the life of a criminal, than that which was made for Dr. Dodd. Besides a petition from the City of London to George III., there was another from the Magdalen Charity to the Queen, and a third from upwards of 20,000 inhabitants of Westminster, as well as letters from Dr. Johnson and other eminent individuals to influential persons at Court. Some obloquy was cast on the King for turning a deaf ear to these petitions, but however anxious he might have been to season justice with mercy, there was but one line of duty open to him—namely, to take a

dispassionate view of the circumstances of the case, which was that of a man who, with greater inducements to keep the path of virtue than the generality of men possessed, in the advantages of education and the nature of his profession, had committed a crime for which his life was forfeited to the laws of his country. Was aggravation of guilt then to be made a plea for the remission of punishment? What rendered it, however, more imperative for the Sovereign to let the law take its course, was the fact that similar applications for mercy had the preceding year been made for the two brothers Perreau, the first persons covicted under the New Forgery Act, more especially for the younger, who was considered as a dupe rather than as a criminal.

His Majesty was inclined to pardon him, but the Privy Council thought that one brother could not justly be reprieved if the other suffered, and both were left to their fate; hence, therefore, the King was impelled to withhold his privilege of mercy from Dr. Dodd. It is well known that Lord Mansfield observed, when the case came under the consideration of the Council, that, "If Dodd should be pardoned, the Perreaus were murdered."

To return to my tutor, it was on a raw, miserable night during the Winter of 1808, the streets full of melted snow and slush, that I drove up in all the pomp and pride of my uncle's town chariot (for my father, who was at that period Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was with my mother and the rest of the family in Dublin), under the melancholy-looking

archway that leads to the spot where I was to take up my new abode. This was the first time I had left home, and my heart died within me. Little time, however, was left for reflection, for the carriage shortly pulled up at a large house in Great Dean's-yard, and no sooner had the thundering rap of a fashionable London footman announced me, than I heard the unfastening of a chain, and upon the door being partially opened, I observed by the dim light of a tallow candle the figures of about a dozen boys who had gathered round the Cerberus that guarded it. Upon my name being announced, the urchins, whose curiosity had attracted them to the spot, were driven back, and I descended from the carriage. As I crossed the entrance-hall to a room on its right, the murmur of "A new fellow," "What a little one," reached my ears, as I passed a phalanx of my future companions. I was then shown into a well-furnished apartment, which, by the smallness of the fire, and the manner in which the looking-glass, chairs, and carpet were covered, appeared to be more a hall of reception than a tenanted room. Two wax candles, evidently recently lit, ornamented a huge convex mirror, scarcely rendering darkness visible. "Dick," so the male "man of all work," was called, shortly re-entered the room, introducing my worthy dame, Mrs. Packharness. This lady was tall, trim, and well got up for company. She appeared in a splendid silk gown, an elaborate head-dress, with some rather fanciful twisted curls; her manner, however, was extremely kind, and she

welcomed me to her house with warmth and affection.

"Rather shy, I see, never mind, my little boy, you'll soon find yourself at home." Home, what magic in that word—I hung down my head and wept. "I've a bed for you in No. 4," she continued, "where you'll find nine nice young gentlemen all about your size and age."

The two housekeepers, Mary and Elizabeth, were then summoned. The former was a gaunt and determined-looking female of eight or nine and thirty; the latter was fair, fat, and forty; both of them expressed their wish to make me as comfortable as possible.

At that moment the door opened, and "Dick" again made his appearance. "Dr. Dodd will be happy to see you," he said; so following him, I crossed the passage, where still remained some gaping urchins, who shook hands with me, while others, more mischievously inclined, pinched, and tried to extract some of my great-coat buttons.

Passing through a small room which, from the blotches of ink upon the table, and dogs'-eared books lying about, was evidently appropriated to study, we reached the tutor's sanctum-sanctorum. No sooner had the huge fist of my conductor given a tolerably loud knock upon the panel, than a rough and rather stentorian voice called "Come in." Dick—what this respected and respectable man's patronymic was, neither I nor any other Westminster boy ever knew—opened the door, gently shoved me in, and when he closed it after him, I

found myself alone with Dr. Dodd, tutor at my boarding-house, and master of the fourth form. In a huge arm-chair sat the dominie, a small lamp with a green shade throwing its light upon a large unwieldly volume, whose characters were Hebrew to me. The Doctor was a well-built, powerful-looking man, with somewhat of a stern countenance: his costume was very unlike the dress of tutors of the present day. Instead of the frock coat, the loose trousers, the Wellington or elastic spring boot, the black necktie, and the unpowdered caput—he appeared in a suit of sables, coat, waistcoat, and continuations of black cloth, jet knee and shoe-buckless, black silk stockings, white neckcloth and shirt frill, powdered head, and a pigtail. On looking about me, I saw that this worthy and excellent man did not seem to think, at least as far as his own practice went, that the creature-comforts of this world ought to be neglected, for a very nice-looking roast chicken, some sausages and mashed potatoes, with a bottle of port wine, were about to be spread upon the board. A huge fire sparkled in the grate, and gave a cheerful air to a room that would otherwise have been gloomy and dark, from the closely-packed bookshelves that surrounded it, and which, on a subsequent visit, I found were filled with the choicest classical works. After a few inquiries after my parents, and thanks for their remembrance of him in a present of game, the Doctor poured out a glass of the genuine old beeswing port and handing it to me, welcomed me to the ancient college.

"You may go now," said the tutor, "supper will soon be ready, and you have no time to lose."

Dick, who was in waiting, conducted me to the hall, where I found a joyous bevy of boys assembled, who soon hustled round me, exclaiming, "What's your name?" "How old are you?" Where do you live in the country?" "Where's the governor's town house?" "Does your father keep a carriage?" "Do you know any Westminster fellow at home?" "What did paternity tip?" "Where do you go home for the holidays?" "Who's your tailor?" I must here remark, in case any of my readers should feel a curiosity to know how I was clad, that I was dressed in a jacket of light blue, with small silver sugar-loaf beads, a white waistcoat, ornamented with Spanish buttons, with nether garments of the same colour as my jacket. In addition to the above, I shone in the lustre of a new pair of dancing shoes, silk stocking, frilled shirt, silk tie, and kid gloves. The hall in which morning and evening prayers were read, and our meals took place, was a long and tolerably-sized apartment, with a huge fire in the centre, and two windows at the extremity; one large table extended from the top to nearly the bottom, while two smaller ones in parallel lines occupied the length of one wall, and half the other between the fire and the window. The intermediate space was devoted to cupboards. The ceiling was a sort of mosaic formed by wafers of all hues and colours, while allumettes, which had undergone the process of greasing with tallow, had affixed themselves to

it upon being shot upwards. The forms were notched and cut in every shape. There a coach and horses had been carved by one hand, there a ship in full sail by another, a knight in armour stood erect in one part, while sundry squares, triangles, and circles showed that the juvenile artist had a taste for mathematics. Then for the initials—there was almost every letter in the alphabet, with the name of the month, the date of the day and year in which the work of art had been executed. Sundry holes had been made in the boards of the floor with a red-hot poker, and in these games of marbles were being carried on. The forms and side-tables, too, were bored for ink, while the stone front and mantelpiece had been worked upon by some self-taught sculptor, carver, carpenter, and painter, as was evinced by the names of boys engraved and printed upon them. Two small holes on each side of the mantelpiece were filled with wax tapers, which had been sacrilegiously carried off from the Abbey on the previous Sunday. At that period gas had not been introduced; and the venerable Abbey was lit, if such could be called lighting, with small wax candles; those that illuminated the desks of the Westminster boys were always considered as perquisites, and were borne off in triumph by some quick-fingered urchin, and made use of when a crowd gathered round the fireplace to hear some anecdote told by one of the boys, or some sixpenny romance read aloud to the admiring listeners. It was in the middle of a most heart-breaking

tale, entitled, "Joanna Le Clair, or the Orphan of Marseilles," just at the moment that the reader was pointing out the beauties of the frontispiece, a coloured print of the heroine in an awful predicament between love and poison, that a cry of supper was heard; in a moment a rush for places was made, and, as a new boy, I was allowed a post of honour beside the presiding dame. For the upper boys, Mrs. Packharness carved a tough-looking leg of yearling mutton, while the lower ones were regaled with bread and single Gloucester cheese, small beer, or "swipes," as it was called, *à discrétion*. As a novice, I was not aware of a plot that had been laid, which was to produce a *brosure*. Many complaints had been made of the paucity of edibles, and to punish the dame for this grievance, on the occasion of a *brosure*, every boy was to make away with as much as he possibly could, so as to clear the tables; for this purpose, after stomachs were filled, satchels were stealthily stored and secretly carried up stairs.

"More mutton!" exclaimed the worthy Mrs. Pack. "Why, bless me, how hungry the boys are! Betsy, fetch the other leg."

The other leg was brought, and was soon reduced to a mere skeleton. More bread, more cheese, more meat was called for, until at last the board was literally cleared. Then began a murmur of "Shame! shame!" accompanied by hissing and yelling; a few of the most audacious commenced rattling the plates and glasses, and sundry breakages were heard, when the embryo riot was put an

end to by the appearance of Dr. Dodd, who made a suitable speech, restored order, read the evening prayers, and retired. I was then taken up to my dormitory. Number 4, where I was to be located, was on the first floor, looking into a small yard behind the house; the room contained ten turn-up beds, two or three rickety bureaux, half-a-dozen small cupboards, a few broken chairs, a maimed table notched and seared, upon which stood a tin candlestick, holding a tottering "dip," already in a "melting mood." The ceiling was ornamented much after the same mosaical manner as the hall already described, with the addition of certain initials made by the flare of a candle. The floor of the room was of an unspeakable hue. A diminutive fire emitted more smoke than heat. The small cupboards contained broken pitchers, cracked basins, blacking-bottles, bath-bricks, and brushes. The bureaux were elaborately carved with the names of the last owner and his predecessors. The chairs were sticky with blacking. The table had one end of it devoted to a knife-board. and the number of small perforations in the other parts, filled with a fluid which had evidently been manufactured by Messrs. Day and Martin, showed that ink and glass inkstands were not in fashion. At the bottom of one of the cupboards, old shoes, boots, skates, frying-pans, gridirons, empty bottles were all huddled together; a broken pair of tongs, a half-poker, a shovel that had been burnt into holes during the process of roasting chestnuts on it, and a bellows devoid of blowing

powers completed the furniture of this apartment. The snow was falling fast, when to my dismay I found my bed was close to a window, in which there was a broken pane.

"Stuff that bed-curtain into it," said a youth.

"Won't we snowball the 'skies!'" exclaimed another.

Snowball the skies! thought I; this is reversing the order of nature—not knowing at that moment that "skies" and blackguards were synonymous terms.

"No snoring," shouted the bully of the room, "or I'll toe you."

A process I saw summarily inflicted upon the sleeping culprit, and which was performed by tying a piece of whip-cord round his *doigt du pied*, and tugging it till the nasal noise was ended. Another was tossed up in his bed, in an antipodean attitude, receiving a frigid bath, commonly called "cold pig," on his descent. By degrees each boy fell off to sleep. Exhausted and excited as I was by my day's journey, I was the last to get into a slumber, which was broken by frightful dreams, during which horrors upon horrors seemed to accumulate. At an early hour the same noisy bell that had announced supper on the previous evening awoke me suddenly, when such a scene of confusion presented itself as I had never witnessed before.

"Who's got my brush?" "Give me the blacking-bottle." "Where's the tinder-box?" "Some fellow has cribbed my Latin grammar?" "Don't burn my impos (unde derivatur *impos*,

impositum—a certain number of lines to be written out as a punishment)." "Dick, bring my shoes." The fags were rushing out of the room to call their masters, to light their fires, to fetch water from the pump in Dean's-yard, and undertake other menial offices.

"Dr. Dodd wishes to see you," said Dick. I attended the summons; when the kind-hearted tutor took great pains to ascertain how far advanced I was in the Latin grammar.

"As the youngest boy in the school, you will be placed under Mr. Longlands in the under petty; but I have no doubt by strict attention you will soon be removed into the upper."

He then proceeded to give me many wise and noble precepts—and if, in the strife of passion and the assaults of temptation, I have not always followed them, I owe all that is good and estimable to the counsels and exhortations of that worthy man.

After introducing me to Mr. Longlands, I had time to look about me; the walls of the school were nearly covered with the names of old Westminsters, and those of that day; forms extended the whole way round the building, with large old-fashioned chairs placed before them for the tutors. A huge square box occupied the division between the lower and the upper school, called the lost box, and in this all books left in the school were deposited. Opposite this was a table, where sat three or four of the upper boys, whose duty, in addition to their studies, was to draw lots when, out

of a large party sent up to be flogged, a few were to be pardoned. The wall behind the form I sat upon was carved into grottoes, and all sorts of quaint shapes and devices, while blotches of ink, such as I had previously remarked at Mrs. Packharness's, were here upon a larger scale along the benches and forms. Indeed, I luckily escaped sitting down in a puddle of the best Japan ink, by the interferenee of Mr. Longlands. In a few minutes I was summoned into the presence of the head-master, Dr. Cary, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, who, having put a certain number of questions to me, told me I should be placed in the upper petty, with the assurance that with application I should soon be promoted to the under first.

I pass over my school hours, which would prove as tedious to my readers as they were dull to me, and merely remark that on the first morning there was an incentive given to my exertions which influenced me not a little. Before we broke up for our half-holiday, a certain hissing noise was heard throughout the school, which was caused by the entrance of the college-porter, carrying a huge quantity of that betulineous tree, a native of Britain, called *betula alba*, which furnished the rods for the school. The noise grew louder and louder, until the birch was safely deposited in a small room behind the "shell,"—so the upper end of the room was called from its shape. In this den the rods were made, and seeing the effect produced by the application of one upon the chapped hands of a young urchin, in what was called a "three cutter

—a hander," I made up my mind, as far as I could, to do my best to avoid such a punishment. For the first three days I was allowed to be free, but at the termination of them I became the fag of a fine noble fellow, though a bit of a tyrant, John Francis Miller Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar. He was a thorough good sportsman, an excellent shot, a good cricketer, and a splendid oarsman. As I had indulged in many field sports, more especially shooting and riding, we soon got to be good friends.

"If you are a dab at a duck, and can look after my dog, you are just the fag I want," said Erskine. "To-morrow," he continued, "is an 'early play,' so get my shooting tackle and gear ready, as I shall have a turn at the ducks."

The next morning we proceeded to the house of the celebrated Dick Hubbert, in Tothill Fields. Those fields, the willow-walk, the halfpenny-hatch, the duck-pond, are no longer to be traced. On their site the Penitentiary, new squares, crescents, and rows of houses have sprung up. Indeed, London has, within the last forty years, so extended itself, east, west, north, and south, that scarcely a vesture of green pasture has been left. How different are the environs of this huge brick and mortar metropolis, to what they were in bygone days! The result is, that with an increasing population, there is scarcely a spot left where the pent-up citizen, or the hard-toiling mechanic, can enjoy a sniff of pure air. Our ancestors managed these affairs better, for FitzStephen, who flourished in the reign of Henry II., writes as follows:—

"There are on the north part of London powerful fountains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth among the glistening pebble stones; in this number, Holy-well, Clerken-well, and St. Clement's-well, are of most note, and frequently above the rest, where scholars and the youth of the city take the air abroad in the Summer evenings."

The same writer informs us that in the afternoon the youth of the city were accustomed to go out into the fields with their teachers to play at ball, "while the ancient and wealthy citizens came on horseback to see these youngsters contending at their sport." He adds, "that exercises on horseback, to qualify them for military pursuits, were used every Friday afternoon during Lent, and that the citizens took delight in dogs and birds, such as sparrow-hawks and gos-hawks, and everything connected with the sports of the field."

Stow, speaking of the fields in the neighbourhood of London, describes them as "commodious for the citizens therein to walke, shoote, and otherwise to recreate and refresh their dulled spirits, in the sweete and wholesome ayre." He also mentions that it was customary in olden times "for the Sheriffs, the porters of the king's beame, or weigh-house, and others of the citie, to be challengers of all men in the suburbs, to wrestle, shoot the standard and broad arrow."

As late as the reign of Charles I., we find how little London had extended eastward, for on the 24th of July, 1629, that ill-fated monarch having

hunted a stag, or hart, from Wanstead in Essex, killed him in Nightingale Lane, in the hamlet of Wapping, in a garden belonging to a most respectable citizen, who had some damage among his herbs, by reason of the multitude there assembled together."

With regard to Tothill Fields, Maitland thus describes them :—

"In which fields was a fort, upon the line of communication drawn round the City of London and Suburbs, by order of Parliament, in the year 1643. In this work a Lazaretto was erected in the year 1665 for the reception of poor objects oppressed with the plague, which place was denominated the Seven Houses."

In my day, the fields extended from Millbank Row, Westminster, to the site on which formerly stood Ranelagh Gardens, and covered the ground now occupied, as I have observed, by the Penitentiary, the approaches to Vauxhall Bridge, the Thames Embankment, and numerous streets branching from it.

In the Willow-walk and its precincts lived two celebrated characters, Richard Hubbert and William Habberfield, the latter hero better known by the name of "Slender Billy." The redoubtable Richard was like his royal namesake "of courage leonine;" and if his crusades against the henroosts, duck-ponds, and dog-kennels of the neighbourhood were not quite as praiseworthy as those against Saladin's Army in Palestine, Dick's worst enemy could not have withheld the homage due to

his undaunted bravery. Miss Hubbert, "sole daughter of his house and heart," resided with her father, and made herself extremely useful in looking after the badgers, feeding the ducks, which her respected parent kept for the Westminster boys to shoot, at a shilling per shot, the game, if killed, to go to the sportsman. The young lady also made up the cartridges, fed the pigeons, attended to the rabbits, and superintended the aviaries of canaries, bull-finches, thrushes, linnets, and larks. It was whispered that the fair hands of this accomplished spinster occasionally transmogrified London sparrows into piping bull-finches, the process being performed by a few coats of paint, laid pretty thick upon their smoke-coloured feathers. Suffice it to say that upon one occasion a very green young gentleman, from the country, purchased, as he thought, "a warbler of the grove," which, upon being exposed to a shower of rain completely changed its hues. Upon Hubbert being appealed to, he remarked that, "them there birds inwariably moulted their feathers at a partiklar time, and that if the young gentleman would keep the bird another year, it would be all right." By some accident, the cage-door was shortly afterwards found open, and it was shrewdly suspected that Dick had allowed the inmate to escape to save his daughter from disgrace.

Hubbert's residence was very much after the fashion of an Indian wigwam in North America; consisted of his own "crib," two bed-chambers, a sitting-room, and a "fencing" office, for Hubbert,

be it spoken to his shame, was a receiver of stolen goods. The yard was filled with small huts and kennels, from the apertures of which might be seen the rough head of a badger, the savage "frontispiece" of a bull-dog, the sleek ears of a pointer, the curly pate of a Scotch terrier, the ferocious muzzle of a one-eyed mastiff. Then there were pigeon traps, rabbit-hutches, a kennel for what the Astley's playbills describe as a "real fox," who occasionally made his appearance on those boards. Then came the poultry yard, the duck-pond, and a target for pistol, rifle, and fowling-piece practice. Upon Erskine and myself reaching this truly sporting residence, Miss Hubbert made her appearance, and finding that we were "all on the square," as she termed it, we were ushered into the presence of the ranger of Tothill Fields. Upon entering the snuggery, we found the occupier of it comfortably ensconced in an arm-chair by the fireside, with a jug of hot elder-flower wine before him. He rose to meet us, assuring Erskine that he would have a capital day with the snipes, and then desired his daughter to fill our glasses.

"Here's 'Tearback,'" said Richard, handing a single-barrelled gun to my master; "and perhaps the young 'un," alluding to me, "would like to handle 'Scratcher' for an hour? He talks like a book about shooting."

I must here remark that Hubbert always gave his fowling pieces titles of distinction, which were as well known to the young Westminsters as were the names of Robert's half-deckers on the river.

Erskine, who happened to be in high good-humour, seemed delighted at the idea of having an extra gun for his fag, so all was speedily arranged, and, having deposited a seven-shilling piece in the hands of the "master of the ordnance," as security for payment—"no tick" being Dick's motto—we proceeded to the shooting ground.

A sketch of our costume may not be out of place. We had shooting jackets with huge pockets, the shot loose in them, an old tobacco bowl as a charger, an ink-bottle as powder-flask, and a satchel turned inside out, to hide the red leather, for a game bag.

After an hour's walk after a legendary snipe, we returned to the duck-pond, where we contracted for five shots a-piece, at elevenpence per shot, the killed to go to the shooter. "On their own merits modest men are dumb," so says that celebrated pedagogue, Doctor Pangloss, and willingly would I follow his erudite example; as, however, my day's prowess produced a great effect upon my future comfort at Westminster, I must reveal it. After Erskine had fired his five rounds of ammunition, under which discharge one duck was killed and two wounded, I was called upon to take my turn; and having watched the artful dodges of these divers, I waited my opportunity, and no sooner had they got their heads above water than I poured in my shower of No. 5 shot, and was fortunate enough to bag three out of the number.

"Bravo! young Lennox!" said my master; "you shall be my keeper, and look entirely after

Vixen and my shooting tackle. I never saw a better shot than the last.

"Approbation" from an upper-fifth boy was, as the man says in the play, "praise indeed;" and from that day my life as a fag was free from oppression and tyranny.

"There, take your own ducks," continued Erskine, "and I shall not want you on Saturday; you may have a good tuck-out if you like."

My passion for sporting was so strong that, having once been initiated by my day's battue in the duck-pond, I took advantage of every opportunity of revisiting Hubbert's residence, and through him got acquainted with an individual who, in those days, was as well-known in the purlieus of Westminster as the far-famed Dick himself. From the first moment I went to Dean's-yard, my great ambition had been to be introduced to that great hero, William Habberfield, whose exploits I had read in a sixpenny book. For years Habberfield had been known on the town, from the figure he made in pugilistic circles, and also as patron of the badger-baiting, dog-fights, bull-baits, and cock-fights in the precincts of Westminster. Billy's "cabin" was a menagerie for animals of every description, also a convenient fencing "repository" —from the lady's lap-dog to the nobleman's plate. There might be seen a King Charles' spaniel, ready to be returned whenever the reward offered was raised to ten guineas. There might be found an over-fed obese pug, for whose loss her disconsolate mistrsss had nearly cried her eyes out, and

who was prepared to pledge a diamond-ring to recover her lost pet, which arrangement was in due time brought about by one of Billy's emissaries. Independently of the above, there were pointers, terriers, mastiffs, bull-dogs, Italian grey-pounds, all of which had *strayed* into Habberfield's yard.

In the fencing department were watches, plate, rings, brooches, snuff-boxes, pocket-handkerchiefs, muffs, shawls, knee-buckles, opera-glasses, gold-headed canes, and brilliants. Habberfield, from the figure he cut in the ring and the cock-pit, was patronised by all the sporting men about town; but Billy's greatest connection was with house-breakers, robbers, pickpockets, and Jonathan Wilds of his day. He bore the reputation of being a man of the strictest integrity in all his transactions, carrying out faithfully the principle of "honour among thieves." He was considered the safest "fence" in the metropolis, as his dwelling was well suited for concealment, and being garrisoned by bull-dogs, it was rendered impregnable by any sudden attack made upon it by the "Charleys" and "Bow-street runners" of that day.

On the first half-holiday we visited Habberfield House, which was, as the auctioneers say, "pleasingly situated between two streams"—rather green and stagnant it must be admitted—being no other than two deep banked ditches, filled with the rankest of weeds and the most filthy water. These *fosses* fortified the garrison from any flank attack, while the rear was impregnable from the

wall of the house and yard—the front being the only vulnerable point, was well protected. The garrison consisted of Mrs. Habberfield, her husband, a bear, and two bull-dogs.

It was an unfortunate day that we had selected for a visit to slender Billy, for a warrant was out for his apprehension, it being strongly suspected he had in his possession a pocket-book of a clergyman who had been robbed; who, upon resistance, was shamefully ill-treated and thrown into a well. All Westminster was in an uproar, and a small coterie had assembled round the door of a public-house in the Horseferry Road.

"What an oudacious thing?" said a costermonger, "to rob a clergyman of his 'reader.'" "And then to throw him into a well!" responded a black-eyed nymph, who had evidently not been indebted to nature for the colour of her optics. "'Orrible'"

"Why, what's that you say?" asked a knowing-looking personage in a velveteen coat and corduroy unmentionables, whom we soon discovered to be the commissary of the then thriving pugilistic ring, Mr. William Gibbons. "Throw'd him in! no sitch thing," continued Bill. "Old men, when they gets lushy, inwariably walks into wells; it was all a haccident. But, Dick, what game are you up to with this young gentleman?"

Hubbert gave Mr. Gibbons "the office," as he called it, and as the Westminster boys were special friends of the Commissary, he proceeded to accompany us. A whistle from our guide, accompanied

by two taps at the outward gate, were answered by Mrs. Habberfield, who, coming to a small iron grating in it, exchanged some words with my companions, the purport of which I did not understand, but which produced as much effect as the "open Sesame" of the celebrated nursery tale; for in a moment the barricade was removed, and we entered the outer court of Slender Billy's domicile.

"Be quiet, Venom," said this female to a young mastiff, who seemed to take a fancy to my leg. "Down, Fairy," continued the Amazon. "Please walk round, gentlemen, to the back door; you'll find my poor husband awfully distressed at the reports that have been circulated about him."

We followed the instructions thus given; and passing through as savage a lot of canine species as ever I beheld, reached the back door. There the whistle and taps were repeated, and the same magical effect being produced, we entered, and groping our way through a dark passage, came to the double doors that divided Habberfield's sanctum from the rest of the building. The password having been given, the clanking of a chain was heard, and two solid bars being removed, no obstacle presented itself to our entrance.

Billy now rose to welcome us, and while he was conversing with his namesake, Bill Gibbons, I had an opportunity of inspecting the premises, which were not unlike Hubbert's, though on a more extended scale. In addition to watches, snuff-boxes, spoons, forks, there was a crucible on the hob of a small grate, which showed that Habber-

field was anxious to relieve himself, as owner of the plate, from the tax on armorial bearings. The whole appearance of the apartment gave one the idea of a pawnbroker's shop.

From the above specimen of spoils, there can be no doubt that Habberfield was a tolerably good workman, and was up to anything—from cutting luggage off a travelling carriage to breaking into houses; moreover, he was close as wax. He dealt largely in horses and dogs; whenever he could not procure an animal he fancied by fair means, he resorted to foul; telling the owners that, if they refused to take a reasonable sum, he would have what he required for nothing.

"Look you here!" said Billy one day, to a refractory customer; "there's a ten-pun' note for Dustman."

The man demurred.

"Well, then, look out," responded Habberfield, "my principle is, first I tries civility, then I tries severity."

Billy was as good as his word, in four-and-twenty hours the above-mentioned celebrated dog, a breed between the bull and the terrier, was in his possession. So great was his proficiency in dog-stealing, that I doubt very much, had he lived in our days, whether the Bill, now the law of the land, got up by the Bishop of Bond Street, would not have been treated by him as a dead letter. Nay, I even go far enough to think that poor Tiny, Bishop's pet spaniel, would have been among the fashionable changes from New Bond Street to Willow Walk.

Habberfield was also a "knacker," and being a very kind-hearted man, often boasted that he had stolen many a broken-down horse more out of humanity than for lucre. For years he had been a marked man; but, like his Highland prototype, Donald Caird, had always managed to "cheat the wuddie;" and it was not till he dabbled in foreign politics, by assisting at the escape of some French prisoners of war, that he, through a treacherous "pal" who peached, found himself sentenced to twenty-four months in Newgate. Here Billy's fortunate genius seems to have deserted him, for a "plant" was shortly put upon him, when he "fell like a woodcock into the springe." A stranger introduced himself to the prisoner, and after some little circumlocution, in which he talked loudly of his own honour and integrity, and of Habberfield's merits, at last came to the point by offering to buy some forged notes. The hero of Willow Walk and Duck Lane could not, as he said, "afford to be mousy," so he concluded the bargain, and told the stranger where the "flimsies" might be found.

No sooner had this been done than a warrant was issued to detain him upon this additional charge, and, after a trial at the Old Bailey, he was sentenced to be executed. This was the adage of "give a dog a bad name and hang him" most literally carried out. Every exertion was made for a commutation of the culprit's sentence, but his dealings in forged notes had been for a length of time so notorious that such mercy was denied him.

Since that period the severe laws against forgery have been modified; the last person executed for it was Thomas Maynard, in December, 1829.

Habberfield was an early bird, and of so active a temperament that he only allowed six hours for sleep, thus adopting the motto of the Iron Duke, a hero in rather a different line, who, upon being asked, "How you can, with the details you have to provide for, and the military responsibility you have to bear, sleep in your bed," replied, "When I throw off my clothes I throw off my cares, and when I turn in my bed it is time to turn out." Billy's eighteen hours were devoted to business. So strictly correct was he in all his dealings that he had amassed a large sum of money, the greater part of which being out in trust went to his widow. He suffered the awful sentence of the law on the 29th of January, 1812, opposite the debtor's door at Newgate.

Poor Mrs. Habberfield mourned the loss of her husband with tears and hysterics, but—

> "Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
> Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
> She married;"

the happy bridegroom being the identical Bow Street runner who, transported by her charms, had captured her dear departed Billy.

Among other delinquencies, slender Billy was strongly suspected of having been the "fence" when the plate was stolen from St. Paul's Cathedral; he was also looked upon as being an

sive spirit-distiller without the sanction of the d of Excise; and as for "prigging," he often ed that he had not an article of furniture, , plate, or wearing apparel, that had not purloined by his ever active brain hands. A brilliant trait, however, in his acter remains to be recorded—he never "split" n an accomplice. Upon one occasion, when a ge reward was offered for the apprehension of a al," application was made to Habberfield to e such information as might lead to his appre- usion. His reply was, "I know my days are mbered; my grey hairs tell me I have ap- oached the winter of my existence; but if every air was a life I would not peach to save them." Of Slender Billy, then, might it be said, in the words of Byron, slightly altered:—

> "For him they raise not the recording stone—
> His death *not* dubious deeds, too widely known;
> He left a *crackeman's* name to other times,
> Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

To return to our visit to Habberfield, after offering us some refreshment, which we declined, he presented us with some cards of admission to a celebrated sparring exhibition that was about to take place at the rooms of that great professor of the art, Byron's corporeal pastor, the late John on. Before we had time to acknowledge our a shrill whistle was heard from the direction we had left Mrs. Habberfield.

scouts are on the look-out," exclaimed Bill

Gibbons, while Hubbert and Habberfield immediately barred the entrance, and, removing a panel of one of the cupboards, made their way through it into an adjoining room.

"Come along, youngster," said the latter. "All is as right as a trivet."

"It's only old Vaughan," exclaimed Mrs. Habberfield, in a low tone of voice; that being the name of a very superannuated member of the police-*force*—if such a term can be applied to the impotent body who, in those days, resembled very much Dogberry's watch at Messina, so admirably satirized by Shakespeare. "He's got Jim Larkins with him," continued the female sentry, "but Fairy and I could queer two such flats in a jiffy.

Anxious, like all Westminster boys, to be in the midst of the fray, we were about to follow the hero of our adventure into the yard, when Slender Billy turned round to Hubbert, and in a tone that showed he was accustomed to command, addressed him as follows:—

"Dick, you must see the young gentleman home to Dean's-yard—keep your visit dark—then be off to the Rookery, find out whether the Slasher has been at the ken since the high toby spice* near the powder-mills. Warn him, or Barney, that Whitechapel Sal is likely to turn snitch for the forty.† Jem Larkins has got round her, and put the beaks on the scent. If necessary, be down upon

* Robbery on horseback.

† Peach for the reward of forty guineas.

her for the robbery at Stepney Fair. I'll meet you at the Horseshoe at eleven."

"I'm fly," responded my guide. "Now, young gentleman, follow me. Mum's the word."

We proceeded back into the room we had been first introduced into, when Bill, instead of unbarring the door, as I, in the innocence of my heart, thought he would have done, removed a few planks in the flooring, under a deal chest which he had moved aside, and leading the way descended through the trap-door into a cellar. After groping about for a few seconds, he opened a small window-shutter, which admitted sufficient light to show us a well-barricaded door; the bars were forthwith removed, and Hubbert hastening us on, we found ourselves on terra firma in a ditch close to the back wall of the building. A noise of a heavy bolt from within, and an "all right" from a female voice told us that Habberfield's subterraneous entrance was safe from interruption.

It may easily be supposed that I was not a little delighted to find myself in the open fields again, and passing through "the halfpenny hatch," since immortalized by the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," in that admirable parody on the "Small-beer Poet's" lyrical effusion:—

> "Thy hatch, O Halfpenny! passed in a trice
> Boiled some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's twice."

I reached Millbank, and shortly found myself with a bevy of young friends around me, listening to my adventure in Tothill Fields.

Bill Gibbons had taken leave of us very abruptly at the first hackney-coach stand, and entering one of those rickety vehicles, had ordered the jarvey to set him down at the end of Oxford Road. The result of his embassy to the Rookery, I shrewdly guessed, to have been successful, as I read in the evening paper of the next day the following report:—"Bow Street. This morning Sarah Linney, alias Whitechapel Sal, was brought to this office on a charge of stabbing and robbing a gentleman of his watch at Stepney Fair. The property was found to have been pledged by the prisoner at the shop of Mr. Barney Isaacs, High Holborn. The unfortunate female was fully committed to Newgate for trial." The sequel was shortly afterwards made known, for within a few weeks I purchased by chance the "last dying speech and confession of three wretched criminals, who, in the then Draconian state of the law had expiated their offences before the debtor's door at Newgate," and among the names of the culprits I found that of Sarah Linney, who, born of very vicious parents, had been brought up in every species of vice and profligacy. At an early age she had connected herself with a highwayman of some note called the Slasher; in a fit of jealousy she was tampered with by an emissary of the Bow Street authorities and peached against her inconstant paramour. Upon this getting wind, information was immediately laid against her, and the ill-fated young woman was tried, found guilty, and executed.

Although years have passed over my head since

the event I have recorded, during which I have led not an inactive life, and have witnessed scenes of war and desolation abroad—of pestilence, famine, trouble, and turmoil at home—never can I forget the impression created upon my mind at my visit to William Habberfield, or the painful reminiscences that were afterwards caused by the dreadful and ignominious death of the principal actor in that scene, and that of one of his victims.

About a week after my visit to Habberfield, when assembled at my dame's for the usual "roll call," I could not help fancying that Dr. Dodd gave me a look that portended much mischief. Nothing, however, was said *that* night; upon going into school the following morning, I began to hope that my fears were groundless, when the sad reality came before me, by my tutor beckoning me to his chair.

"You were out of bounds last Wednesday," said the Doctor, in a very stern manner.

I began to stutter and stammer, but finally admitted the charge; adding that I had been tempted to break through the rules by shooting at Hubbert's, and afterwards visiting a friend of his.

"Well, my boy," proceeded the kind-hearted Jemmy, "I am glad you have spoken the truth. I abhor a liar. The shooting, though strictly forbidden, I might pass over, but your visit to a notorious highwayman was unworthy the character of a Westminster boy—still more of a nobleman. Some lampooner has talked of Winchester scholars, Harrow blades, Eton bucks, and Westminster

blackguards. The latter title is unmerited; I should be sorry to see it realised; but it would be realised if our boys were to fraternise with low pugilists and the scum of St. Giles. Your proceedings were reported to Dr. Cary before I was informed of them."

At this moment a sixth-form boy came to say that the head-master wished to speak to Dr. Dodd, who immediately obeyed the summons. During the consultation of the two learned dominies, I anxiously watched their countenaces; expulsion or a six-cutter seemed written legibly on their faces. In a few moments my suspense was over, by being called up to Cary. After expiating upon the enormity of my delinquencies, he told me that nothing but the character my tutor had given me for veracity could have saved me from expulsion, and that, under that circumstance, and that alone, my punishment would be commuted to a task work—that of writing out, during the ensuing Christmas holidays, the English part of the Latin Grammar. Delighted at the noble part Jemmy Dodd had acted towards me, I made a resolution never again to offend him, and happy am I to say that I constantly acted up to this determination.

The holidays came, and many a time when my parents thought me fast asleep, I rose from my bed, and trimming the midnight lamp, laboured at my task; by this means I accomplished it before my return to Westminster, and was highly complimented by Dr. Cary at the attention I had paid to it. Instead of an ill-written, scrawly, unintelligible

impos, I presented as fair a specimen of caligraphy as I could execute. Upon returning to Dean's Yard, I was most anxious to ascertain how my delinquencies had been discovered; I knew full well that none of my Tothill Field friends would peach. It then occurred to me that I had one day got into conversation with a gentlemanlike-looking man at Bridgman the pastrycook's, who made sundry inquiries about the school, the system that was carried on, the fagging, and the recreation. Upon pressing me upon the latter point, I, in an unguarded moment, told him of our occasional visits to the duck pond, and of my introduction to Habberfield's. This snake in the grass, who under the mask of kindly feeling, had entrapped me, then an unsuspecting youth, to criminate myself, had turned informer and reported to Dr. Cary that a Westminster boy, whom he described, had been guilty of an outrageous act, which he upon public principle felt it a duty to report. Who my false friend was I never from that hour to the present was able to discover. For days and hours I hovered about college and the neighbouring streets in the hopes of meeting him; had I succeeded in so doing, a ducking under the first pump, aided by my indignant fellow schoolboys, would have been the result. Dr. Dodd disdained to get information in an underhand manner, and it was through this and other good qualities that he won the hearts of those entrusted to his care. On points of duty he was firm and strict, but the moment those duties were performed he encouraged freely all innocent

amusements. In referring to the Halfpenny Hatch, I am reminded of a song that was very popular at the time I was at Westminster, two verses of which I still remember. It was entitled "Lambeth's Glory, or The Lass of the Halfpenny Hatch."

"While some are admir'd,
For charms bought or hir'd,
With neither paint, powder, nor patch.
More charming by far
Than all of them are
Is the Lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

"Of dames or of misses,
Where's one such as this is?
In short there's not one that can match,
In Surrey's fair shire,
Nor on earth far or nigher,
With the Lass of the Halfpenny Hatch."

Who the poet was I know not, nor had I ever the advantage of seeing the object of his laudatory lines.

Among the old customs which were observed at Westminster in my day was the throwing of the pancake on Shrove Tuesday. At eleven o'clock in the morning a verger of the Abbey, in his gown, bearing a silver baton, emerged from the College kitchen, followed by the cook in his white apron, jacket, and cap, and carrying a pancake. On arriving at the school-room, he advanced to the bar which separated the upper school from the lower one, twirled the pancake in the pan, and then tossed it over the bar into the upper school, among a crowd of boys, of which I was always the foremost, who scrambled for the pancake. There

was a legend that he who got it unbroken, might, on applying at the Deanery, demand the honorarium of a guinea (sometimes two guineas) from the Abbey funds. The cook received two guineas for his performance.

During the time I was at Westminster I attended that most anxiously looked for, though "excessively and tarnatiously-to-be-laughed-at," I use an American phrase, sporting affair, the Easter Monday Epping Hunt. A young chum of mine and myself hired two nags from Tilbury, and were early in the saddle. At daybreak the East end of the city of London poured forth a living stream of its smoke-dried holiday folk; the road was thronged with equestrians and pedestrians, singing the burden of the song "This day a stag must die." Soon after nine o'clock the town of Epping became densely crowded with people from all parts of the country, parties on foot, on horseback, in carriages, gigs, wagons, carts, donkey chaises, and vans crammed to overflowing.

The meet, as Haynes Bayley sang, "We met 'twas in a crowd," presented the appearance of a large fair, or the borders of a race course, principally occupied by pea and thimble boards, E. O. tables, and various other apparatus for petty gambling, shows, exhibitions, gingerbread stalls glittering with kings and queens, At twelve o'clock there was a goodly assemblage at the brow of Fairmead Bottom, while the pollard oaks which skirt the bottom on either side, were filled with men and boys. Suddenly the loud notes of a horn

were heard, then a keyed bugle playing the inspiring air of "Bright Chanticleer proclaims the Morn," when the huntsmen and hounds were seen coming over the hill by the "Bald-faced Stag;" hundreds of "Jemmy Greens" and "Johnny Gilpins" rushing gallantly forward to meet them. The huntsman dressed in a huge antique red frock coat, with a grass green collar, mother-o'-pearl buttons as big as crown pieces; yellow and black striped waistcoat, pair of dark, greasy, corduroy inexpressibles, mahogany coloured top-boots, mounted on a worn-out bit of blood, with one eye and a string-halt; a snaffle bridle in his mouth, decorated with a nose-band, an ivory ring under his jaws to keep the reins together, saddle and crupper looking the worse for wear. The whipper-in sported a green cutaway coat, a pair of ochre-coloured leather breeches, evidently made for a stouter man, a black velvet hunting cap, a pair of rusty couples, and a horse the *fac-simile* of that of Petruchio, thus described by Shakespeare.

"His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred, besides possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten, ne'er legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to

keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots."

The pack consisted of eight couple from the E.E.M.U.H., (East End Metropolitan Union Hunt); two and a half drafted from the "drag" or "red-herring" pack of a sporting cavalry regiment; a couple of dwarf staghounds, one cur, a sheep-dog, and a terrier. After an hour's delay, the door of the cart was opened, and amidst the laughing, whooping, shouting, and halloing of the males, the screaming of the females, the yelling, barking, and whining of the canine race, a young buck who "wore a wreath of roses" round his neck, a girth of rainbow-coloured ribands, and a gaudy silk pennon "streaming in the wind," was turned out. The poor half-starved animal looked the picture of innocence, gazed for a few minutes at the spectators, then trotted off perfectly unconcerned. At a given time the hounds were laid on.

"Yoicks! 'Melody!' have at him, 'Pilgrim!'" cried the man in red, I will not again profane the name by calling him huntsman.

"Vere's the stag?" asked a young grocer from Whitechapel.

"Vot a swell," cried a second.

"There he goes!" screeched a third.

"Hold hard!" shouted another.

"Stop my horse!" cried a fallen one, floundering in a ditch.

A yelp here—a growl there.

"Ware hounds!" said the man in the green coat

and velvet cap." "Hector has it, forward! forward!"

"Want your horse holded, Sir," beseechingly asked a cad from St. James's Street to a young gentleman on a snaffle bridle run-away.

Away they went, hurry-skurry, helter-skelter, red coats and green coats, blue coats and black coats, sporting sweeps with no coats at all, horses without riders; dogs, donkeys, baronets, butchers, dandies, huntsmen, knife-grinders, tinkers, tailors, *nob*ocracy, *snob*ocracy. There were many most disastrous chances, "of moving accidents, by flood and field; of hair-breadth escapes."

The stag, after trotting some few miles, turned back towards Woodford, and was ultimately taken, nobody knew by whom, how, or where.

NOBLEMEN.

BYRON.

CHAPTER IV.

BYRON—HIS CHARACTER DESCRIBED BY THOMAS MOORE—THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI—LEIGH HUNT—MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH BYRON—DRURY LANE THEATRE—EDMUND KEAN—DEATH OF BYRON—STANZAS BY MISS LANDON—VICTOR HUGO—BYRON'S MONUMENT AT HUCKNELL—TOM MOORE—A YOUNG PRIMA DONNA.

"A great mind is an altar on a hill: should the priest descend from his attitude,
To canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the plain?
Rather with majestic perseverance will he minister in solitary grandeur.
Confident the time will come, when pilgrims shall be flocking to the shrine.
For fame is the birthright of genius.".

SO many lives, memoirs, and reminiscences of Byron have appeared, that it would be tedious as a thrice told tale to repeat what is already so well known to the reading public. Moore thus describes his feelings when about to read the noble poet's Memoirs, written by himself:—

"They, too, who 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tingeing all its streams,—
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old,* had touched them with its beams,—
Can track a spirit which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light.
How gladly all who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit, through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse.

. . . . . .

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—the adventures bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings, we shall find
The record there of friendships held like rocks,
And enmities like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd;
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who serv'd him young, and serve him still;
Of gen'rous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride to many a wounded heart;
Of acts—but, no—*not* from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they, who court the world, like MILTON'S cloud,†
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night;
And keeping all that softens and adorns,
And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns."

The Countess Guiccioli in a work entitled "Lord Byron jugé par les Témoins de sa vie," thus writes:—

* "And the name of the star is called wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood."—REV. VIII.

† "Did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night."
COMUS.

"At all times the world has been very unjust; and (who does not know it?) in the history of nations many an Aristides has paid with exile the price of his virtues and his popularity. Great men, great countries, whole nations, whole centuries, have had to bear up against injustice; and the truth is that vice has so often taken the place of virtue, evil of good, and error of truth; some have been judged so severely and others so leniently, that, could the book of redress be written, not only would it be too voluminous, but it would also be too painful to peruse. Honest people would feel shame to see the judgments before which many a great mind has had to bend; and how often party spirit, either religious or political, moved by the basest passions—such as hatred, envy, rivalry, vengeance, fanaticism, intolerance, self-love—has been a pretext for disfiguring in the eyes of the public the greatest and noblest characters. It would then be seen how some censor (profiting by the breach which circumstances, or even a slight fault on the part of these great minds, may have made, and joining issue with other inferior judges of character) has often succeeded in throwing a shade on their glorious actions, and in casting a slur upon their reputation, like those little insects which, from their numbers, actually succeed, notwithstanding their smallness, in darkening the rays of the sun. What is worse, however, is that when history has once been erroneously written, and a hero has been put forward in colours which are not real, the public actually becomes accessory

to the deception practised upon it; for it becomes so enamoured of the false type which has been held out to its admiration, that it will not loosen its hold on it. Public opinion, once fixed, becomes a perfect despotism.

"Never, perhaps, has this phenomenon shown itself more visibly and more remarkably than in the case of Lord Byron. Not only was he a victim of these obstinate prejudices, but in his case the annihilation of truth, and the creation of an imaginary type, have been possible only at the cost of common sense, and notwithstanding the most palpable contradictions. So that he has really proved to be one of the most curious instances of the levity with which human judgments are formed."

The Countess then proceeds to say,

"All, or nearly all, have granted to him an infinity of virtues and natural fine qualities—such as sensitiveness, generosity, frankness, humility, charity, soberness, greatness of soul, force of wit, manly pride, and nobility of sentiment; but at the same time, they do not sufficiently clear him of the faults which directly exclude the above-mentioned qualities. The moral man does not sufficiently appear in their writings; they do not sufficiently proclaim his character—one of the finest that was ever allied to a great intellect. Why? Are those virtues such that, like excellent and salutary substances, they become poisoned when placed in contact within the same crucible?"

From the Italian Countess I turn to Sir Egerton

Brydges, who, after having fully appreciated Byron's poems, says :—

"They give to the reader's best instincts an impulse which elevates, purifies, instructs, charms, and affords us the noblest and purest of joys."

Few men have hit off Byron's character better than Leigh Hunt, who thus writes :—

"Nobody needs to be told what a great wit and fine poet he was; but everyone does not know that he was by nature a genial and generous man, spoiled by the most untoward circumstances in early life. He vexed his enemies, and sometimes his friends; but his very advantages had been hard upon him, and subjected him to all sorts of temptation. May peace rest upon his infirmities, and his fame brighten as it advances."

Most heartily do I endorse the eulogiums that have been passed upon Byron; every allowance should be made for one who, like Lara, was :—

> "Left by his sire, too young such loss to know.
> Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

I now proceed to say that, in my slight acquaintance with him, I was captivated with his manner, conversation, daring spirit, and person; his countenance, exquisitely modelled for the expression of feeling and passion, displayed at one moment deep and habitual thought, while at another flashes of mirth and gaiety irradiated his sullen brow. Byron's address was affable and courteous; his manner, when pleased, fascinating in the extreme. I first saw Byron at a fancy-dress ball, given by the

members of Watier's Club; I afterwards met him at Jackson's sparring rooms where I was introduced to him by my uncle, the late Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly.

"Huntly and I," said Byron, "dined at Tom Crib's 'crib' last week, and a night we had. I've not yet recovered from the effects of the gin-punch and the villainous tobacco."

After a few more remarks, he continued, "I hear you are going to Covent Garden to-night. Some evening you must pay me a visit at the Opposition House. I scarcely ever miss seeing Kean."

Thanking my new acquaintance, and feeling prouder than any peacock at having been noticed by the noble poet, I took my leave.

In those days, Long's and Stevens' Hotel in Bond Street and Limmer's in Conduit Street were the "houses of call" for officers; and one afternoon early in March I found myself in the coffee-room of the latter waiting for two military friends with whom I was to dine, and then proceed to Drury Lane Theatre. John Collin, the waiter (immortalized by poor Charley Sheridan, who possessed all the wit of that brilliant family) in the following lines was in his glory, for he had won a good stake on the St. Leger:—

> "My name is John Collin, head-waiter at Limmer's,
> At the corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square,
> Whose chief occupation is filling up brimmers,
> To solace young gentlemen laden with care."

"A coach is at the door," said he. "Shall I bring you another bottle of port?"

"Yes, we can manage that," was the reply.

After finishing our bottle, we proceeded to Drury Lane Theatre. As we entered the small passage room that leads to the private boxes, I heard a voice that sounded familiar to my ears calling to the box-keeper; I turned round, and recognised in the speaker, although muffled up and enveloped in a large cloak, my old acquaintance, Byron. He gave me a hasty bend of the head, but made no attempt to speak to me; as the crowd was great, I in a second lost sight of the noble Lord, who, in my own mind, I at once set down as a most capricious being. Although my *amour propre* had been greatly wounded by the slight offered me, no sooner had I taken my seat than my whole feelings were absorbed with the play, which, although it did not give scope for a full display of Edmund Kean's mighty powers, was a most striking performance. The drop curtain fell upon the second act, and at that moment the box-keeper brought me a note written in pencil, which contained these few words:—"The bearer will bring you to my 'den,' till we meet breathe not the name of B."—What this mystery was I was quite at a loss to solve, but, taking leave of my friends, I followed my guide to the entrance of one of those snug little boxes, facetiously called *band*-boxes, as being close to the orchestra, and, upon entering it, was most cordially greeted by Byron, then a member of the committee.

"I have a thousand apologies for the 'cut

direct,' which I was obliged to give you. The fact is, I am here incog. A relative died last week, and I ought to be at home 'in sullen black and sackcloth.' 'Father-in-law Sir Jacob' would be shocked if he heard that I did not stay at home for Bell's, I mean Lady Birron's (so he pronounced it) uncle. You know that I am now Benedick the married man; but take a front seat, and listen to the impassioned Reuben and the gentle Rosalie. I must remain in my nook, or to-morrow we shall read in some of the morning papers of 'heartless conduct' and 'atrocious outrage upon decency.'"

At the conclusion of the third act I rose to take my leave, but was prevented by my companion, who pressed me to remain. At that moment the door opened, when a man of middle stature and most gentlemanlike appearance entered.

"Ah! Douglas, I'm delighted to see you. Lord William Lennox; Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. 'Mr. Sneer, my dear; my dear, Mr. Sneer,' as the man says in the farce. Now, after this formal introduction, make yourself at home."

"Glorious house to-night," said the new comer, the most sanguine of the committee men.

"What will Whitbread say to-night? He and Cavendish Bradshaw were quite in despair at looking over the receipts of the off-nights."

"My young friend would like to go into the green-room," said Byron, "and as we gave out a particular order that no stranger should be admitted, perhaps you will take him round."

"What a law-maker—a law-breaker!" responded the other; "but if Lord William wishes to go, I shall have great pleasure in escorting him."

Delighted at the idea, I gladly availed myself of the offer. After passing through one or two narrow passages, and crossing the stage, we entered that room an introduction to which it had been the height of my ambition to attain. Dowton, Munden, Oxberry, Rae, Wallack, Mesdames Glover, Horn, and Harlowe were assembled there, laughing at some story that had been related by the joyous-hearted and mirthful Elliston; but no sooner did we enter than the greatest reserve came over the hitherto merry coterie. "Ladies and gentlemen for the first scene," said the call-boy, when all required rose to go upon the stage. This movement was a considerable relief to me; for, although by nature I was neither shy nor diffident, I could scarcely muster up sufficient courage to face this theatrical phalanx. After an introduction to Elliston, who entirely put me at my ease by his open bearing and flow of conversation, I was delighted to return to the box to witness the rest of the performance, but not before I had been called upon to pay my footing to some half-dozen stage-carpenters and scene-shifters who waylaid me at every turn.

At the end of the play I took leave of the "Childe," and returned to the box which I had previously occupied, where I was, as it is usually called, "roasted," or, rather, "flayed alive" for my visit behind the scenes, the keen eye of one of my companions having discovered me as I

flitted behind the "wings" towards the green-room.

That was the last time I ever saw poor Byron. Douglas Kinnaird I constantly met, both at home and abroad, and a more agreeable companion I never came in contact with. Upon one occasion, I was partly instrumental in saving him from a most frightful accident. He was riding a spirited horse in the Park, near the Knightsbridge Barracks (that eyesore to London), where I was quartered, when suddenly a dog crossed his path, when the horse reared and fell heavily on the rider. I happened to be lounging on foot near the spot, and ran forward to extricate Kinnaird's foot from the stirrup; this I succeeded in doing, and then turning round saw him apparently lifeless. Hailing two troopers of my regiment, and sending the orderly for the surgeon, we removed the suffering man on a litter to my room, where every attention was paid him. His collar-bone was set, stimulants to revive him were given, and in three days I was able again to take possession of my room.

My next visit to Drury Lane green-room took place some years after, when Kean's faithful friend and ally, the Reverend Edward Cannon, proposed that I should accompany him to see this really "eminent tragedian" in one of his best characters, "Richard the Second," and wind up the evening with a supper at a theatrical tavern in Drury Lane, at that time supported by Kean and his professional friends.

I pass over the intermediate hours, and bring my

readers to the moment when, after having listened to the "wholesome counsel" of Pope in "John of Gaunt," time-honoured Lancaster; witnessed the gallant bearing of Elliston as "Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby;" mourned over the "true-love tears" of Mrs. Bartley, the ill-fated Isabel, daughter of Charles the Sixth of France; and bewailed the grief and the death of the unkinged Richard, Cannon suggested that we should go to Kean's dressing-room.

"We must go round by the stage-door," said he; "and as the Cerberus knows me, I have no doubt a small douceur will prove a pass to you."

"True enough it did; for slipping a crown piece into the stage-door keeper's hand, he called for Mr. Kean's "dresser," who immediately conducted us to his tiring-room. Here we found Richard of Bordeaux, divested of his state and regal habiliments, enveloped in a morning wrapper, and enjoying a tumbler of mulled claret.

Let me pause, for although I have ventured to obtrude thus far upon his privacy, I do not feel justified in telling the "secrets of the prison house;" suffice it to say, mirth and good-humour prevailed, and after a brief period we adjourned to the tavern, where, joined by some congenial spirits in and out of the theatrical profession, we kept up our revels to a late, or, rather, early hour of the morning. During the whole of the evening, Kean, unfettered by, what he abhorred, the trammels of fashionable society, gave loose to his natural disposition; recounted anecdotes of his early life,

denounced the sycophants who now courted the man they had attempted to trample upon; extolled those friends who through evil and good report had clung to him; occasionally bursting forth in quotations of praise and anathema, or charming the senses by the exquisite pathos, the heart-stirring energy, the sublime power in which he acted and sang the "The Storm." From this admirable composition he would turn to Dibdin's ballads, and warble forth the "Jolly Young Waterman," and "Farewell my well-trimmed wherry," in a manner that, to adapt a line of the first named ditty—

"Won every heart and delighted each ear."

The death of Lord Byron produced a profound sentiment of sorrow and regret. Men of genius are brethren, in whatever country born or in whatever circle they may be destined to move, and the most distinguished poets of France paid their tribute to the memory of a fellow-bard. M. Casimir Delavigne produced *Un Dithyrambe* on the event; and the author of *Les Hellénides* (poems in honour of the regenerated Greeks) scattered some flowers on the grave of the noble poet who consecrated his fortune and his talents to the triumph of their cause. The verses of M. Roch abound in fine poetic thoughts. He thus describes Byron's genius:—

"Quels accens! . . . Ecoutez. . . . sa pensée a des ailes,
Il couvre d'un regard l'immensité des mers,
Et semblable aux esprits des plaines éternelles,
Il vole . . . sans deigner mesurer l'univers."

A Greek writer addressed the following invocation to the daughter of the English poet:—

"Reste d'un sang si précieux,
O toi sa jeune et tendre fille,
Viens t'enlever sous le plus beau des cieux,
Adopte nous pour ta famille.
Oui, jeune enfant, accomplis nos désirs,
Que la mer et les vents soient pour toi sans orages,
Et que le souffle des zephyrs
Te pousse mollement jusque sur nos rivages,
Des traits que nous pleurons viens rendre à notre amour
L'image toujours chère
Viens, nous t'attendrons chaque jour
Nous gardons le cœur de ton père."

To the credit of France another champion sprang up in the person of Victor Hugo, who thus expresses himself:—

"La mort de Byron a été accueillie dans tout le continent par les signes d'une douleur universelle. Le canon des Grecs a longtemps salué ses restes, un deuil national a consacré la perte de cet étranger parmi les calamités publiques. Les portes orgueilleuses de Westminster se sont ouvertes comme d'elles-même, afin que la tombe du poète vint honorer le sépulchre des rois."

So wrote the author of "Notre Dame de Paris," but to the disgrace of our country, be it said, the doors of Westminster Abbey have been closed against the ashes of Byron.

The following stanzas by Miss Landon, written beneath West's portrait of Byron, are not unworthy of the genius of the original. Inspired with admiration of his wonderful endowments, and seeking with a generous spirit to forget his errors, Miss Landon

thus pays her homage to the poet. I give a brief extract from the poem :—

"'Tis with strong feeling that I gaze
Upon this brow of thine,
Magnificent as if the mind
Herself had carved her shrine.
An altar into which was given
The flowers of earth, the light of heaven.

"At the first glance, that eye is proud,
But if I read aright,
A fountain of secret tears lies hid
Beneath its flashing light.
Tenderness like a gushing rill
Subdued, represt, but flowing still.

"Oh, if there be one sullied page
Unworthy of thy name,
The weakness of a mighty one,
To dwell on it were shame,
Were cruelty—when thy fine mind
Has left such nobler store behind.

But thou art with the dead—thy life
In such a cause was given,
Most glorious in the sight of man,
Precious in that of Heaven.
Marathon and Thermopylæ—
Such soil was fitting grave for thee."

Alas! who would have thought that a secluded and small village of Nottinghamshire should contain, unnoticed and almost unknown, the remains of the great genius of our age! That no monument in those "temples where the dead are honoured by the nations" should have been erected by England to record the death of the noblest of her sons! The little Church of Hucknal, three miles to the south of Newstead Abbey, is the resting-place of him who in this

world found no rest; and a simple marble tablet the only tribute to his memory. This church has long been a burial-place of the Byrons. Here the poet's mother, who died at Newstead in 1811, soon after his return from abroad, was buried; and here, in compliance with a wish he expressed in his younger and calmer days, and which he appears afterwards at times to have cherished, notwithstanding what is contained in his writings to the contrary, he was himself interred in July, 1824. His coffin lies on the south side of the chancel. In the wall between it and the door is inserted a monumental tablet of white marble set in grey, of which the following is a copy:—

In the Vault Beneath
Where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried
Lie the remains of
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON
LORD BYRON OF ROCHDALE,
In the county of Lancaster
The Author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
He was born in London on the
22nd of January, 1788.
He died at Missolonghi in Western Greece on the
19th of April, 1824,
Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that
Country to her ancient Freedom and Renown.
His Sister the Honourable
AUGUSTA MARY LEIGH
Placed this Tablet to his Memory.

Latterly a movement has been made to erect a public monument to his memory, and I trust ere long a suitable tribute will be paid to the immortal and illustrious fame of the first poet of the age in which we live.

From the time I first met Byron up to the present, I have ever felt the greatest respect for the ill-fated poet. True he had faults, but who is without them? Among others who have done justice to his memory, in addition to those already referred to, may be mentioned the Duchess d'Abrantès; there is much truth in the following remarks which I have taken the liberty of translating from excellent French into moderate English, leaving the word *méchant* to be Anglicised by my readers—wicked is too strong a term, mischievous is too mild. "He was after all much more human and less demoniac than the world believed him to be. No, I do not believe that Lord Byron was half as bad as they made him out; moreover, I think he was made *méchant*, but that he was not so by nature. Soured by a deformity in his limbs, and neglected by those who ought to have guided his youthful course, he became reckless and indifferent to the world's good opinion; the incense and flattery that were heaped upon him, when to use one of his own expressions, 'I awoke and found myself famous,' might have turned a wiser head than his; while the venomous attacks that were levelled against him were calculated to harden his nature."

"Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

"With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour,
Should be—peace with thine and mine
And a health to thee, Tom Moore."

BYRON.

It was during a Musical Festival held at Salisbury, nearly half a century ago, that I first met Thomas, or as he was more familiarly called, "Tom Moore." The town being very full, I had engaged apartments in the suburbs, and finding that the poet was not very comfortable at the crowded inn, I invited him to make use of my rooms whenever he felt disposed. To this he cheerfully assented, stipulating, however, that we should mess together for the week. Luckily there was a pianoforte in the drawing-room, and with very little persuasion he made good use of it, singing some of his own compositions in an unrivalled manner, as far as feeling and sentiment went. Devoted as I am to music, and having heard all the best Italian, German, Swiss, French, and English artists, I own that I never felt so much pleasure in hearing them as I did in listening to the dullest strains of the "Bard of Erin." It was here that I met a young lady, then a very rising artiste, now one of the leaders of fashion in London.

My friend Sir Andrew Barnard of the old 95th, now the Rifle Corps, who was devoted to music, and who was ever anxious to assist any rising talent, spoke to me in favour of the above young lady, then fulfilling an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. At that period I had never written a line for a newspaper, nor was I acquainted with any one connected with what has been justly called the "fourth estate;" all of a sudden it occurred to me that if I sat down and wrote criticisms to all the London newspapers,

one or more might appear, and if the worst came to the worst, I should have only had my trouble for nothing. Under this impression, with programme in hand, I gave a notice of how each artist might perform his or her duties, but wording the notices in the past, not future tenses. Braham headed the list of male singers, and it was not very difficult to describe his splendid voice, his exquisite taste, occasionally marred by a desire to please the gallery, and "make the judicious grieve," or his thorough knowledge of music, so I soon did him that justice he so justly merited; adding that Mr. Braham was enthusiastically encored in that splendid composition of Andrew Cherry's "The Bay of Biscay." This prophecy was, I felt certain, to be realized. After noticing the other singers, I turned to Miss A. G——, "whose reception had been most flattering, who had executed the songs allotted to her with a purity of taste and depth of feeling that at once charmed her auditors." As I had to write for at least ten newspapers, I was obliged to alter the style, and to vary it with the usual phrases "exquisite performance," "native wood notes wild," "linked sweetness long drawn out," "grace, delicacy, and freshness," "a pure and flowing spring of melody that had its source in nature," "sweet-toned and touching," "muse of melody thy nurse," "flute-like tones."

The mail left Salisbury about the time the concert began, so the letters I despatched by it would reach London in ample time for the evening papers. Most anxiously did I await the arrival of

the post on the second morning; to my great delight (for I had written to a newsagent to forward me a copy of all the newspapers I had addressed) I found the "Courier," "Sun," and, if I remember right, the "Star" newspapers, contained the notices I had sent. Wellington after Waterloo could not have felt prouder than I did when in addition to the above I found that the "Times," "Morning Herald," "Morning Post," and "Morning Chronicle," had inserted my anonymous contributions. During the day I met Braham, who asked me if I had seen the account of the first concert. "Strange," he continued, "my encore to the 'Bay of Biscay' did not take place till past nine at night, too late for the post, so some one must have sent a special messenger to London. Whoever wrote the criticisms, knew what he was about." I kept my own counsel.

There was a *bonhomie*, a vivacity, a readiness and brilliancy of wit about Moore that was perfectly irresistible. Moreover, he was, although humbly born, one of "Nature's gentlemen." According to his own account, he was born on the 28th of May, 1779, at a grocer's shop in Dublin. His parents, though low in the social scale, were not vulgar.

The Reverend Edmund D. Griffin, that enlightened American, born

> "On Susquehanna's side, sweet Wyoming,

whose heart never took kindly to England, in a very spirited description of a dinner given by that

Anak of publishers (as Byron called him), the late John Murray, vividly records his impression of the Bard of Erin :—

"Mr. Moore was induced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing; it is perfectly unique. The combination of music and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backwards, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me in many respects my conceptions of the poet of love and wine; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon. The modern poet has more sentiment than the Greek, but can lay no claim (what modern author can?) to the same simplicity and purity of taste. His genius, however, is more versatile. The old voluptuary complains of his inability to celebrate a warlike theme; his lyre will not obey the impulse of his will. But the author of the "Fire Worshippers" gave us, in the course of the evening, an Irish rebel's song, which was absolutely thrilling. Anacreon was, however, afterwards restored to us in a drinking song, composed to be sung at a convivial meeting of an association of gentlemen."

Thanks to the poetry of Moore, and music of Sir John Stevenson, the Irish melodies have earned a world-wide fame. They are exquisite for grace of diction, for beauty of imagery, and for a refined and ideal kind of pathos. They are gems for the drawing-room, and admirable as such.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the ballads, the songs, the operas of purely English growth, which have gratified, and still gratify, thousands; and although I frankly admit that Italy has produced some of the finest composers, and that the German school, less fluent, perhaps, in the production of melody, but developing wonderful efforts in instrumentation, stands scarcely inferior to the Italian, England can boast of composers of extraordinary merit, rivalling Italy in melody and Germany in instrumentation. Were I to require an illustration, I should find it in the compositions of Balfe, John Barnett, W. F. Bennett, Bishop, F. Blewitt, John Blockley, Braham, "Claribel," Cummings, "Dolores," Dibdin, Dolby (Sainton), Fricker (Anne), Gabriel (Virginia), Gray (Louisa), Gatty, F. L. Hatton, C. Horn, Hullah, J. P. Knight, W. E. Levey, Miss M. Lindsay, G. Linley, G. Loder, Alexander Lee, T. Moore, Macfarren, Alfred Mellon, F. Mori, J. E. Molloy, L. Nelson, Philp (Elizabeth), Brinley Richards, H. Russell, H. Smart, Sir John Stephenson, A. S. Sullivan, Linsay Sloper, A. W. Wade, W. L. Wallace, and W. T. Wrightson. Carlyle calls songs, "little dewdrops of celestial melody," and many such dewdrops, the above

composers whose names I have given alphabetically have produced.

Many of our best writers in prose and poetry have extolled ballads. Turner tells us they can be traced to the Anglo-Saxon, and that Canute composed one. Fletcher, of Saltoun, says, "Give me the writing of the ballads, and you make the laws." Lamb calls them "the vocal portraits of the national mind;" and Longfellow describes them as "the gipsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy-lanes, and bye-paths of literature in the genial summer time." Here I may remind my readers that minstrels were protected by a charter of Edward IV., but by a statute of Elizabeth "they were made punishable among rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

Music cannot fail to enlist the sympathies of everybody, and in support of this assertion let me quote the following authorities. Luther tells us "Music is the art of the Prophets, the only art that can calm the agitation of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us." Hogg thus expresses the same sentiment in verse:—

> "Of all the arts beneath the Heaven
> That man has found, or God has given,
> None draws the soul so sweet away,
> As music's melting, mystic lay;
> Slight emblem of the bliss above
> It soothes the spirit all to love."

Beveridge, Bishop of St. Asaph, an eminent

Oriental scholar and theologian, Author of "Private Thoughts on Religion," 1638-1708, writes as follows:—

"That which I have found the best recreation both to my mind and body is music. It calls in my spirits, compresses my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts, so that when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind, and hence it is that I find my soul is become more harmonious by being accustomed so much to harmony and so averse to all manner of discord that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seem very harsh and unpleasant to me."

Milton, in describing the enravishment of music, says: "I was all ear, and took in strains that might create a soul under the ribs of death."

Beddoes, a distinguished physician and chemist, cotemporary with Priestley and in intimate acquaintance with Dr. Darwin, thus speaks of song:—

"Come then a song; a winding gentle song
To lead me into sleep. Let it be low
As zephyr telling secrets to his rose,
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts
And more of voice than of that other music
That grows around the strings of quivering lutes.
But most of thought; for with my mind I listen
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,
If there's no seed, remembrance grows not there,
So life, so death; a song and then a dream
Begin before another dewdrop falls
From the soft hold of those disturbed flowers,
For sleep is filling up my senses fast,
And from these words I sink."

Carlyle, in describing the influence of music, thus writes: "The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that."

One more quotation, and I will conclude. Douglas Jerrold, in speaking of a maiden's vocal accents, says, "Her voice would coax a nail out of heart of oak."

NOBLEMEN.

JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON, THE LATE EARL OF DURHAM.

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO LAMBTON CASTLE—RACES—GENTLEMEN RIDERS—JOHN MILLS—A DUEL PREVENTED—LAMBTON'S VENOMOUS ATTACK ON PHILPOTTS, BISHOP OF EXETER—SPLENDID SPEAKERS—AN UNFORTUNATE POST-PRANDIAL ORATOR—HUNT, THE RADICAL MEMBER FOR PRESTON—AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES—A ROTTEN BOROUGH—FALSE RETURN.

"With honest dignity, with manly sense,
And every charm of natural eloquence,
Like HAMPDEN struggling in his country's cause,
The first, the foremost to obey the laws
The last to brook oppression. On he moves
Careless of blame while his own heart approves."
S. ROGERS, "HUMAN LIFE."

"Thou hast achieved a part; hast gain'd the ear of Britain's senate."—COWPER.

FOR many years I was on intimate terms of friendship with John George Lambton, afterwards Earl of Durham. Born in 1792, he was returned as Member of Parliament for his native county in 1813. In 1821 he distinguished him-

self as a Parliamentary Reformer; in 1830 joined Earl Grey's Administration as Lord Privy Seal. In 1833 he proceeded to St. Petersburg as British Ambassador to the Court of Russia, and subsequently became Governor-General of Canada. Previous to the above appointments abroad, he had been raised to the Peerage in 1828 as Baron Durham, and advanced to the Viscountcy of Lambton and Earldom of Durham in 1833. During my dancing days at the then exclusive and fashionable Almacks, and other balls, I became acquainted with the Ladies Grey; and meeting Mr. and Lady Louisa Lambton at Stapleton Park, the seat of Edward Petre (ill-naturedly called "Petre, the Creatur"), he invited me to Lambton Castle. Previous to that I felt much in awe of Lambton, and rather avoided his presence; that fear, however, was scattered to the winds one morning by the following incident.

We had been discussing his temper, which John Mills declared to be awful; Duncombe, "England's pet and Finsbury's glory," took his part, assuring us that except on political subjects Lambton was as Dr. Ollapod says in the play "meek as a mushroom, mild as an emulsion." At that moment I was turning over the pages of "Don Juan," and happened to alight upon those lines of Byron's where he describes the young hero after his shipwreck being watched over by the old smuggler and fisherman's daughter, the fair Haidee. The stanza runs as follows :—

"And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest.
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
In short he was a very pretty fellow,
Altho' his woes had turn'd him rather yellow."

"How applicable to Lambton!" I exclaimed, repeating the last two lines, thus wishing to stop an argument between John Mills and Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, which was beginning to get fast and furious. Little aware that the individual I had thus alluded to was just behind me, I did not attend to a sign made me by Mills to be silent.

"Let me hear the lines again," said Lambton in the most bland manner.

I repeated them.

"Well, I'm glad," he continued, "I am described as a very pretty fellow; as for my colour I am more indebted to nature than to grief."

From that moment all reserve passed away, and nothing could be more friendly than the manner in which he welcomed me to Lambton Castle. Upon my being announced, after shaking me by the hand, he said in perhaps too much of a theatrical manner,

"If there's anything you require during your visit here, you shall have it from Durham in less than an hour; if not to be had there, from London in six and twenty hours."

The Castle is beautifully situated on an eminence on the north bank of the River Wear. It was

erected by Bonomi, and comparatively speaking is of recent date. The library, a quadrangular apartment of good proportions with a gallery round it, and well filled with a splendid collection of books, is one of the snuggest rooms I ever was in. Among the family portraits in this and other rooms in the Castle are a full length of General John Lambton, Colonel of the 68th Foot, who represented Durham in six Parliaments, painted by Reynolds, and one of Master Lambton, the work of an equally celebrated artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence. In Surtees' History of the County of Durham, the following passage occurs :—

"No earlier owners of Lambton are on record than the ancient and honourable family which still bears the local name. The regular pedigree can only be traced from the twelfth century, many of the family records being destroyed in the civil wars ; but the previous residence of the family is well proved by attestations of charters and incidental evidence, from a period very nearly approaching the Roman Conquest."

Many of the ancestors of the present head of the family were distinguished in the army, and in the Senate, among them Colonel Sir William Lambton, who fell at Marston Moor; William, son of Henry Lambton, represented Durham in seventeen Parliaments; Henry, Ralph John, William Henry, and Hedworth, were all in their day members for the above borough. Nothing could be more splendid than the hospitality at Lambton Castle. Every morning the well-trained butler

rapped at the door during your toilet to say that a carriage, or riding-horse, would be at your disposal at any hour you might require it; he then named the hour for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. During my visit Lambton Park Races, confined to gentleman riders, took place, and a more delightful gathering cannot be imagined. Among the amateur jockeys were the present Duke of Portland, then Lord John Bentinck, the late Lord Muncaster, John Mills, T. S. Duncombe, and John White. Here and at Stapleton Park I was particularly fortunate, as the following extract from the return "Card and Sheet List" will show.

STAPLETON PARK RACES.

A Snuff-box, given by T. L. Fox, Esq., M.P.

11st. each, half a mile:

Mr. Fox's "Snuff-box," by Whitelock, Lord W. Lennox. 1
Mr. Lambton's "Malcolm." 2
Mr. Petre's "Mustachio." 3

A winning jockey is never in want of masters, and my services were next retained by my host.

MATCH 50 Guineas.

Mr. Petre's "Mustachio," Lord W. Lennox, beat Mr. Lascelles' "Misconception." One mile.

MATCH 50 Guineas.

Mr. Fox's "Snuff-box" beat Mr. Jones, B.G. "Screwdriver," 10st. 10lbs. each. Half a mile.

LAMBTON PARK, Thursday, October 17, 1822.

MATCH 100 Guineas.

Mr. Fox's "Snuff-box," by Whitelock, 4 years old, 11st. 7lbs., Lord W. Lennox, beat Mr. T. S.

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Upon one occasion at Doncaster, he asked me to order dinner at the "Angel Inn," where we were to dress previous to the race ball. This I attended to; the party invited consisting of eight—two married couples, Lambton, myself, and two bachelors. Something, though I know not what, went wrong during dinner, and the moment it was over my companion abruptly left the room, pleading that he had some letters to write. As a matter of course, the bill was brought to me, and as the charges were considerably higher during the race-week, and I have no doubt are equally so now, the amount was rather a heavy draw upon my purse; for at that period I was living on my pay, with only an allowance of a hundred a year. As, however, we were to proceed on a visit to Tickhill Castle the following morning, I anticipated that the noble John George would refund the money. Such was not the case, and I could only attribute this single act of illiberality to forgetfulness. He had evidently been "ryled" during

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Duncombe's "Blue Devil," 10st .7lbs. A. F. even betting.

MATCH 50 Guineas, Friday 18th.

Mr. Fox's "Snuff-box", Lord W. Lennox, beat Mr. Lorraine's "The Rising Sun," 10st. 10lbs. Two miles.

Mr. Fox's "Snuff-box," 4 year old, 10st.12lbs., received forfeit from Mr. Petre's "Sam," 11st. 6lbs. 100 guineas, H. F.

George Lane Fox was one of the kindest, most hospitable creatures imaginable, and I look back with pleasure to the happy days I passed with him, and his most amiable wife at Bramham Park.

It was in consequence of my winning for him the Snuff-box he had given to be run for, that the animal I rode received that name. Unable to attend the Lambton Park Meetings he sent "Snuff-box" there, and gave me *carte blanche* to make any matches I liked, or to enter him for any plates. The result was that, after winning the Snuff-box and fifty guineas for him at Stapleton Park, I was fortunate enough to land two matches, one of one hundred guineas, and the other of fifty guineas, and to receive for him half forfeit fifty guineas. The "tottle of the whole," as that excellent economical reformer, Joseph Hume, was wont to say, was a Gold Snuff-box, and two hundred and fifty guineas.

From Lambton Castle I proceeded with my host to visit Mr. Wyvill at Constable Burton, and Frederick Lumley at Tickhill Castle, stopping at the latter place for the Doncaster week. Travel-

of these illustrious statesmen. Never did I know a man who was more dignified in the Senate than the late Earl Grey; in private life, he was the most amiable character I ever met with. I have known Wellington, whose life was England's glory; Liverpool, who held the Premiership from 1812 to 1827; the proud, defiant, when assailed, Castlereagh; the accomplished Melbourne; the plain, blunt, kind-hearted man, a zealous advocate for agricultural improvements, Spencer; the classical and staunchest of Whigs, Holland; the refined patron of arts and sciences, Lansdowne; the liberal yet scornful Canning, who revolted against popularity; the reserved yet honest Peel; that bold spirit in a loyal breast, the enlightened philanthropist, the splendid lawyer and orator, Brougham; the upright Judge Denman; the "fiery Rupert of Debate," Stanley; the fine old English gentleman, Burdett; one and all of the above were equally conspicuous as great statesmen and for their amiable qualities in private life. Despite these, and the authority of the erudite Mrs. Malaprop that "comparisons are odorous," I will fearlessly avow that, in my humble opinion, no man ever excelled the late Earl Grey as a senator, or as a loyal, just, and upright gentleman; and his mantle has descended to one whose abilities in the House of Lords prove him to be "a worthy scion of a worthy sire."

I now turn to the part Durham took during the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.

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ling as I did alone with Lambton in his carriage and four, I had every opportunity of studying his character, and I came to the conclusion that, albeit extremely kind-hearted and amiable when pleased, his temper was far from even. Often did I find him bursting out with passion when thwarted; so, feeling myself like a man seated on a barrel of gunpowder with a cigar in his mouth, not knowing how sudden an explosion might take place, I carefully avoided any discussion that could lead to an argument.

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thus describing Durham. "With all his sins, Lord Brougham is worth a coal-waggon train full of Durhams. It is too ludicrous for laughing to see Lambton pitting himself against such a man. True, he confesses his inferiority in powers of speech, but in the very confession his poor pride is apparent; for by that candour he thinks he proves his claim to superior worth. Now the truth is that the coalmaster approaches nearer to the chancellor in eloquence than in any other natural or acquired gifts; for it is wonderful how well he speaks, and he possesses no despicable power of jaw. He is a third rate Radical rhetorician, and has a command of loose lumbering language, very unpleasant to listen to, which he can atrabilariously keep delivering for a trying extent of time. But in power of thought, he is a mere man of the multitude; in his harangues nobody looks for ideas; and his admirers direct you, for proofs of his abilities, to his forehead and his face. Both are indeed beautiful—but *fronti nulla fides* is an old saw and a wise one—and he would soon become indeed a jaundiced observer, who appealed to the colour of his cheeks."

Now despite this authority, I consider the above a gross libel on Durham's powers of eloquence, and I think that any unprejudiced person who reads his speeches on the hustings when as John George Lambton he riveted the attention of thousands of his countrymen, his speeches in the House of Lords, or his addresses when Governor-General of Canada, would be of my opinion that as an orator he was pre-eminently great.

In 1834 there was a serious division in the Cabinet on the Irish Coercion Bill renewal. The Lord-Lieutenant deemed the re-enactment of the clause prohibiting political meetings unnecessary and inexpedient, and he was supported in this opinion by Lord Althorpe, Lord Durham, and a highly important minority in the Cabinet. On the other hand, Earl Grey was decidedly of an opposite opinion, backed by a majority. This shortly led to the retirement of that nobleman. Within a few months the schism between Brougham and Durham became painfully conspicuous. The former had brought down ridicule upon himself by his erratic eccentricities in Scotland. Among other oratorical displays the Lord Chancellor at Inverness assured his admiring audience that he would write to His Majesty that very night to assure him of their loyal sentiments. At Edinburgh a banquet was given to Earl Grey in a pavilion on the Calton Hill specially erected for the occasion, when the spark was only wanting to produce an explosion, and that spark was not long of falling on the combustible elements. Lord Brougham in a lengthened speech attacked the "hasty zeal" of the ultra-reformers, who possessed no reflection at all, and counselled moderation in political expectations, and a slackened pace in the career of reform.

In the course of the evening, the Lord Advocate proposed the health of the Earl of Durham, and the Reformers of England. In returning thanks, his Lordship took an opportunity of repelling the Chancellor's attack on that section of ultra-

Reformers, of which Lord Durham was deemed the head: "My noble and learned friend (Lord Brougham) has been pleased to give some advice, which, I have no doubt, he deems very sound, to some classes of persons—I know none such—who evince too strong a desire to get rid of ancient abuses, and fretful impatience in awaiting the remedies of them. Now I frankly confess that I am one of those persons who see with regret every hour which passes over the existence of recognized and unreformed abuses. I am, however, perfectly willing to accept the correction of them as deliberately as our rulers, and my noble friend among them, can wish, but on one condition, and on one condition alone—that every measure should be proposed in conformity with those principles for which we all contend. I object to the clipping, and paring, and mutilating which must inevitably follow any attempt to conciliate enemies who are not to be conciliated, and who thus obtain an advantage by pointing out the inconsistencies of which you are guilty in abandoning your friends and your principles, and attribute the discontent felt on this score to the decay or dearth of Liberal principles. Against such policy, I for one enter my protest, as pregnant with mischief—as creating discontent where enthusiasm would otherwise exist; as exciting vague hopes in the bosoms of our own adversaries which can never be realized, and as placing weapons in the hands of those who use them to the destruction of our best interests."

These sentiments were received with prolonged cheers, the Lord Chancellor attempting no explanation at the moment, though shortly after he assailed Lord Durham at a public meeting at Salisbury, who retorted in equally strong terms at Glasgow." "He (Lord Brougham)," said Durham, "has been pleased to challenge me to meet him in the House of Lords. I know well the meaning of the taunt. He is aware of his infinite superiority over me in one respect, and so am I. He is a practised orator and a powerful debater; I am not. I speak but seldom in Parliament, and always with reluctance in an assembly where I meet with no sympathy in an unwilling majority. He knows full well his superiority over me in this respect, and he knows, too, that in any attack he may make upon me in the House of Lords he will be warmly supported by them. With all these advantages, almost overwhelming, I fear him not. I will meet him there, if it be unfortunately necessary to repeat what he is pleased to call my criticisms."

When the affairs in the East had reached such a crisis that howmuchsoever the Western Powers might be occupied with their internal convulsions, it was impossible any longer to overlook them, Lord Durham was sent to St. Petersburg, on the part of England, to unite his efforts with those of Marshal Mortier on that of France, and Count Pozzo di Borgo, to endeavour to obtain some amelioration of the lot of the Poles,

and to effect a satisfactory solution of the Eastern Question and the dispute between Mehemet Ali and the Porte. Lord Durham was received in the most distinguished manner at the City of the Czar; he was almost an inmate of the Imperial Palace, and a succession of reviews, balls, concerts, and receptions was given in honour of him. The result of the mediation is recorded by the historians of the day.

Nothing could exceed the sensation in England which the intelligence of the outbreak in Canada in 1838 produced. All the disposable forces which could be collected, including a regiment of the Foot Guards, were sent out; and on this occasion a ship of the line carried a battalion of the Guards, eight hundred strong, across the Atlantic. Animated debates took place in the House of Lords, in the course of which the "Iron Duke" made use of the following expression: "That a great nation cannot make a little war," and censured the Government for not having a large military force in Canada, when the rebellion, so long smouldering, had burst forth. Lord Gosford, the Governor-General, having resigned, Lord Durham was appointed to succeed him—reaching Quebec after a long and unpropitious voyage on the 29th of May. I pass over his acts during the brief period of his government in Canada; suffice it to say that, considering his usefulness was at an end by the acts of the Ministers at home, he immediately took the resolution to resign, and his resignation being accepted, Mr. Poulett Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, was appointed his successor.

A biographer of Durham writes as follows :—

"It is painful to be obliged to add that the statesman to whose wisdom and firmness, more than that of any other single individual in existence, this marvellous progress is to be ascribed, and whose suggestions were all embodied in the Constitution and union of the provinces which have finally given peace to Canada, fell a victim to the efforts he had made on behalf of his country. To remarkable talents, which his Report on Canada unequivocally demonstrates, Lord Durham united the magnanimity and lofty spirit which form an essential part in the heroic character. Unfortunately he possessed also the love of approbation and sensitiveness to blame, which are the predominant features in the female disposition. He was impatient of contradiction, and irritable when thwarted; and these failings, which in ordinary life would scarcely have been observed, proved fatal to him on the stormy eminence on which he was ultimately placed. His mortification at the disallowance of his ordinances was extreme, and it preyed upon a constitution naturally weak, to such a degree as to bring him to an untimely grave. He was busily engaged with his official duties to the very last, and the night before his departure he drew up an important proclamation relative to squatters on Crown lands. Thousands accompanied him to the quay when he embarked, and every eye strained after the vessel—the 'Inconstant'—as it made its way down the river in the gloom of

a Canadian snowstorm. He landed at Plymouth on the first of December, without any honours, by the special orders of Government, who sent down a special messenger to prohibit them; but he was amply indemnified by the respect paid to him by the people, and the tokens of respect and confidence given him during his journey to London. Lady Durham immediately resigned her situation in the Queen's household; but the ingratitude of his party made no difference in the political sentiments and conduct of her husband, who was consistent to the last. But his race was run; his heart was broken—and he died on the 28th of July, 1840, the victim of ingratitude from a party on which he had conferred the most essential services."

In July, 1826, Lambton was once engaged in an electioneering duel, in consequence of some words which had passed on the hustings at Alnwick, between Mr. Beaumont, one of the candidates for the county, and Lambert, a friend of another of the candidates, Lord Howick; after an exchange of shots the affair terminated to the satisfaction of the seconds.

Among other incidents which occurred during the time I was a Member of the House of Commons was the following: During the time Mr. Hunt was speaking, an Honourable Member was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. The Radical member for Preston cured his assailant of his cough by one short sentence, which delivered as it was with great dramatic power, created uni-

versal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his trousers pocket, and, after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the Honourable Member, who was evidently suffering from a violent cough, but he would assure him he should provide some for him by next day. The imperturbable manner in which the above rebuke was made produced the desired effect, and Mr. Hunt was permitted to finish his speech without the slightest interruption from his tormentor.

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"My lords and gentlemen—my lords and gentlemen—unexpectedly called——" here the speaker looked down at his notes. "I say unexpectedly called upon ——" here he got completely flurried, the paper having dropped down under the table. "England—is an island—and, and ——" here he quite lost his senses, "and long may she remain so."

Upon another occasion, a great man rose to propose the toast of "the Navy;" he began his speech with the boats of skin in which our ancestors vainly strove to withstand the landing of Julius Cæsar, and closed his historical lore with the battle of Navarino.

An anecdote of how Parliamentary affairs were carried on in bygone days may not here be out of place.

An action was brought at Kingston, during the Surrey Assizes of 1681, by Denzil Onsloe, Esq., against the Bailiff of the borough of Haslemere, for a double or false return of a Member of Parliament for that borough. At the election alluded to, Mr. Onsloe had thirteen suffrages, Sir William Moor eleven, Mr Gresham eight, and a fourth candidate seven. According to these decided majorities, Onsloe and Moore were declared duly elected.

The ancient constitution and custom of the borough required that the members should be not only scot and lot men, but freeholders. Now, as all those had voted, it remained for Mr. Gresham to determine whether he would retire a disappointed candidate, or, by a deep-laid scheme, create *new frec-*

holders, and, through their assistance, renew the contest, with a certainty of obtaining a triumph over his competitors. Six freeholders was the number deemed necessary for this honourable purpose; four of them were reared from a cabbage-garden by the proprietor of that useful piece of ground conveying such portions of it to the parties concerned as amounted to the value required; the transfer of some rooms and a cart hovel to the remaining two completed the artifice, which the Bailiff concluded by a new return.

The examination of witnesses on this occasion proved that similar practices had prevailed before, which, exciting the indignation of the Lord Chief Justice, he inveighed severely against such infringements on the Constitution. The jury feeling his Lordship's sentiments to be strictly correct, returned a verdict for the plaintiff, "with £50 damages and costs of suit."

In describing the above, the Chronicler adds, "Counterfeiters of money or highway robbers do not more deserve the gallows than such who, by *forging* members that are to be entrusted to so great a degree with our *liberties* and *estates*, endeavour as much as in them lies to destroy the happily constituted government of the nation."

NOBLEMEN.

THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT—HIS AMIABLE QUALITIES—THE GERMAN BARON—ADVERTISING TAILORS—"PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH"—GOOD MANNERS—THE PRINCE OF WALES—A STAUNCH CONSERVATIVE—CURIOUS WAGER.

> "I do not think a braver gentleman,
> More active valiant, or more valiant young,
> More daring, or more bold, is now alive
> To grace the latter age with noble deeds."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

FEW men were more popular, or more deservedly so, than Henry, seventh Duke of Beaufort. I had the good fortune first to meet his Grace, then Marquis of Worcester, at Paris in the year 1814, a few months after his first marriage, when he arrived there on a visit to the late Duke of Wellington, and a handsomer couple could not be imagined. At that time he was one of the noblest and best-dressed men I ever saw. His costume at a ball given by his Grace would surprise the young men of the present day, for at that period tight

pantaloons, or short breeches, were *de rigueur* at all evening parties. The dress I refer to consisted of a blue evening coat, lined and faced with buff, brass-frosted buttons bearing the Prince Regent's initials, G. P. R., white embroidered silk waistcoat, tight light blue silk web-pantaloons, then worn in full dress by the officers of the 7th Hussars, white silk stockings *brodés à jour*, shoes, and a cocked hat. This sounds, what is now termed "rather loud," but eccentric as the regimental pantaloons, deprived of their lace, were, Worcester never looked over-dressed. Stultz, of Clifford-street, was his body decorator.

The name of Baron Stultz, for he was a real foreign Baron, reminds me of an anecdote.

One day at the Château Mont St. Martin, near Cambray, which Wellington rented during the occupation of France by the allied army, myself and a brother aide-de-camp were trying to meet with a hare or partridge in a field near the château, when the orderly came and told us that a foreign gentleman had just driven up to the door, who was anxious to pay his respects to the Duke and his guest the Marquis of Worcester. Off we ran, doffed our shooting-dress, put on our uniforms, and proceeded to the drawing-room into which the distinguished foreigner had been shown. Upon entering, we found a gentleman enveloped in a coat handsomely lined and trimmed with the choicest fur, to whom we tendered our apologies for not having been in the way to receive him. "The Duke and Lord Worcester," I added, "have driven over

to Cambray, but are shortly expected home; can I offer you a glass of wine and a biscuit?"

"I thank you very much," said the new-comer in rather broken English, "my main object is to see the Marquis, for I have brought with me the undress military frock-coat he was kind enough to order, and wish to see it tried on," at the same time handing me a card, which at once informed me that the visitor was Stultz, the Poole of his day.

Upon the Duke's return, I reported Stultz's arrival, who had an interview with his Grace, and received from him a pressing invitation to take some refreshment before he left.

Up to this period I had only heard of the Baron as a first-rate tailor, but I soon became better acquainted with him; for, introduced by Worcester, I gave him my first order for an elaborately decorated military frock-coat.

It was the fashion to say that Stultz and Housely were extravagant in their prices, but their clothes were so well made and lasted so long that they were cheap in the long run. Then the comfort of feeling that any sudden extension of legs or arms would not cause a crack, or rent, was not a little satisfactory; moreover, no mending was ever required, for the buttons did not come off, the binding remained firm, and the silk round the button-holes never suffered from wear.

I remember a mishap that occurred to the late Earl Fitzhardinge, who, finding fault with the charges of a fashionable west-end tailor, gave an order for a pair of trousers from an advertising

firm. The trousers, "eighteen shillings, made to measure," came home, and certainly looked very well.

"What do you think of these?" he asked me. "Can there be a better fit?"

"Certainly not," I replied, "and I pay Haldane double as much."

At this moment his valet entered to say that the horses were at the door.

Downstairs went the Earl—I followed him; he, still very sweet upon his new purchase. "Good-bye," he exclaimed, "I have an appointment at the House of Peers at five."

An appointment his Lordship was unable to keep, for, in mounting his steed, crack went the fragile fabric, and displayed a large amount of white calico never meant for public gaze. The anathemas the unfortunate victim to cheap clothes uttered cannot be mentioned. The tailor most obligingly offered to replace the torn garment, but Lord Fitzhardinge thought it wiser to put up with the first loss than to risk another mishap.

For years I dealt with Stultz's firm, and never had cause to repent my first introduction. A trait of theirs ought to be recorded.

Like a great many other young men, when quartered with my regiment at Windsor in 1816 and 1817, I did as others did, and got a little into debt. In 1818, when about to proceed to Canada with my father, I for the first time called in all my outstanding bills, when, to my horror, I found that I owed Messrs. Stultz and Co. a considerable sum.

With fear and trembling I called in Clifford Street, and asked to see Hously.

"I am off to Quebec shortly," I said, "and have called about my bill."

"Ah, you will want some nice warm clothes for that country; may I take your order?"

"The fact is," I stammered out, "I'm rather hard up at present; but as I shall be in receipt of my pay as Aide-de-camp in Canada, and my regimental pay will be accumulating, I propose to pay you off by bills at different dates. Here they are, including interest to the present day."

Hously left the room to communicate with his partners, as I thought, upon my proposition, but such was not the case, for he called to the book-keeper to make a receipt in full, deducting the interest charged. Upon his return he merely said, "As the bills are as good as cash to us, I have knocked off the interest; any future order that you will favour us with will be duly attended to."

There was a delicacy in this proceeding which I duly appreciated; many tradesmen would have suggested an immediate order, but Hously evidently did not wish to increase my liabilities, and, knowing the passion young men have for new clothes, politely bowed and retired.

Upon my return to England during the Winter of 1816, my first visit was to Lord Worcester, who with his most amiable Marchioness was then residing in Upper Brook Street. Devoted to the drama he had a box at Covent Garden Theatre, and as in those days there were few dining clubs,

we generally met every evening either at his hospitable board, where a dinner for four was always prepared, or at the Piazza Coffee House. It was then the fashion to dine early, so as to be at the theatre for the rising of the curtain, and not as now, to swallow one's meal at a railway pace, and lounge into a stall when the performance is nearly half over. Some years afterwards I accompanied Worcester to the July meeting at Newmarket, and a most delightful day we had. At six o'clock in the morning he called for me in his phaeton. He drove the first stage out of London, and posted the remainder. We breakfasted at Chesterford, dining there on our return; during the whole of the journey, there and back, he amused me with anecdotes of his former comrades in the Peninsula; two of them occur to me. The Prince of Orange, although born to a throne, lived on a footing of equality with his brother aides-de-camp on the Iron Duke's staff, entering into their jokes with perfect good-humour. Owing to his slimness of person, the Prince had received the *sobriquet* of "Slender Billy," and upon one occasion Fitzroy Somerset, not being aware of his presence, asked at the dinner table,

"What has become of 'Slender Billy' to-day?"

"Here I am, Fitzroy, and shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with you."

Another ludicrous circumstance arose from a slight baldness the Prince had, even as a young man, which he attempted to conceal by having his back-hair carefully combed, and brought over the

bare spot. One day, Freemantle, in allusion to this remarked,

"You see His Royal Highness makes the afterguard do maintop duty."

"A well-stored barn requires a thatch," the Prince promptly replied.

Worcester was a staunch Conservative, and stood manfully to his colours, even at a period when some of the old bred and born Tories deserted their flag. Early in the year 1830 a proposal was made by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons to transfer the franchise of East Retford to Birmingham; the motion, however, was negatived by a majority of one hundred and ninety-four against sixty-one. It appears strange that the Duke of Wellington's government should have so strenuously opposed this bill, for it did not add to the number of representatives, and merely conferred on a populous manufacturing town the elective franchise which had become disposable through the gross delinquencies of a corrupt borough. East Retford did not stand alone, for Penryn was proved to be equally corrupt. It was generally supposed that Wellington, having given way in allowing the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, was fearful of granting reform, from an idea that he would again be accused of yielding his own opinions to the popular cry. Lord Eldon had in the House of Lords denounced this measure as a revolutionary one, declaring that, much as he had heard of "the march of mind," he never expected to see it march into that house with the Duke of Wellington and

the bishops at its head. So strong were the opinions of the ex-chancellor, that in a letter to his daughter he says, "The administration have, to their shame be it said, got the archbishops and most of the bishops to support their revolutionary Bill. I voted as long ago as the year 1787, 1789, and 1790 against a similar measure; Lord North and Pitt opposing it as destructive of the Church Establishment." Certainly a milder step of reform could not be imagined than giving the forfeited privileges of Penryn to Manchester, and those of East Retford to Birmingham. However, on its rejection, Lord John again brought the subject before the House of Commons, moving for a Bill to confer those privileges, independent of all other considerations, on Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester, and he founded this measure on the known practice of Parliament, which extended such right to unrepresented places when they had acquired importance by their wealth and population. Lord Sandon, Brougham, Dr. Lushington, and Wellington's former colleague Huskisson, supported the measure, but the notion was negatived by 188 votes against 140.

During the excitement of the East Retford debate I dined with Lord Worcester, when Tom Duncombe began to "chaff" our host, declaring that in time all would follow Johnny Russell.

"Never," responded Worcester.

"You know," responded "Finsbury's pet," as he was afterwards called, "an Englishman's argument is a wager, and I'll take odds you'll change your opinion."

A sheet of paper was sent for, which I have now before me, with the following memorandum:—

"Tommy gives me five shillings to return him £20 (twenty pounds sterling) whenever I shall give a vote in favour of Birmingham being represented.

"(Signed) WORCESTER.

"Park Place, 5th of March, 1830."

The five shillings handed over to the noble Marquis was lost to "Tommy's" heirs and executors for ever, as the noble Plantagenet strenuously opposed the Reform Bill in all its stages.

The late Duke was, as I have already said, one of the best-dressed men I ever saw; on the box of the Evening's Amusement, the Brighton coach, enveloped in what was termed an "upper Benjamin" to guard him from the "pelting, pitiless storm;" in a pea-jacket and sou'-wester on board his yacht; in a frieze coat on a cold October day at Newmarket, the stamp of a gentleman was indelibly marked on him. His manners, too, were faultless, combining all the dignity of the old Chesterfield school with the easy refinement of modern times.

While on the subject of good manners, I may remark that I never beheld them more eminently conspicuous than in the Prince of Wales. There is a native dignity in His Royal Highness's manner, a suavity and elegance in his style, even more calculated to procure him regard and admiration as a man than obedience and respect as a Prince. He

is in truth the perfect gentleman, who never for a moment shows—

> "Defect of manners, want of government,
> Pride, haughtiness, opinions, and disdain,
> The least of which haunting a nobleman,
> Loseth men's hearts."

The death of the Duke of Beaufort was an event not unexpected, although the final warning was a brief one. His Grace had suffered upwards of two years from painful attacks of gout, but it was only on the day previous to his dissolution that immediate danger was apprehended. The high-minded, honourable, and amiable qualities, for which the late Duke was eminent, are so well known that it is impossible to add anything which can give more lustre to his name; still it is due to the esteem with which he was universally regarded, that the lamentable event should be recorded with the most unassuming expressions of sympathy and regret. The history of this distinguished family is full of interest and important associations. Descended from John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," allegiance to the British Crown has been an hereditary virtue, yet loyalty to Church and State was never maintained with greater firmness by any of his illustrious and gallant ancestors than by the late Duke.

At an early age, as I have already said, he entered the 10th Hussars, and acted as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. The Iron Duke's staff at that period was composed of the late Lord Raglan, then known as Lord

Fitzroy Somerset, his nephew the Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of March, Lords George Lennox, William Russell, Charles Manners, and Clinton, the Honourables Fitzroy Stanhope, Henry Percy, Canning, Gordon, Colin Campbell, J. Freemantle, and the Prince of Orange. The hunting-field in England had made many of the above-mentioned officers fully competent for an important branch of their duty—that of conveying orders to different posts—a duty which, in a savage mountainous country, with an ever vigilant enemy in front, required energy, quickness, and a keen eye. It was a matter of great surprise to the French Generals, and one that they could not at all comprehend, that the British Commander-in-Chief should be attended by such striplings. When Worcester was taken prisoner in crossing a ford on his return from Bordeaux to Toulouse, he was presented to Soult, who could scarcely be induced to believe that so youthful a soldier could hold such a distinguished post as that of aide-de-camp to his formidable opponent, Wellington. And here I cannot refrain from referring to another noble Plantagenet, Fitzroy Somerset, by quoting the eulogiums of his fellow-commander, Marshal Pelissier: "Those who knew Lord Raglan, who were acquainted with the history of his noble life—so pure, so rich in services rendered to his country—those who witnessed his bravery in the fields of Alma and Inkerman, who remember the calm and stoical grandeur of his character during

this severe and memorable campaign—all men of heart, in fact, must deplore the loss of such a man. The sentiments which the Commander-in-Chief expresses are those of the whole army. He himself severely feels this important blow, and the public sorrow falls more heavily upon him as he has the additional regret of being eternally separated from a companion-in-arms whose cordial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and in whom he always found loyal and hearty co-operation."

The Duke, as Lord Worcester, sat in the House of Commons for the borough of Monmouth during several successive Parliaments, and in 1835 was returned for West Gloucestershire; but his father died that year, consequently he succeeded to the dukedom. His Grace was Colonel of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry Hussars. Few noblemen ever gained more fame in the sporting world than the late Duke did, and none more esteem for the honourable principles by which his transactions, especially those in connection with the turf, were governed. His Grace supported racing, not as a speculation, but with a view of encouraging the amusements of the people and improving the breed of horses. As a patron of the ribands, he was an accomplished performer, and some forty years ago, when the road was in its zenith, his well-appointed team was esteemed the acme of perfection. As a master of foxhounds the Duke gained great celebrity, and a worthy successor has been found in the present noble owner of Badminton. These hounds were established in the time of Henry, the fifth Duke,

about the year 1730; the founder of the foxhounds died in 1803, when they descended to his son, the grandfather of the present Duke. For hospitality, and those considerations which are inseparably connected with a master of hounds, the late Duke's munificence was unbounded; and when it is added that, as a landlord, his conduct was most exemplary, it may be said with truth that the subject of this brief memoir was the rich man's friend and the poor man's benefactor :—

"He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace."

NOBLEMEN.

EARL OF CARLISLE.

CHAPTER VII.

EARL OF CARLISLE, AUTHOR, POET, AND LECTURER—MONODY ON HIS BROTHER FREDERICK GEORGE HOWARD—CAPPING VERSES—TOBACCO—VAUXHALL GARDENS—BYRON'S ATTACK ON LORD CARLISLE'S GRANDFATHER — HENRY KIRKE WHITE'S STANZAS ON THE ABOVE NOBLEMAN—A DANCING LORD-LIEUTENANT.

"The rank is but
The guinea's stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that!

A King
Can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke,

And a' that;
But an HONEST MAN'S
Aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that.

Their dignities,
And a' that,
The pith o' sense
And pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that."

ROBERT BURNS.

Quand l'or est pur
N'importe
Qu'il ne soit point
Marqué au coin
D'un noble rang—qu'importe!

Un roi peut faire
Duc, dignitaire,
Comte et marquis, journellement,
Mais ce qu'on nomme
Un HONNETE HOMME,
Le peut-il faire? eh, nullement
Tristes faveurs!
Réellement.

Pauvres honneurs!
Réellement,
Le fier maintien
Des gens de bien,
Leur manque essentiellement."

"FATHER PROUT."
(Mahony.)

IF ever there was a man that merited the above title, it was the late Earl of Carlisle, with whom, as Lord Morpeth, I was in bygone days on intimate terms of friendship, and most applicable to him are the concluding lines of the above song:—

> "A prince can mak' a belted knight,
> A marquis, duke, and a' that;
> But an honest man's aboon his might,
> Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
> For a' that, and a' that,
> Their dignities, and a' that,
> The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
> Are higher rank than a' that."

George William Frederick, seventh Earl, was the eldest son of the sixth Earl by his marriage with Lady Georgiana Dorothy Cavendish, eldest daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. By marriage the late Earl was connected with many noble families. His eldest sister married the Right Hon. William Lascelles, son of the late Earl of Harewood; Lady Georgiana, late Lady Dover; Lady Harriet, late Dowager Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Blanche, late Countess of Burlington; Lady Elizabeth, married to the Hon. and Reverend Francis Grey, and Lady Mary, Dowager Lady Taunton. The late Earl was educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford, where he wrote two University prize poems and obtained the highest classical honours. At an early age he commenced his public career, and sat first in the House of Commons as member for Morpeth. He was afterwards elected to Parliament for the West Riding of Yorkshire,

and up to 1841, under the Melbourne Administration, was Chief Secretary for Ireland. When the Whigs came again into power in 1846, he was appointed Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and succeeded Lord Campbell as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. On the accession of Lord Palmerston to the Premiership in 1855, the Earl of Carlisle was nominated by Her Majesty Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to which he was re-appointed on the return of his party to power in 1859. As a man of letters and high cultivated mental power, few exceeded the late Earl. His tour in the East, under the title of "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters," which abounds in the most vivid and graphic descriptions; and his work on "Prophecy" gave him a distinguished place among the literary characters of the day. Throughout his long and useful life, Lord Carlisle devoted much labour and pains to the spread of a general system of liberal and enlightened education, and the example set by him in the encouragement of mechanics' institutes, the establishment of public libraries, entitled him to the gratitude of his countrymen. Lord Carlisle was the first man of rank that appeared on the platform as a lecturer, having after his return from the United States delivered, in the Autumn of 1850, a lecture on America before the Mechanics' Institute at Leeds, and another on the "Life and writings of Pope. "Poeta nascitur non fit," may be applied to the late Earl; for, from his early college days to his last hour, many exquisitely written poems emanated from his pen. Among some very

interesting monuments at St. Mary's Church, Kilkenny, is one which, on an unpretending tablet of black and white marble bears the following inscription :—

FREDERICK GEORGE HOWARD,
Second son of the Earl of Carlisle,
Captain of the 90th Regiment,
Died A.D. 1833, æt. 28.

"Within this hallowed aisle, 'mid grief sincere,
Friends, comrades, brothers, laid young Howard's bier;
Gentle and brave, his country's arms he bore,
To Ganges stream and Ava's hostile shore;
His God through war and shipwreck was his shield,
But stretched him lifeless on the peaceful field.
Thine are the times and ways, all-ruling Lord!
Thy will be done, acknowledged, and adored."

The above lines are from the pen of the subject of this brief memoir, who never went near Kilkenny without paying a visit to the tomb of his brother. Poor Howard was killed by leaping out of a curricle, which was run away with between the barracks at Kilkenny and Newtownberry, where his regiment was quartered.

In private life few exceeded the late Earl in social qualities—as a scholar without pedantry, a poet without pretension, an aristocrat free from pride, he endeared himself to all who came in contact with him.

In the days I write of, some fifty years ago, society was very different from what it is at present. During what is termed the London season, the amusements, as compared with what they now are, were "few and far between." There were no skating-rinks, no Polo matches at Hurlingham,

no cricket at Prince's, no luncheon parties, no large equestrian or pedestrian gatherings in the parks and in Rotten Row between the hours of breakfast and dinner, no "drags" freighted with ladies bound for Greenwich, the Crystal or Alexandra Palaces, no morning performances either at the theatres or concert-rooms, no Zoological, Botanical, or Horticultural Gardens, no Albert Hall, no amateur theatrical performances, no Sandown Park races, and all that the fashionable world had to amuse themselves was a quiet drive between Apsley House Gate and what is now the Marble Arch between the hours of four and six, a ride at the same hours in Rotten Row, a lounge in Bond Street, a half-past six o'clock dinner, where that remnant of barbarism, the host and the hostess carving for their guests, existed, a few private balls and concerts, and an occasional visit to Vauxhall Gardens. Almack's balls were then the rage. The Assembly Rooms in King Street, St. James's, where they were held, was created by a Scotchman named Almack, and opened February 12, 1765. What the balls were up to the year 1815, I know not, but from that period up to the time they were discontinued, to be excluded from them was fatal to anyone who aspired to belong to the *élite* of fashion. The patronesses were in some instances unjust and occasionally capricious—the laws were strict as those of the Medes and Persians; after eleven o'clock at night, no one, however high his position, was admitted. Wellington, for the first time in his life, met with a rebuff when attempting to enter

after the prescribed hour. Attention to dress was also vigorously enforced, and many a man was turned back whose costume was not in strict accordance with the regulations.

To dispel the monotony of the London season during daytime, numerous parties were made to Greenwich and Blackwall, when upon such occasions either a steamboat was engaged or the services of some watermen were put into requisition to convey the pleasure-seekers to their destination. Often have I joined a party got up by Lady Carlisle, mother to the late Earl, when Morpeth was in the pride of youth, and who, with some of his college friends, alas, now no more, delighted us with their brilliant conversational powers. One of the amusements to while away the hours during our cruise or row on the river, was capping verses, and at this Morpeth was peculiarly clever. The plan was that some one should declaim two lines or more of poetry or blank verse, the person following to repeat two more lines, commencing with the last letter of the quoted line; thus :—

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
Nay, then I am indeed unblest;
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best?"

The next begins with a T—

"The monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bordeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine."

As it was next to impossible to find lines beginning with a X or Z, although we found a few ending with those letters, we came to an understanding that a reply, introducing in any part of the quotation words, beginning with X or Z would be admissable. Many of us tried and failed, when young Hyde Villiers said he would back Morpeth to repeat seven quotations under the above rule. The bet was taken for a dozen pair of gloves by one of the most beautiful women of her day, the late Duchess of Rutland. This was followed by other similar bets, no actual money being risked on the event. A line ending with tax was given, when, with scarcely a moment's reflection, Morpeth quoted the following from Southey's "Roderick:"—

"To revenge
His quarrel, twice that number left their bones,
Slain in unnatural battle on the field
Of *Xeres*, where the sceptre from the Goths,
By righteous Heaven was reft."

Again he was called on to introduce a word beginning with X, when he proceeded to repeat from "Æschylus"—

"Deep were the groans of *Xerxes*, when he saw
This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound
Commanding the wide sea, o'er-look'd the hosts.
With ruthful cries he rent his royal robes,
And through his troops embattled on the shore,
Gave signal of retreat; then started wild
And fled disordered."

Again he was called upon, when quoting from Byron's "Prophecy of Dante," he exclaimed:—

"And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,
Some of the conquerors who overthrew
Those who o'erthrew proud *Xerxes*, where yet lie
The dead whose tomb oblivion never knew,
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?
Their passes more alluring to the view
Of an invader?"

Z was now the next word, when Morpeth proved himself to be thoroughly acquainted with Goldsmith's works, for, from the "Captivity," he quoted:—

"Give, give your songs of *Zion* to the wind,
And hail the benefactor of mankind;
He comes, pursuant to divine decree,
To chain the strong, and set the captive free."

Nor was he less at home with Pope, when he repeated the following lines from the "Essay on Man:"—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed;
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, *Zembla*, or the Lord knows where."

"I remember another," he continued, "from the 'Essay on Criticism:'"—

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the train when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows."

One more quotation to win was now required, and

it was easily found in the second canto of "Childe Harold:"—

"Monastic *Zitza!* from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole;
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul."

"I'll throw you one in," said Morpeth, "from the Invocation in 'Harold the Dauntless:'"—

"Mine is the spell, that, utter'd once,
Shall wake thy Master from his trance,
Shake his red mansion-house of pain,
And burst his seven-times-twisted chain!
So! com'st thou 'ere the spell is spoke,
I own thy presence, *Zernebock.*"

The interrogators had some difficulty in finding lines ending with X and Z.

Thanks to William Lascelles, one was found ending in X from Cowper's Latin translation on the Loss of the Royal George:—

"Non hyems illos furibunda mersit,
Non mari in clauso scopuli latentes,
Fissa non rimes abies nec atrox
Abitulit euxis,"

which, for the benefit of the ladies, was translated.

"It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock."

Another was also found in the "Rape of the Lock:"—

"'Twas then, Belinda, if report says true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a *billet-doux*."

We had great difficulty in finding rhymes for Fez, Buzz, Boz, and were therefore obliged to extemporise.

Generally, after a party to Greenwich, we proceeded to Vauxhall Gardens, an entertainment which the present generation, especially the young ladies, would pronounce to be awfully slow. Fancy walking for an hour or two round and round under a covered way, jostled by a crowd, the olfactory senses suffering from a villainous odour of oil, the ears distracted by the unmusical sounds of a noisy band, or listening to comic songs of the "Pretty Polly Hopkins" stamp; the monotony broken by the obsequious attention of the Master of the Ceremonies, Mr. Simpson, who, attired in a suit of black, with well-powdered hair, welcomed you with much bowing and scraping to the Royal Gardens. A supper at Vauxhall was a perfect abomination. Slices of pale-coloured stale dry ham, cut so thin that a Vauxhall slice became proverbial, a very crude salad, strong arrack punch, which, unlike Prospero's unsubstantial pageant, left a *rack* behind in the shape of a racking headache, formed the symposium. At eleven o'clock the fireworks were let off—a pyrotechnic exhibition far inferior to that of the Crystal Palace, the Alexandra, Cremorne (a place which, to adopt a criticism of Hook, "I *set my face against*" at least once during the season.

Were I to offer a comparison, it would be the fountains at Versailles, against those of Trafalgar

Square, Patti's voice against that of a street ballad singer, Mount Cenis to a mole-hill, or any other relative estimate that may present itself to the reader in favour of the Crystal Palace, Alexandra Palace, and Cremorne. The Vauxhall Gardens were finally closed on the 25th of July, 1859. The tradition that the house or any other adjacent was the property of Guy Fawkes (hence the name of Fauxeshall) is erroneous. The premises in the manor of Vauxhall were the property of Jane Vaux in 1615, and the house was then called Stockdens. From her it passed through various hands, until it became the property of Mr. Tyers in 1752. It is impossible to say when the premises were first opened for the entertainment of the public, but the Spring Gardens at Vauxhall are mentioned in the "Spectator" as a place of great resort in 1711. Some writers affirm that the first opening of Vauxhall Gardens was in 1730.

The prices at that time were certainly not of a nature to render the company very exclusive, more especially as the greatest dishonesty prevailed, as will be seen by the following extract from a newspaper of that day, June 1732 :—

"A Ridotto al fresco took place last night at Vauxhall. The company were estimated at 400 persons, and in the proportion of ten men to one woman, who generally wore dominoes, lawyers' gowns, and masks, but many were without either. The company retired between three and four in the morning, and order was preserved by one hundred soldiers stationed at the entrance."

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Were I [redacted] fountain[redacted]

In 1736 the proprieter found it necessary to publish the following statement:—

"As the master of the Spring Gardens at Vauxhall has always been ambitious of obliging the polite and worthy part of the town by doing everything in his power that may contribute to their ease and pleasure, he, for that reason, was induced to give out tickets, but in no other view than to keep away such as are not fit to intermix with those persons of quality, ladies, gentlemen, and others, who should honour him with their company. This method he has already tried, and the public having been so indulgent as to approve of his constant endeavours to serve them, it is with the utmost regret he finds himself obliged to make a change with respect to the tickets, and that for the following reasons:

"First, with regard to the conveniency of the company—his entertainments being made (as he presumes) so very reasonable, such numbers might probably be induced to flock to it, from this large and populous city (and especially in hot and sultry weather), that it would be impossible to accommodate a great part of them. The consequence of this would be that, as every person had paid a shilling for his ticket, he would expect an equivalent for it; but as there would be no opportunity of doing this in the great hurry, it might cause such a disturbance as would for ever ruin his entertainment.

"Secondly, with respect to his own security—because counterfeit tickets may be taken by the servants (who are the first receivers) in a great

hurry of business, as has already been found by experience.

" Because of the ill-use which his servants (who are very numerous) make of the tickets, by admitting as many persons as they please for nothing, and that in the following manner:—

" A person takes a ticket at the door, and pays a shilling for it; he then goes to a servant with whom he is acquainted, who returns the shilling to him, and takes his ticket, for which the master must allow the servant a shilling when he comes to account with him. In this case it is manifest the person is admitted for nothing. In the other case, the servant may make a private advantage of the tickets, and that as follows:

" A person sells his ticket to the servant, (suppose for tenpence), here the servant would gain twopence, which is all the persons pay for being admitted; and the master gets nothing, because he must allow the whole shilling to the servant as above.

" As it is obvious from these several considerations that the company may be vastly incommoded, and the master in danger of being ruined; because servants may be induced to encourage great numbers of the inferior sort to come to the gardens, since this would be so much to their advantage; for these reasons, he humbly presumes that the public will be fully convinced of the necessity he is under of taking a shilling at the gate for the future, without giving a ticket for it; and his servants have strict orders to solicit no person to call

for any thing upon pain of being immediately discharged."

The following extract from a poem published in 1773 does not speak very favourably of the company that used to visit the gardens at that time:—

"Such is Vauxhall—
For certain every knave that's willing,
May get admittance for a shilling;
And since Dan Tyers doth none prohibit,
But rather seems to strip each gibbet,
His clean swept, dirty, boxing place,
A perfect nuisance and disgrace,
There is no wonder that the thief
Comes here to steal your handkerchief;
For had you, Tyers, each jail ransacked,
Or issued an insolvent act,
Inviting debtors, lords, and thieves,
To sup beneath your smoke-dried leaves—
And then each knave to kindly cram
With fusty chickens, tarts, and ham,
You had not made such a collection,
For your disgrace, and my selection."

In March 1738, the ensuing proposals were published by the master of Vauxhall Gardens.

"The entertainment will be opened the latter end of April or beginning of May (as the weather permits), and continue three months or longer, with the usual illuminations and band of music, and several considerable additions and improvements to the organ.

"A thousand tickets only will be delivered out, at twenty-four shillings each; the silver of every ticket to be worth three shillings and sixpence, and to admit two persons every evening (Saturdays excepted) during the season.

"Every person coming without a ticket to pay one shilling each time for admittance.

"No servants in livery to walk in the gardens.

"All subscribers are desired not to permit their tickets to get into the hands of persons of evil repute, there being an absolute necessity to exclude all such.

"All possible endeavours will be used that the particulars provided at the entertainment may be the best in their several kinds; and, that the company may judge of the reasonableness of them, printed tables of the prices of each will be fixed up in different parts of the gardens."

The Watermen's Company gave notice, at the same time, that two of their beadles would attend at Vauxhall Stairs from five o'clock till eleven, to prevent impositions by the members of their Society.

The Vauxhall season of 1759 produced some unpleasant animadversions, and the proprietors were publicly called upon to prevent the infamous conduct of loose women and their male companions, whose yells have been described as issuing from the dark walks in sounds full as terrible as "the imagined horror of Cavalcauti's bloodhounds;" indeed, the latter were charged with driving ladies from their friends into those recesses where dangerous terrors were wantonly inflicted.

The above irregularities were noticed on the day appointed for licensing places of amusement in 1763, when the proprietor pledged himself that the dark walks should henceforth be lighted, no bad women, known to be such, admitted, and that a sufficient

number of watchmen should be provided to keep the peace.

In the "British Magazine" of August, 1782, there is a description of a royal scene at Vauxhall. It states :—

"The Prince of Wales was at Vauxhall, and spent a considerable part of the evening in company with a set of gay friends; but when the music was over, being discovered by the public, he was so surrounded, crushed, pursued, and overcome, that he was under the necessity of making a hasty retreat. The ladies followed the Prince—the gentlemen pursued the ladies—the curious ran to see what was the matter—the mischievous ran to increase the tumult—and in two minutes the boxes were deserted; the lame were overthrown—the well-dressed were demolished—and for half-an-hour the whole company was contracted into one narrow channel, and borne along with the rapidity of a torrent to the infinite danger of powdered locks, painted cheeks, and crazy constitutions."

Notwithstanding the above annoyance, the Prince honoured the gardens with his patronage, and it became a place of fashionable resort. In 1791 the proprietors built a new gallery in his honour, and decorated it with a transparency of an allegorical and most eccentric character. It represented the Prince in armour, leaning against a horse, which was held by Britannia. Minerva held his helmet while Providence was engaged in fixing on his spurs. Fame above, blowing a trumpet, and crowning him with laurels.

A splendid fête was given at these gardens in 1813, to commemorate the Battle of Vittoria, in which Wellington dèfeated King Joseph. It was one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed, and not a little proud was I, as a Westminster boy, to be present at it. The greatest season of Vauxhall was in 1823, when 133,279 persons visited the gardens; the receipts amounting to £29,590. The greatest number of persons in one night was on the 2nd of August, 1833, when 20,137 persons paid for admission; this was a great contrast to the supposed last night's receipts, 5th of September 1839, when only 1,089 persons paid at the doors. The Royal Gardens were sold by auction for building purposes in 1841 for £20,200.

To return to my subject, "Sublime Tobacco" was then not in fashion as it now is, and though the "short frail pipe" may have "wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole," and was as popular in Wapping or the Strand, neither the "hookah tipped with amber," nor the cigar, still less the pipe were patronised by the upper ten thousand.

One day when walking with Morpeth in Piccadilly during a foggy day in November, we met the Duke of Devonshire, and to my great surprise with a cigar in his mouth. At this moment Alvanley approached us, and looking round at the Duke said,

"What, his Grace indulging in a mild Havannah!"

"Yes," Morpeth replied, "his doctor has recommended it on foggy days."

"All very well," responded the wit, "so long

as he does not take to what is called the Virginian weed. Should he indulge in Cavendish, we should have to 'cut Cavendish.'"

Another witticism of Alvanley occurs to me, which was a play upon the same word. When alluding to one of the same name who was somewhat broad in his proportions, he said "he ought to be called Cavendish Square."

When Alvanley left us, seeing my look of astonishment, Morpeth explained that from some affection of the throat the Duke's medical man had recommended his Grace not to go out on cold raw days without a cigar. The Duke was as noble in character as he was in person—the arbiter elegantium of society, and one of the highest-bred men of the day, so that even had he been (as the modern slang goes) "indulging in a weed," he might have been forgiven. Had a younger brother, or a less popular man than the head of the House of Cavendish, been guilty of such an offence against good manners, he would have been sent to Coventry. Anyone entering a drawing-room with the odour of tobacco on his clothes would have received a gentle or perhaps a strong hint that his room would be more agreeable than his company, and the report, if spread abroad, would have operated greatly against his being received at any of the best houses in London. As for Almacks', the lady patronesses would have tabooed him for life. The nicotian weed was certainly not in favour with many of our monarchs; James I. was a decided enemy to the practice of chewing and smoking of

tobacco. His "Counterblast to Tobacco" declares his hostility in severe terms. "With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in together, with this savage custom. But the pity is, the poor wild barbarous men died, but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive; yea, in fresh vigour.

"Such is the miraculous omnipotency of our strong tasted tobacco, as it cures all sorts of diseases (which never any drug could do before) in all persons, and at all times. It cures all manner of distillations, either in the head or stomach (if you believe their axioms); although in very deed, it do both corrupt the brain, and by causing over-quick digestion, fill the stomach full of crudities. It cures the gout in the feet, and, which is miraculous, in that very instant, when the smoke thereof, as light, flies up into the head, the virtue thereof, as heavy, runs down to the little toe. It helps all sorts of agues. It makes a man sober that was drunk. It refreshes a weary man, and yet makes a man hungry. Being taken when they go to bed, it makes one sleep soundly; and yet, being taken when a man is sleepy and drowsy, it will, as they say, awake his brain, and quicken his understanding. Here, in England, it is refined, and will not deign to cure here any other than cleanly and gentlemanly diseases. O, omnipotent power of tobacco! and if it could by the smoke thereof chase out devils, as the smoke of Tobia's fish did, it would serve for a precious relick, both for the superstitious priests and the insolent Puritans to cast out devils with all."

In ascribing more than one sin to the use of tobacco, James did not forget "the greatest sin of all; that you," addressing himself to his subjects, "the people of all sorts of this kingdem, who are created and ordained by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honour and safety of your King and Commonwealth, should disable yourself in both. In your persons, having by this continued vile custom brought yourself to this shameful imbecility that you are not able to ride or walk the journey of a Jew's sabbath, but you must have a reeky coal brought you from the next poor house to kindle your tobaceo with."

The rarity of the plant, though the King stigmatises it as a weed that would grow anywhere, must have been the cause of the enormous price it bore when he wrote, which is ascertained by the succeeding observation. "Now how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness; some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a year upon this precious weed." Well might the censor denounce tobacco procured at this rate. The income of the humble citizen must, indeed, have been incompetent to obtain it, and at the same time pay the King's demands for the exigencies of Government, "and for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco pipes, and puffing off the smoke of

tobacco. His "Counterblast to Tobacco" declares his hostility in severe terms. "With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in together, with this savage custom. But the pity is, the poor wild barbarous men died, but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive; yea, in fresh vigour.

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the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him a pipe of tobacco." The king concludes with pronouncing the use of tobacco "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

In later days, we find that Wellington was an enemy to the abuse of tobacco, his head was caricatured on many a clay pipe as a "tobacco stopper;" what a field for the caricaturists of James's time, had they been allowed to exercise their talent against their weed-hating monarch.

Towards the end of James the First's reign, the feeling against smoking still prevailed, as will be seen by the following extract from the proceedings and debates in the House of Commons of April 18th, 1621.

"Sir William Stroud moved that he would have tobacco banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any part nor used amongst us," and Sir Grey Palmer said "that if it be not banished, it would overthrow one hundred thousand men in England; for now it is so common that he has seen ploughmen take it as they are at plough.'"

A sudden change seems to have taken place, for in the following reign the custom of chewing, smoking, and taking tobacco in the form of snuff, seems to have been nearly as common as at present, yet it was by no means universally approved of.

"Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco," exclaims Burton, "which goes far beyond all their panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones—a sovereign remedy to all diseases! A good vomit, I confess—a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but as it is commonly abused by most men (which take it as tinkers take ale), 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health—hellish, devilish, damned tobacco—the ruin and overthrow of body and soul."

What would the above clever writer have said had he lived in the days of Victoria, when, if snuff-taking is more or less on the decline, smoking has increased to an alarming extent, "the whining schoolboy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school," has probably a two-penny cigar hid away in his satchel; "the lover with the woeful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow," consoles himself in her absence with a "weed;" "the soldier, bearded like the pard" indulges in a meerschaum; "the justice, in fair round belly and good capon lin'd," considers a pipe good for his digestion, even "the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side," has probably had the latter stored with the narcotic plant.

In looking over the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1735, I found the following lines:—

ON A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

"Pretty tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour;

"Object of my hot desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy lovely swelling crest,
With my bended stopper prest:
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men;
Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns;
When again the crickets gay,
(Little crickets full of play),
Can afford his tube to feed,
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine;
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men."

I have already said that Carlisle was one of the most simple-minded, kind-hearted men of the day which the following anecdote will prove.

During the time he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a servant in Dublin Castle was tried and convicted for purloining some silver spoons and forks belonging to his Excellency. At the expiration of the man's sentence, he applied to be reinstated, pleading his former good character. While hesitating what to do, and feeling much inclined to forgive the delinquent, he consulted one of his household, then well known for his wit and repartee.

"What think you?" said the Lord Lieutenant, "the poor fellow seems penitent, and is, I think, a reformed character."

"Think," responded the other, "I think if you take him back, your Excellency will be the only *spoon* left in the Castle."

Lord Carlisle, much as he may have felt Byron's severe and unjust lines on his grandfather, never alluded to the subject, and was highly impressed with the author of "Childe Harold." Unquestionably, Byron deeply regretted the bitter sarcasms he had published against his noble relative, under the mistaken impression that Lord Carlisle had slighted him; for in a letter to Mr. Rogers in 1814, he asks, "Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do anything reasonable, or unreasonable to effect it," and in the third canto of "Childe Harold," he thus adverts to the fate of the Honourable Frederick Howard, Lord Carlisle's youngest son, one of those who fell so gloriously at Waterloo :—

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard."

In a letter to Moore, Byron writes,

"In the late battles, like all the world, I have lost a connection—poor Frederick Howard, the best of his race. I had little intercourse of late years with his family, but I never saw or heard but good of him."

Howard was one of those who had been appointed to the 10th Hussars, when the officers of that corps were distributed among other regiments, for their injudicious conduct in bringing unfounded charges against their colonel. As in those days, many were found to support the "Elegant Extracts," as they were called, and censure Colonel Quentin for want of dash during the Peninsular campaign; all military eyes were naturally turned upon the newly officered 10th, and Howard, among others, felt that there must be no lack of dash in his regiment. Some infantry skirmishers had been annoying them, when Vivian ordered a squadron of the 10th to charge them. Major Howard commanded it, Robert Arnold was his subaltern; just as the word was given to advance, the skirmishers fell in and joined their main body, upon which young Arnold, as brave a fellow as ever lived, pointed out that there was nothing to charge, but Howard, having received the order, felt (as every good soldier would feel) that his duty was to obey, and led his men on. In leaping a small ditch, some stragglers of the enemy fired the fatal shot which brought him low. Often have I seen the spot where poor Howard fell, and where he was buried, for I took the deepest interest in him, having passed a delightful evening in his company at the head-quarters of his regiment a short time before the battle which cost him his life.

It is very difficult to account for Byron's savage bitterness against Lord Carlisle; and nothing could be more unjust than the lines:—

> "No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
> The paralytic puling of Carlisle,"

for even Johnson, the surly lexicographer, criticised favourably the Earl's tragedy of "The Father's Revenge," and many of his works were of intrinsic worth. I am here bound to say that when Byron was told that in the above last quoted line he alluded to Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder, he at once exclaimed,

"Thank Heaven, I did not know it, and would not, could not, if I had; I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects, or maladies."

But I pass over the ferocious attacks, and am still at a loss to know what the provocation was that led to so much acerbity. In November 11th, 1804, I find in two of his unpublished letters, which are given in his works, the following opinions which may partly account for his after-conduct to his guardian.

"You mistake me if you think I dislike Lord Carlisle. I respect him, and might like him did I know him better. For him *my mother has an antipathy*—why, I know not. I am afraid he could be but of little use to me; but I daresay he would assist me if he could; so I take the will for the deed, and am obliged to him exactly in the same manner as if he had succeeded in his efforts."

November 21st, 1804. "To Lord Carlisle make my warmest acknowledgments. I feel more gratitude than I can well express. I am truly obliged to him for his endeavours, and am perfectly satisfied with your explanation of his reserve, though I was hitherto afraid it might proceed from personal dislike. For the future, I shall consider him as

more my friend than I have hitherto been *taught* to think."

Strange inconsistency! when "a change came o'er the spirit of the noble poet's dream." I know not, but the above letter of "warm acknowledgments" was written in 1804, and four years afterwards "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" appeared.

Lord Carlisle, as I have already said, was twice Viceroy of Ireland. Great as were the names of those that preceded him, none felt a deeper anxiety to promote the welfare of all Her Majesty's Irish subjects than the noble Earl. Yet his predecessors were distinguished in the annals of their country —the accomplished scholar, Wellesley; the gallant hero of Sahagun, Benevente, and Waterloo, Anglesey; the noble head of the House of Percy, Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland; a branch of the ducal house of Hamilton, Haddington, who fully kept up his motto, "Praesto et persisto;" the Liberal statesman Normanby, who O'Connell said was the first Englishman Ireland had ever seen; the public-spirited Fortescue; the classical De Grey; the enlightened Heytesbury; the kind-hearted Bessborough; the able diplomatist Clarendon; the gay and chivalrous Eglinton; the dignified St. Germains; one and all were nature's true noblemen, and Carlisle's name might well be added to the above illustrious roll.

Among other charges brought against Lord Carlisle when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was that he was a dancing Viceroy. Certainly, if he was

one, he danced himself into the good graces of all who came into contact with him; every step, every moment was for the public good. Dancing, however was a very venial offence. The Greeks had martial dances, which they considered to be very useful for keeping up the warlike spirit of their youth; but the Romans, equally warlike, were for a lengthened period without anything of the kind. When dancing was introduced, it had the very same effect at Rome as at Athens. Plato reduces the dances of the ancients to three classes:—

1. The military dances, which tended to make the body robust, active, and well-disposed for all the exercises of war.

2. The domestic dances, which had for their object an agreeable and innocent relaxation and amusement.

3. The mediatorial dances, which were in use in expiations and sacrifices.

It is generally admitted that music and dancing are kindred arts; the harmonious accents of the one produce the expressive motions of the other, and no one whose ear is untutored to harmony can become a good dancer.

If dancing is open to censure, the "noble Surrey" immortalized by Pope must be denounced, for the poet tells us:—

> "Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage:
> Surrey, the Granville of a former age;
> Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
> Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance."

Among the best literary works of the Earl of Carlisle may be mentioned the following: "Lecture on the Poetry and writings of Gray;" "On the poetry

of Pope;" "Travels in America;" "Pœstum," the Oxford English prize poem for 1821; "Eleusis," the Oxford Latin prize poem for 1821; "Poetical and historical view of the chief scenes of interest in Yorkshire;" "Occasional Poems;" "Italy;" "On seeing a tree in the Isola Bella, upon which Napoleon Bonaparte had carved some letters two days before the battle of Marengo;" "On leaving Bologna;" "Rome;" "On Virgil's Tomb;" "On leaving Italy;" "Impromptu on the York Bazaar of 1829;" "Hallowed Joys;" "The Birth of Rhodes;" "My jessamine tree at Naworth Castle;" "Who has not felt 'neath azure skies;" "Niagara;" "Blow, gentle airs;" "Pinus Insignis, planted by her Excellency the Countess of St. Germains in the Vice-regal Gardens, Phœnix Park, Dublin January, 1855;" "Oh, come to see me;" "Lines on a hawthorn tree in the Vice-regal Gardens;" "The Second Vision of Daniel—A paraphrase in verse;" "The last of the Greeks, or the fall of Constantinople, a tragedy." Lord Carlisle's speeches on Education, on Agriculture, on Horticulture at Universities, at Municipal Banquets, and other places, placed him at once on the highest pinnacle of oratorical fame.

Henry Kirke White pays the following tribute to the maligned Earl of Carlisle. The humble-minded poet, musing in reverie profound, thus sings :—

"Time was when nobles thought their titles graced
By the sweet honours of poetic lays,
When Sidney sang his melting song,
When Sheffield join'd the harmonious throng,
And Lyttleton attuned to love his lays,

Those days are gone, alas! for ever gone!
No more our nobles love to grace
Their brows with anadems, by genius won,
But arrogantly deem the muse as base;
How different thought the sires of this degenerate race!

Thus sang the minstrel, and after making a vow that "he would join the abjured world no more," he proceeds:—

"But human vows, how frail they be!
Fame brought Carlisle unto his view,
And all amazed, he thought to see
The Augustan age anew.
Fill'd with wild rapture, up he rose,
No more he ponders on the woes,
Which erst he felt that forward goes,
Regret's he'd sunk in impotence,
And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

"Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore,
With ills which in the world he bore,
Again on futile hope to rest,
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer!
Ah! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flashed across the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a single solitary beam,
While all around remained in custom'd right,
Still leaden Ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height,
And only one Carlisle is seen
To illume the heavy gloom with pure and steady light."

LAW.

COCKBURN.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN—HIS ANCIENT LINEAGE—HIS SUCCESS AT THE BAR—THE LATE LORD MANSFIELD—ANECDOTE OF A WELL KNOWN BARRISTER—SPEAKING AGAINST TIME—COCKBURN'S LOVE OF SPORT—THE ZOUAVE SCHOONER.

"Round 'Cockburn's' head in early youth,
And in his sportive days,
Fair Science pour'd the light of truth,
And genius shed his rays.

"See! with united wonder, cried
The experienced and the sage,
Ambition in a boy supplied
With all the skill of age!

"Discernment, eloquence, and grace,
Proclaim him born to sway
The balance in the highest place,
And bear the palm away.

"The praise bestow'd was just and wise;
He sprang impetuous forth,
Secure of conquest, where the prize
Attends superior worth.

"So the best courser on the plain,
'Ere yet he starts, is known,
And does but at the goal obtain
What all had deemed his own."

COWPER. *On the promotion of Edward Thurlow, Esq., to the Lord High Chancellorship of England.*

SIR ALEXANDER can boast of an ancient lineage, for, according to Burke, Alexander de Cockburn obtained the barony of Carriden, county

1358, which
n. He married
fell at Bannock-
this marriage,
was keeper of the
6, and from him
Knight, who ob-
lands and barony of
ghter of the fourth
a baronet of Nova
ded by his only son
period the name of
ns, both in the army,
law. Sir Francis and
ed general officers, Sir
miral, Sir William, who
he late Sir Robert Peel,
man.

the King's Bench is the
Britain, and is a lord by
s is chiefly to hear and de-
e Crown—that is, such as
ist the crown, dignity, and
n; as treasons, felonies, &c.
erly not only Chief Justice,
of the Exchequer and Master
rds. He usually sat in the
there executed that office for-
comitem palatii; he determined
differences happening betwe
er great men. He had the p
vice-regent of the kingdom wh

ever the King went beyond sea, and was usually chosen to that office out of the prime nobility; but his power was reduced by King Richard I. and King Edward I. His office is now divided, and his title changed from *capitalis Angliæ justitiarius* to *capitalis justitiarius ad placita, coram rege tenenda*, or *capitalis justitiarius banei regii*," so writes a chronicler of bygone days; and Beatson tells us that "in ancient times the Court of Queen's Bench was called *Curia Domini Regis*," and in the reign of Edward I. a statute passed by which it was enacted that the judges should attend the king and follow him, so that he might have at all times near him men learned in the laws to dispense justice. "The judges used to ride to Westminster Hall on mules—Sir John Whyddon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, first introduced horses—but of late years they go in coaches."

In 1526 John Fitz James was Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; I pass over his successors, Montague, Lyster, Cholmely, Bromley, Portman, Saunders, Catlyn, Wray, Popham, Fleming, but must pause at the name of Coke, who, albeit a sound lawyer, was a man of haughty manners, severe spirit, irritable temper, one who had little toleration for anything standing in the path of what he deemed his duty; Montague, Ley (created Baron Ley and Earl of Marlborough), Crewe, Hyde, Richardson, Brampston, Heath, Rolle, Glyn, Newdigate, Nicholas, Foster, Hyde, Kelyng, Hale (the hard student, the thorough lawyer, both in the constitutional department and that of private rights and

obligations, famed for incorruptible honesty, a rare quality on the Bench in his day), Raynsford, Scroggs, Pemberton, Saunders, the infamous savage Jeffreys, Herbert Wright, the firm, patient, impartial, patriotic Holt, Parker (afterwards Lord Parker and Earl of Macclesfield), Pratt, Raymond (afterwards Lord Raymond), Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke, Lee, Ryder, Mansfield, "so known, so honoured in the House of Lords," as Pope wrote, and on the Bench, may be added, a great lawyer, not merely in a technical sense, but as one who could direct the practise of the Courts towards broad principles of jurisprudence—Kenyon, who first distinguished himself as counsel for Lord George Gordon, Tenterden, the distinguished author of a work since recognized as a standard on maritime law, Denman, who, by a blameless life, nobility of mind, and legal talents of the highest order, featly and fairly won his honours, Campbell, independent and upright, and a distinguished writer.

I now approach the present Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn. Fidelity and truth are the foundation of justice. As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our ability is the glory of man. This glory Sir Alexander has won by the whole tenor of his judicial life. Sir Alexander was born in the year 1802; he is the son of an old and valued friend of mine, Mr. Alexander Cockburn, formerly English Minister in Columbia. He succeeded in 1858 to the baronetcy of his uncle, the late

Reverend Sir William Cockburn, Bart., Dean of York. Educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated LL.B. in 1820, Mr. Cockburn was called to the bar, at the Middle Temple, and went the Western Circuit. In 1841 he became a Queen's Counsel; in 1846, during the period of the railway mania, when King Hudson reigned supreme, Cockburn obtained a large share of the parliamentary business which arose out of the bubble speculations then afloat. In 1847 he was returned to the House of Commons by the electors of Southampton, and took his seat on the Liberal benches; he remained member for this borough until 1856. In 1850 he burst forth as a senator and fairly took the House by surprise by his vigorous defence of Lord Palmerston in the Don Pacifico business—a speech that combined the fire of Demosthenes with the persuasive art of Tully. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Solicitor-General, and held that post in 1859, and was twice Attorney-General. In 1854 he was appointed Recorder of Bristol. In 1856 he was created Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and in 1859, on the late Lord Campbell's elevation to the woolsack, he was advanced to the high office of Chief Justice of England. During Cockburn's career as a barrister, perhaps the most important cases he was ever engaged in, were the claims of James, Earl of Crawford, to the Dukedom of Montrose, the celebrated Hopwood case, and the trial of Palmer for poisoning. In the Hopwood case he won a verdict for his client in opposition to the highest aristocratic influence of the county of Lan-

of Linlithgow, from David II. in 1358, which barony had been forfeited to the Crown. He married Mary de Viten Ponte, whose father fell at Bannockburn in 1314. The eldest son of this marriage, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Knight, was keeper of the Great Seal between 1389 and 1396, and from him descended Sir William Cockburn, Knight, who obtained a grant in 1595 of the lands and barony of Langtown. His son, by the daughter of the fourth Lord Elphinstone, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1627, and was succeeded by his only son Sir Archibald. Since that period the name of Cockburn has been conspicuous, both in the army, the navy, the church, and the law. Sir Francis and Sir James were distinguished general officers, Sir George was a gallant admiral, Sir William, who married a daughter of the late Sir Robert Peel, was an enlightened churchman.

"The Chief Justice of the King's Bench is the capital justice of Great Britain, and is a lord by his office. His business is chiefly to hear and determine all pleas of the Crown—that is, such as concern offences against the crown, dignity, and peace of the sovereign; as treasons, felonies, &c. This officer was formerly not only Chief Justice, but also Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Master of the Court of Wards. He usually sat in the King's palace, and there executed that office formerly performed *per comitem palatii*; he determined [illegible] all the differences happening between other great men. He had the pre- vice-regent of the kingdom when-

Alexander is a first-rate linguist, and speaks French as well as he does his native language.

The private character of the Lord Chief Justice is well worthy of his legal fame; no man is more beloved in his own circle for kindness of heart, and all the virtues of social intercourse.

Cockburn commenced his literary labours soon after he was called to the bar, by publishing in 1832 "The Act of William IV. to amend the representation of the people;" this was followed by "The statutes to settle the division of counties and limits of cities and boroughs in England and Wales." In the following year Cockburn published "Cases of controverted elections, determined by the eleventh Parliament of the United Kingdom," in 1834 "Questions on electorial law arising out of the Reform Act," and in 1835 "The Corporations of England and Wales," completing a series on the important measure adopted by William IV. In 1869 Chief Justice Cockburn published "Nationality, or the laws relating to subjects and aliens." "Our Judicature System" was published the following year, and also a letter to the Lord High Chancellor of England on the Question of Law Reform. Perhaps, however, the most important document ever brought forward was a pamphlet on the subject of the Alabama claims, Sir Alexander being the representative of England at the Geneva Arbitration.

Herrick's lines are peculiarly applicable to the subject of this Memoir, and ere long the last line may be realized, and Cockburn become Lord High Chancellor:—

"Did I or love, or could I others draw,
To the indulgence of the rugged law:
The first foundation of that zeale shùd be
By reading all her paragraphs in thee.
. . . . . .
Nor courts than hers because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those end she was entended,
Which were, and still, her offices are known,
Law is to give to every one his owne.
To shore the feeble up against the strong;
To shield the stranger and the poore from wrong;
This was the founder's grave and good intent,
To keepe the outcast in his tenement:
To free the orphan from that wolfe-like man,
Who is his butcher more than guardian,
To drye the widowe's tears, and stop her swoones,
By pouring balme and oyle into her wounds.
This was the old way; and 'tis yet thy course,
To keep those pious principles in force.
Modest I will be; but one word Ile say
(Like to a sound that's vanishing away)
Sooner the inside of thy hand shall grow
Hisped, and hairie, ere thy palm shall know
A postern-bribe tooke, or a forked fee,
To fetter justice, when she might be free.
Eggs Ile not shave; but yet, brave man, if I
Was destin'd forth to golden sovereignty;
A prince I'de be, that I might thee preferre
To be my counsell both, and chanceller."

It was said of Lord Mansfield at the bar that "his statement was more effective than any man's argument," and the same may equally have been applied to Sir Alexander Cockburn, for nothing could be cleverer or produce more effect than the statements of the present Lord Chief Justice. Moreover, he had a faculty that was largely possessed by the late Lord Brougham, but which is not the gift of many other men learned in the law. I refer to the way he could read and attend to a brief amidst a variety

of interruptions, and when apparently entirely absorbed in some abstruse question, could enter into conversation with his companions.

Upon one occasion, after a shooting-party at Berkeley Castle, I travelled up to town with him. Kit Claxton, an excellent sailor, albeit a very noisy member of society, the late Craven Berkeley, and Weston Hicks, formed the quintette in the railway carriage.

"I have a few briefs to read," said the then Attorney-General, taking out from a green bag some very lengthy documents, "so perhaps you'll excuse me if I attend to them."

"Assuredly," we responded, "we'll be quiet;" but as the proverb goes, "Promises, like pie-crusts, are made to be broken."

Claxton commenced "chaffing" Craven Berkeley, the then Member for Cheltenham retaliated; a keen encounter of wit commenced, when the jocularity soon began to pass the limit of becoming mirth, and at length became so uproarious that I attempted to stop it. The attempt proved futile, and every argument was in vain. During the whole of the time Sir Alexander seemed perfectly undisturbed, and was making notes. The next day he gained a celebrated cause, the main points of which he had made himself acquainted with during a Babel-like confusion of tongues.

Prolixity in a barrister ought carefully to be avoided, it wearies a jury, and thereby damages the cause of the client. This Cockburn felt, and ever bore it in mind. There are cases where advocates

have for some particular reasons to speak against time, and it is well known in legal circles that a leading barrister upon one of the English circuits undertook to occupy the attention of the Court by speaking, while an express travelled twenty miles to bring back an important witness. This feat, however, has been eclipsed by an American counsellor, who, upon a like emergency, held the judge and jury by the ears for three long days, but at length he was put to his wits' end for words wherewith to fill up his time, and he introduced so many truisms, argued at a considerable length so many indisputable points, and expatiated so profusely upon so many trite ones, that Judge Marshal, the most patient of listeners, at last said in a deliberate tone of the mildest reprehension,

"The learned counsel must be aware that there are some things with which the Court should be supposed to be acquainted."

Inappropriate metaphors and hackneyed quotations ought never to be introduced, and too often are they indulged in. I have read somewhere of an American lawyer, in one of the newly-settled American States, who was so extremely metaphorical that upon one occasion, when the stealing of a pig was the case in point, he got at last to the "corruscating rays," when the Judge, equally metaphorical himself, thought proper to pull up the counsel by saying,

"I wish you would take the feathers from the wings of your imagination, and put them into the tail of your judgment."

No one enjoys field sports more than Sir Alexander; he is devoted to shooting, is an excellent shot, and as practical a yachtsman as anyone afloat. I have had the pleasure of knocking over the pheasants and hares in company with him in the well-preserved coverts of Berkeley Castle, Cranford, Harleyford, and Cranbury, and though the Lord Chief Justice is keen at the sport, he never shows the slightest jealousy, or takes an unfair advantage by firing at any other man's bird. On board the "Zouave" schooner, Sir Alexander is quite at home. He seems to revel in the amusement; his hospitality is unbounded, he devotes himself to the comfort of his guests, and mirth and good humour reign supreme. The last time I and Lady William had the pleasure of dining on board the "Zouave," Sir Alexander proposed that the men from the forecastle should display their vocal powers; the suggestion was carried unanimously, and the crew delighted us with some of Dibdin's best compositions. I then suggested that those assembled in the cabin should return the compliment; this, too, was carried unanimously, when Lady William warbled forth "The Skipper and his Boy," "Wapping Old Stairs," and "Sally in our Alley;" our gallant and legal "Skipper" followed suit, and sang two songs, which were received with uproarious applause. Anyone who sailed in the "Zouave" and who witnessed the unostentatious display, the simple habits of the owner would scarcely believe that he was in the presence of the man who is said to be the brightest legal luminary of this or any past day.

Some of the most agreeable persons that I have met with, during a long intercourse with society at large, have been connected with the law; let me head the list with the name of Henry Brougham, who for conversational powers could not be equalled. I often dined in company with him at the houses of Lord Anglesey (of Waterloo renown), Lady Blessington, Sir Henry Meux, Mountjoy Martin, the late John Calcraft, Sir Robert Wilson, and occasionally at the Beefsteak Club; nor must I omit his countryman Lord Robertson, commonly called "Pat Robertson," one of the merriest men I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. Jock Campbell, too, was excellent company, full of anecdotes of men raised to the highest pinnacle of legal fame, and which have since appeared in his "Lives of the Chancellors." Denman, whose dignity of manners and classical education stamped him the high-bred gentleman, has bequeathed much of his talent and manner to his son, the present judge. Talfourd's social qualities were pre-eminent; often have I passed hours with him at the Old Garrick Club in King Street, a fitting place for one of the best dramatists of our day, His *reunions* in Russell Square, his private theatricals, and the suppers after the performances, were truly delightful.

I well remember after a representation of "Ion," admirably performed, that a small party of congenial spirits sat down to enjoy the symposium and talk over the merits of the amateurs. With the exception of my friend Fladgate, Secretary to the Committee of Proprietors of Drury Lane

Theatre, and myself, not one is left of that merry coterie. Fladgate, an old playgoer, and one of the soundest dramatic critics I know, was discoursing on his favourite theme, the Kemble school, when Talfourd joined us, and though he frankly admitted from hearsay the talents of John Philip Kemble and the Siddons, declared that in his opinion there were artists of his day that could achieve as great triumphs as ever were achieved on the boards of any theatre, referring especially to Miss Helen Faucit, now Mrs. Theodore Martin, and Macready. This led to an animated discussion, I adding my mite to the learned Judge's argument.

"I see you are drinking claret," said Talfourd; "you will like champagne better. I plead guilty to giving *vin du pays* at suppers."

"I never drink champagne," I replied, "and this is very good, pure wine."

"If that's the case," he continued, "wait a moment."

Away he went, and shortly returned, followed by the butler, carefully carrying a magnum bottle.

"Try this," said he; "it is Château Margaux of '34."

"Thirty-four," remarked Albert Smith. "I'll tell you a story which you've not heard at my show at the Egyptian Hall. A friend of mine made the same remark as you have done, in reference to an excellent bottle of Lafitte, when his companion replied, 'Thirty-four? Well, it *is* good at that price, for I bought some at forty which is not to be compared to it.'"

Of course we all laughed at the joke, albeit I do not vouch for the originality of it.

"I cannot manage a magnum myself," I remarked, "though an ancestor of mine was a four-bottle man; you must assist me, Judge."

Talfourd was nothing loath, and aided by him and others we soon disposed of this choice wine.

"By the way," he continued, addressing me, "I hear you are to be in Gloucestershire next week; your host, Lord Fitzhardinge, dines with me, and I hope you will accompany him."

To this I assented, and entered the engagement for the first day of the assizes. The assizes came on, I sent up my card, was shown to a seat on the bench, where I remained during the rest of the day listening to a rather uninteresting trial. Huddlestone, who has since had his great legal abilities rewarded by his elevation to the bench, and whom I had known intimately and met often at my brother, the late Duke of Richmond's houses at Goodwood and in Portland Place, wrote on a scrap of paper an invitation to dine with the members of the bar; this I, of course, was obliged to decline, shortly afterwards realising to my cost that two birds in a bush are not to be compared with one in the hand.

The day's proceedings had come to an end; the Judge, on retiring to his private room, addressed me, saying that to his regret he found the custom was only to invite persons connected with the county to the dinner, and that when we had met at his house, he fancied I was a resident in Glouces-

shire. This rather took me aback; for my host, who had brought me over from Berkeley Castle, was to dine with the Judges, while I was doomed to remain, until at least eleven o'clock at night, in the coffee-room of the King's Arms Hotel.

"Waiter," said I, as I entered the room, which I found pretty well filled with lawyers' clerks, witnesses, and other hangers-on during assize week, "bring me the bill of fare, and secure me a table."

"Yes, sar," responded the man, handing me a slip of paper, not of the whitest hue. "Sorry all the tables are engaged, but you'll find a place at that one nearest the door; three gents have nearly finished their dinner. Ox-tail, mock-turtle, green pea, and gravy, sir."

"Let me have some ox-tail," said I, perusing the bill of fare; "some Severn salmon, and a veal cutlet."

The man left the room, but quickly reappeared. "Sorry, sar! there's no salmon left."

"A fried sole, or any other fish will do," I replied.

"Sorry, sar! we are quite out of fish, and the veal cutlets are all gone up to a private party in No. 4."

"What can I have, then?" I asked, petulantly.

"A fine biled aitchbone of beef in excellent cut, sar," responded the man.

"Very well, bring the soup, and a pint of sherry."

"Dinner on table, sar!" exclaimed the waiter

shortly afterwards, and down I sat, hoping to enjoy my repast. Although the King's Head, generally speaking, was an excellent hotel, and the coffee-room admirably well managed, of course during the assize week "ane canna expect," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie remarks, "to carry about the Saut Market at one's tail, as a snail does his caup." I was prepared to rough it; and it was fortunate I was so prepared, for anything more uncomfortable than my meal was I had never yet experienced.

The table-cloth was somewhat soiled with the port wine and beer, a gigantic cheese of the very strongest odour occupied a prominent place, while my companions, who had been occupied all day, were not of the tidiest order. The ox-tail soup was cold and greasy, and though the joint might, as the waiter informed me, be in excellent "cut," it was not a case of "cut" and "come again," for with all his ingenuity he could hardly produce enough to satisfy any man, more especially a hungry one like myself.

"Have you any cold meat?" I asked.

"The ham's cut very low," replied the man, "but I can get you a nice Welch rabbit; our single Gloucesters are famed for that."

"Bring me one," I said, "and a pint of mulled ale."

The waiter's eulogium on the single Gloucester cheese was not unmerited, and upon that I dined. The time hung heavily until eleven o'clock, when my host's carriage was announced to be at the door.

"Sorry, my Lord," said the waiter, as I was about to get into it, "that I was not aware whom I was addressing."

"Never mind," I rejoined, "nothing you could have said would have made the joint go further; moreover, the Welch rabbit was excellent."

"Misfortunes never come singly," they say, and upon our return home to Berkeley Castle we realised the fulfilment of the proverb; for upon arriving there, we found that the servant on the rumble behind had disappeared, rumble and all.

"It's broke right off here," said the coachman, who was in attendance to receive us. "Strange that neither you, my Lord, nor the post-boys should have heard the crash."

Strange as it was it was true, for by the man's account, who made his appearance half-an-hour afterwards, a sudden jerk on an uneven piece of road had caused the accident, and although on recovering his fright at finding himself biting the dust, he hallooed loudly, his cries had produced no effect. Fortunately a waggon overtook him, in which he and the rumble were conveyed to Berkeley.

Another celebrity, although quite of a different character, must not be omitted, I refer to Murphy. I often had the pleasure of dining with him at his chambers, when the party seldom exceeded four, at most six. The learned Sergeant possessed the wit of his countrymen, was very clever at repartee, and had a large fund of anecdote. Occasionally his humour was rather broad, and his jocularity

constantly passed "the limit of becoming mirth." Many of his stories, though highly amusing, cannot be recorded.

I met the late Chief Baron Pollock upon many occasions, and was charmed with his erudition and powers of conversation. To his latest hour, I heard from his old friend William Jerdan that he devoted himself to the Greek Classics. The last time I had the pleasure of dining in company with him was at the hospitable board of Mr. and Mrs. Frogley at Hounslow. Both host and hostess were so anxious to entertain their friends, that it often happened the table was overcrowded. If, during her drive, Mrs. Frogley met an old acquaintance, an invitation was certain to follow; while Frogley could not pass a friend without asking him to drop in at seven o'clock. Moreover, being an especial favourite with the officers at the Cavalry Barracks, to whom a general invitation was given, the usual number of fourteen was sure to be increased. This I know to my cost, for the day I met Baron Pollock there, there were at least four more persons than the table would conveniently hold. Taking the hostess to dinner, I found myself placed next to the Chief Baron. After squeezing ourselves into our seats, he said—

"We must draw lots who is to begin eating, for 'trussed' as we are, it is impossible for both of us to get our spoons or forks to our mouths at the same time."

"The Bench must take precedence," I replied; upon which my neighbour commenced what Miss

Fanny Kemble—I give her fame name—called "spoon exercise." Seeing this, my hostess made a slight movement, thereby giving me a favourable opportunity of doing justice to the turtle soup. I still, however, insisted upon my neighbour taking the lead, which he did very good-humouredly until the second course, when he requested me to commence an attack upon a woodcock. The mantle of the late Sir Frederick Pollock has fallen upon a son who does honour to his name and to the Bench to which he has been promoted.

Another Chief Baron must not be omitted—my old friend Sir Fitzroy Kelly, whose acquaintance I have enjoyed for many a long year. I know no one who possesses so retentive a memory. He is a perfect chronicler of all the principal events that have occurred during the last fifty years or more; in recounting them he carefully avoids prolixity. "Memory" is said to be "the purveyor of reason," no one unites so much reason with memory as the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. While on the subject of memory, I may refer to another equally as gifted as Sir Fitzroy. I allude to the present Lord Bathurst, a grandson of a Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Lord Bathurst can bring vividly before you the lives of almost all the illustrious men, whether potentates, statesmen, warriors, lawyers, or courtiers, who have distinguished themselves from the days when "George the Third was king" to the present time. To return to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the death of Lady Kelly was a heavy blow to him, and her loss was deeply felt by all who came within the circle of her acquaintance.

I had the honour of a slight acquaintance with Lord Lyndhurst, who was most affable in his manner, and was a charming host. One day, after dinner, at his house in Hyde Park Street, the conversation turned upon the Fancy Ball then about to be given by Lady Salisbury at Hatfield, and on the question of costumes being raised, I suggested that of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe" for Lady Lyndhurst, which I considered admirably suited to her handsome features.

"A splendid dress," she replied; "but I fear it would be perfectly ruinous. Madame Albertine told me that no costume would be got up under fifty or sixty pounds."

"I think," I rejoined, "a theatrical costumier would furnish one for half that price. Ladies have a prejudice, I know, against what they call masquerade shops, fancying that the dresses have made their appearance on the stage, but such is not the case. Simmons of Tavistock Street, or any respectable costumier, will provide a new dress, which can be retained or hired for the evening, and which will produce a greater effect than any furnished by a marchande de modes."

"How can that be?" asked a young lady, who was also anxious about a becoming dress for the ball.

"The fact is," I replied, "they purchase velvets, silks, satins, gold and silver fringe, at wholesale prices, and turn every inch to account. The remnants of the robes and tunics they make up, furnish trimmings, bows, bands, &c. With them there is no cutting to waste; all is worked up."

"You speak most learnedly upon the subject," said Lord Lyndhurst. "During the evening we will look at the description Walter Scott gives of Rebecca's dress." In due course of time the volume was brought, when his lordship read out the following passage:—"'The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognised the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion.' Dont blush, my lady," he continued. "'The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true that, of the golden and pearl-studded clasps which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect

to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride her.' Here I must stop," said Lord Lyndhurst, " for I find Scott refers to Rebecca as the very model of that perfection, whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived, the Bride of the Canticles, the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley."

Suffice it to say, the costume was made up by the costumier I recommended, and among the brilliant dresses that appeared at Hatfield, none could eclipse that of the handsome Jewess.

SPECULATOR.

HUDSON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RAILWAY KING—MALAPROPISMS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN—HOW TO ENSURE PUNCTUALITY IN A LADY'S-MAID — YOUNG HUDSON—"NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS."

"They may *rail* at this life."

T. MOORE.

"Aurum omnes, victa pietate, colunt."

PROPERTIUS.

"All men now worship gold, all other reverence being done away."

GEORGE HUDSON had "a short reign," whether "a merry one" I will not undertake to say. He was a native of York, and was born about the year 1800. During the railway mania of 1845-6, he made a large fortune by speculating deeply. Like the celebrated Dick Whittington, in some respects, he was three times elected Lord Mayor of York. He also was in the commission of the peace for the counties of York and Durham. For many years he was Chairman of the Eastern Counties and the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railways, and of the Sunderland Dock Company.

He sat in Parliament as a Liberal from 1845 to 1859, when he was rejected by his old constituents in favour of Mr. W. S. Lindsay.

I never knew much of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson in their prosperity, having only once met them at dinner at my elder brother's, the late Duke of Richmond. Upon that occasion I took the "Railway Queen" in to dinner, and was naturally anxious to know whether the malapropisms attributed to her were true, or were the mere inventions of the brain of some slanderer. Among the numerous stories told of her were the following. Upon arriving at Paris, she desired her maid to call upon Messrs. Droit et Gauche, and desire some one from their establishment to wait upon her, adding that "they must be the most fashionable *cordonniers* in Paris, for she saw their names in every pair of French shoes." She was also reported to have said, when recommended to go to the Hôtel de l'Amirauté, that the sign *Ami roti*—roast friend —was so thoroughly disgusting that she could not think of patronising such an hotel. She, too, it was said, ordered the "gassoon," (as she called the waiter) to bring Mr. Hudson a "tire-bottes" for dinner—meaning a turbot—when, much to the surprise of her *sposo*, the garçon brought him a bootjack.

This, however, is not worse than the Frenchman, who having been rescued from a ducking when skating on the Serpentine river, and conveyed to a public-house, ordered the "vaiter" to bring him a glass of brandy-and-water, and not to make it

"fortnight." "Fortnight, sir?" responded the man. "Yes, I mean fortnight; not *two veak*."

During the time the Duke of Wellington was ambassador to Louis XVIII. at Paris, I had the honour of accompanying his Grace to Fontainebleau, where we were to have a day's shooting with the Dukes de Berri and d'Angoulême. Two English keepers, with a splendid retriever, attended my chief. After an excellent day's sport, while we retired to the Palace for dinner, the keepers returned to their temporary home, the *cabaret* of "Le Cheval Noir," when the following conversation took place:—

"That 'ere d'Angoulame is an out-and-out shot," said one of the worthy John Bulls; "quite wonderful for a parly-woo Frenchman. He killed fifteen brace of pheasants, and would have doubled that number, if he had attended to his keeper's orders and *pulled* whenever he told him."

"*Pulled!*" said the other, who had picked up a smattering of French, "you're mistaken. When he cried '*Poule*,' he didn't mean *pull*. *Poule* stands for hen, and was meant as a caution."

"Who's to understand their outlandish terms?" persevered the other; "why, just as it was getting dark, young Lord William nearly knocked one of their hens over. He don't understand their foreign gibberish."

True it is that I had fired at a hen pheasant, which was, however, owing to the darkness of the evening, and not to my want of knowledge of the term; for although educated at Westminster,

where the polite languages were not attended to, I had at a private tutor's, at Vienna and Paris, become a tolerable French scholar.

To return to Mrs. Hudson, who, according to report, did not shine very brilliantly in her own mother tongue; for it was stated that she sent to Groves, the fishmonger in Bond Street, for some gutta-percha soles, and returned to Wyld one of a set of globes—terrestrial and celestial—as they were not pairs.

During dinner the Railway Queen certainly interlarded her conversation with many French words, spoken with a pure Yorkshire accent. "As for Son*tag*, she *chants* like a serin de Canârie; it's tut-a-fa (*tout-à-fait*), marvelluxe (*merveilleux*); but," she added, "she dresses in le plus movey goo (*le plus mauvais goût*)."

"I am astonished," I replied, "I always understood she dressed remarkably well."

"Point de too (*point du tout*); but then there's a great art in putting on one's dress."

"Unquestionably," I replied, looking at my neighbour's gorgeous apparel.

"It isn't splendid *veloors*, rich satins, recherchy (*recherché*) silks, that render the toilette parfait, it's the way the things are put on. It requires a pin here, and a pin there, and a pin everywhere."

"On that you *pin* your faith," I responded.

My pun hung fire, for the lady replied, in a serious tone, "Yes, sans épingels well placed, no dress can look well." She then proceeded to tell

me how she punished her lady's maid for unpunctuality.

"One day, when Hudson went down to York early to attend a dinner given to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, I was left to follow by a later train. I ordered the carriage at eleven, but my abigail was not ready; in consequence of this I was late, and had to take a special train. I said little at the time, but the following week when I was again leaving London, I ordered the carriage to be at the door, and the maid to be on the rumble behind an hour and a half before I was ready to start; and there she sat, as Milton says, 'like Patience on a monument,' all the *gamins* jeering at her as they passed. She never kept me waiting after that."

When the ladies retired, I found myself next to Majesty itself. Hudson was the essence of good-nature. He talked of the good things he had put his friends up to; of shares paying fifteen per cent.; of Directors who were pocketing their four or five hundred a year: as, however, I was never a speculator, the conversation did not interest me much.

There was one peculiarity about George Hudson: while talking to one person he could attend to the conversation of others, even at the extremity of the table. The Duke of Buckingham made some remark, which Hudson while talking to me overheard, so turning away for a moment he said, "I beg your Grace's pardon, the line you refer to will soon be a well-paying one." When coffee was announced

the Railway King remarked, "Three live Dukes! well, I never before sat down with three live Dukes." The trio consisted of the Dukes of Buckingham, Newcastle, and our host.

Shortly after the above dinner had taken place, young Hudson, then about seventeen years of age, was invited to Goodwood during the races. Even at that early age he could take good care of himself. Thinking it right to do at Rome as the Romans do (the Greeks, would, perhaps, be more appropriate), or, to adopt a Hudsonian *lapsus linguæ*, "to do in Turkey what the turkeys do," young Hudson had provided himself with a betting book, and had entered a few bets. Thinking he might, as a novice, have had the worst of the betting, I asked him to let me look at his book, when to my surprise I found that, according to the odds, he had the best of every wager he made.

After dinner a hoax was played upon him by some young fellows, who, like the engineer mentioned by Shakespeare, were "hoisted on their own petard."

The moment the ladies had retired from the dinner table, a note was brought to Hudson, written in pencil, bearing the signature "Beaufort," saying "that on the 'Cup day' an immemorial custom existed of proposing the health of the noble host, and that the honour of proposing it was always entrusted to the youngest visitor. Under this circumstance the Duke of Beaufort trusted that Mr. Hudson would undertake the pleasing duty."

"Is it true?" asked the young man, addressing

Lord Derby, "that the Duke's health is always drunk on such occasions?"

Unaware of the hoax, he replied that it always was, and that it was generally done the moment the ladies left the room. In a few seconds Hudson was on his legs, much to the surprise of all, more especially the host, when in a few and appropriate words the son of the Railway King made a speech that would have done credit to one of more mature years. He apologised for his presumption, eulogised the Duke, and pointed out the advantage of manly English sports. So pertinent were his remarks, so unassuming was his manner, that those who "came to scoff remained to pay" a tribute to the youthful orator's unaffected eloquence. My brother, in responding to the toast, paid a just compliment to the kind feeling and good taste of the proposer of it, and young Hudson was never made acquainted with the breach of etiquette he had unwittingly committed. "Where ignorance is bliss," so runs the proverb, "'tis folly to be wise." In this instance the young speaker enjoyed all the bliss of ignorance.

I have already said that I knew little of the Railway King and Queen during their prosperity, when the highest nobles of the land paid homage to them; but when the time arrived that, in the words of the ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, Hudson could exclaim, "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness," I got better acquainted with the family. It came about in this way. One day when I was going out of my small bachelor's snuggery, No. 1, Ber-

keley Square—a house which Alfred d'Orsay said resembled a pianoforte, broad at one end and narrow at the other—a carriage drove up to the door. The footman approached me, touched his hat, and begged that I would step to the carriage. This I accordingly did, and there I saw a lady, whom I did not recognise, and who evidently did not recognise me.

"I beg a thousand pardons," she said, "I understood Captain Williams lived at number one; that is the address Mr. Hudson gave me."

It then flashed across my mind that the visitor was the deposed railway queen.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Hudson?" I asked.

The lady replied, "Yes."

"Then I ought to apologise," I continued, "for we met some few years ago at my brother's, the Duke of Richmond, in Portland Place; your veil entirely hid your features."

From that moment we got on very friendly terms. I own I felt deeply at the change that had taken place in the feelings of the upper ten thousand towards those whom they had raised to a pinnacle of fame, and whom now they sought carefully to avoid. King Hudson (I enter not into the reasons) had been deposed; the sycophants that had fawned upon him when in prosperity now turned away in scorn, forgetting the "good things" he had put many of them up to. Well might he have exclaimed in the words of Shakespeare:—

"'Tis certain greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer."

Mrs. Hudson felt the change acutely, not so much on her own account as on that of her daughter and sons. Previous to their leaving England I saw a good deal of them, and after a time the slight acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship.

One malapropism attributed to Mrs. Hudson, I have omitted. Upon asking Lord Lansdowne whose bust it was that formed a prominent feature in his gallery, she was told "Marcus Aurelius." "Marcus Aurelius," she answered, "the late Marquis, I suppose?"

MEN ABOUT TOWN.

SIR GEORGE WOMBWELL.

CHAPTER X.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE WOMBWELL—THE TENTH, OR PRINCE OF WALES' ROYAL HUSSARS — AN ELEGANT EXTRACT — A LOVE AFFAIR — SUICIDE THREATENED — "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"There's many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My heavy heart grows cold."

MORRIS.

"See what a grace was seated on his brow!
Hyperion's curls."

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG the "old familiar faces," that of the late Sir George Wombwell was perhaps the best known about town. His first ancestor on record was Robert Wombwell, who lived *temp.* Stephen, a person of consideration in that era, deriving his surname from the place of his residence, Wombwell, in the county of York. George Wombwell, as he was familiarly called, was born on the 13th of April, 1792, and succeeded his father in 1846. In 1824 he married Georgiana, second daughter of

Thomas Orby Hunter, Esq., of Crowland Abbey, Lincolnshire, and had four sons; the eldest of whom, the present baronet, distinguished himself in the glorious but fatal charge of Balaclava, where he was wounded, taken prisoner, and escaped. At an early age the late George Wombwell entered the 10th, or Prince of Wales's Own Hussars, and few men of that gallant corps kept the game alive more than he did. He was a neat horseman, possessing a remarkably fine hand, and could ride well to hounds. Although a constant attendant at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster, he was never on the turf. He served with the 10th in the Peninsula, and like his brother officers, all dashing young men, was ever foremost in the fray. It so happened that the English 10th Hussars often came in contact with the French Tenth Hussars, and on outpost duty they often crossed sabres. Upon one occasion Wombwell's men were foraging, when all of a sudden they discovered their immediate enemies employed in the same manner, carrying away sundry trusses of hay from a farmyard. The numbers were so greatly in favour of the French that our gallant fellows seemed to hesitate, nor were their foes apparently more desirous for a conflict. "I say, my men," said the young Hussar in his peculiar voice, "I really don't know which are the greatest cowards, you or the French; but come what may, I'll have a turn at them. We can't return without forage." So reining up his charger, and drawing his sword, he said, "Come on!" adding, "That's right, my fine fellows!" as the whole

of his detachment followed their young chief. The French retired, forage was procured, and the hero of that morning was warmly commended by his captain. Every military man knows full well what effect the words "come on" produce, and every private soldier of the cavalry or infantry equally well knows the difference between "come on" and "go on." The former is obeyed with alacrity and good will, the latter only as a point of duty. At the termination of the war the Tenth were, by the special desire of their Colonel, the Prince Regent, quartered at Preston Barracks, Brighton, with a squadron at Chichester for coast duty, the smugglers being alone kept in order by the dragoons. Shortly afterwards they were removed to Romford, where the court-martial on Colonel Quentin took place, which ended in his acquittal; a severe reprimand followed to those officers who signed the round robin (among them George Wombwell), the purport of which was to demand an inquiry into their commanding officer's conduct in the Peninsula, and the offenders were dispersed among other regiments. Disgusted with the above proceeding, this "Elegant Extract" retired from the service.

In calmly looking over the court-martial, a copy of which I had the pleasure of presenting to the present Tenth when quartered at Brighton, it must strike every impartial person, that Quentin had not sufficient dash about him, albeit the charge of cowardice ought never to have been made. He was a German by birth, an excellent horseman, and was the first to introduce the foreign cavalry seat.

He, moreover, knew how the pelisse should be slung, and the proper cut of the Hessian boot. Unquestionably under his auspices the men were well set up, so much so that the new system captivated the heart of the heir to the throne. With the officers, Quentin, from a variety of causes, was never popular, the most inexcusable one being his depriving them of all authority, doing himself the duty of colonel, captain, adjutant, and riding-master. With the men he was extremely popular, being over-lenient. So long as they were on home service, things went on tolerably smooth, but when the regiment was ordered abroad to join Wellington's army in the Peninsula, affairs took a different aspect, more especially as for a time they were commanded by a most humane but strict disciplinarian, Colonel Palmer. He found the evil effects of the lenient system, the cases of drunkennness were numerous, and corporal punishments ensued. A few more weeks under Palmer would probably have rendered the corps what it afterwards was, and still is, one of the most distinguished in the service; but Quentin rejoined, and the old system was revived. That tended to cause a bad feeling in the regiment, which smouldered during the war, but which broke out after it returned home. So proud was the Prince Regent of the prowess of his own hussars, that he had them quartered at Brighton, sending a squadron from that place to act as a guard of honour to the foreign potentates who flocked to our shores after the peace of 1814. Then followed, to the great disgust of the Prince, the "round robin,"

the court-martial, and its results. That there was everything that could constitute good soldiers (barring the indiscretion above referred to) among the "Elegant Extracts" is proved by the manner in which all who remained in the service afterwards distinguished themselves. There were two gallant Plantagenets, the late Duke of Beaufort, and Henry Somerset, Arthur Hill, afterwards Lord Sandys, Horace Seymour, Henry Wyndham, and others whose names have escaped my memory.

To return to George Wombwell. Heir to a large estate, very good-looking, having the finest black curly head of hair ever seen, and possessing the neatest figure, with conversational powers of no mean extent, it is not to be wondered at, especially after his return from the wars, that he was fêted by all the élite of London society, and soon became an established favourite.

Although the cases of dying for love are, like angels' visits, "few and far between," I well remember an *affaire de cœur*, which at the time I, being young and inexperienced, fancied might end tragically. One day, when walking along Bond Street, then the fashionable lounge from four to six during the winter months, I met George Wombwell, who was talking to a young, closely-veiled lady, her female attendant keeping at a respectable distance. The lady was evidently in a great state of excitement, the gentleman in vain trying the soothing system. All of a sudden the maid was despatched with a message to a shop in Conduit Street, and told to rejoin her mistress in half an hour at the

corner of Old Bond Street. The young lady, in a voice loud enough for me to hear, exclaimed,

"I cannot survive the shock. You will never see me again."

She then abruptly left Wombwell. In the meantime he had requested me not to go away, so I remained patiently awaiting his bidding.

"Follow her, I implore you, and reason with her. She's threatened to destroy herself. Tell her I'll write when I get home.

Off I started, but the affrighted girl had sped away like a fairy; at length I caught a glimpse of her, as she entered a gunmaker's shop in St. James's Street. Hastening forward, I found the incognita inspecting a pistol, which she said she wished to purchase and take home to her brother. I approached respectfully, requesting the young lady to allow me a few moments' private conversation with her, at the same time telling the gunmaker I would call again about the pistol. After a considerable delay she consented to hear what I had to say; it was fortunately dark, so, had I wished it, I could not have recognised the features of the fair but distressed one.

"If we go to Grange's," said I, "we shall be uninterrupted."

"I consent," she replied, "if you will give me your word of honour that you will not attempt to discover who I am."

I gave her that assurance, and we were soon in the back-room at Grange's, in Piccadilly. At that period, and, for all I know to the contrary, Grange's

is as it was, the resort of the fashion. The owner was famed for having the best soups in winter, the best ices in summer, and the best coffee throughout the year. Quality not quantity, both as regards the *habitués* and the luxuries they partook of, might have been the motto of the establishment. There might be had the melting peach, the tempting reddish-brown nectarine, the pale yellow apricot, the luscious grape, the ripe pear, the crisp Ribston pippin, the finest strawberries, and the richest cream. There was no counter laid out with cakes, Bath buns, meat pies, raspberry tarts, stewed pears, jellies in glasses, gingerbread nuts, cherries preserved in brandy, and sticks of barley-sugar; and no odour from a kitchen in which ox-tail, mulligatawny, pea, mock-turtle, gravy, and vermicelli soups were being prepared; all was as bright and fresh-looking in summer and winter as the choicest flowers, evergreens, holly, and mistletoe could make it. To this fruiterer's I escorted the unknown, whose face, like that of Zephyrina, in "La Dama Duende," translated under the title of "The Lady and the Devil," "was covered with a mystifying black veil of a duenna-like thickness, muffling every charm as obscurely as would a total eclipse of the moon." Bound by honour not to attempt to discover my companion, after ordering two cups of coffee, one of which remained untouched, I began to urge my friend's suit, and pointed out the wickedness of suicide. Finding that had no effect, I changed my tactics; told her it was a curious way of winning a man, for, if carried out, "funeral

baked meats," not a wedding breakfast, would be the result, and concluded by saying that Wombwell would at once communicate by letter or in person with her. Not wishing to prolong the monologue, I suggested that the maid might be surprised at her mistress's absence, upon which my incognita rose, took my arm—for in those days ladies never walked un-armed—crossed the road to the biscuit shop at the corner of Old Bond Street, where the faithful attendant was in waiting.

"I shall expect to hear from him," said *la folle par l'amour*, in a low voice. "For your kindness," she continued, in a louder tone, "I shall ever feel grateful."

To Wombwell I reported all that had taken place; but what occurred between the two lovers I know not, for it was too delicate a subject to touch upon, and after a time the affair was entirely banished from my mind.

Many years had elapsed when, during a winter's residence at Leamington, some members of the club to which I belonged proposed giving a fancy dress ball at the Regent Hotel. The proposition was carried, and I formed one of the committee. The arrangement was that invitations to the Lord-Lieutenant of the County and the officers quartered in the neighbourhood should be sent from the collective body, each member to have an equal portion of tickets for private circulation. At that period the head-quarters of a smart Hussar regiment was stationed at Coventry, and all the officers then on duty there, with the exception of the

quarter and riding-master, who remained in charge of the barracks, accepted the invitation. The evening arrived, and as the proprietor of the leading newspaper was anxious to give an accurate description of the costumes, the Committee had requested every lady and gentleman to bring their cards with them, and write on the back the costume and character in which they appeared. Soon after ten o'clock, Turks, Swedes, Neapolitans, Russians, Greeks, Italians, and Swiss were intermingled with officers in uniform. There might be seen gitanas, *vivandières*, peasants, sultanas, ladies of the Courts of Louis XIV., Charles the Second, the third George, flower girls, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Night, Undines, fairy queens, with Cavaliers, Roundheads, Corsairs, Dons, Sultans, matadors, hermits, Rob Roys, pilgrims, pages, jesters, and *pens* of Leicesters—bipeds, not quadrupeds. Among the earliest of the arrivals were the officers of the Hussars, and those of the 93rd Highlanders, all looking resplendent in the handsome uniform then worn by the Hussars and the picturesque costume still in existence in the Highland corps.

At many assemblies, especially country ones, the names of the guests are not announced in that loud and distinct manner in which the stentorian voice of the toast-master at the Mansion House, London, gives the titles and names of the visitors to whom "the Lord and Lady Mayoress drink in a loving cup, and wish a hearty welcome;" it was therefore next to impossible to understand a rather superannuated butler whom we had engaged on the above occasion.

On the arm of a Hussar officer, evidently from his appearance one of a high grade, hung as beautiful a representative of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, as I ever beheld. There was a look of deep thought, a pensiveness about the eyes, that well suited the daughter of James V. Her costume was faultless. It consisted of white satin, with a train and long sleeves, acorn-shaped silver buttons, and a trimming of pearls; part of the sleeves open, beneath which appeared others of purple velvet; her dress was of lawn edged with lace; a veil of the same material, edged in the same manner, flowed from the back of her head over a slight but graceful form.

Stationed at the entrance with my *confrères* to receive our guests, it was impossible to do more than to shake hands with our acquaintances, and bow to strangers; unfortunately, just as the beauteous Queen entered, a fussy old lady, in the guise of Queen Bess, rushed forward to introduce me to two gawky daughters, who appeared as Minna and Brenda, their only resemblance to those characters being in the colour of their hair. "You must get them partners, dear Lord William, for they dance charmingly."

Before I could get rid of this voluble lady, Mary Stuart had passed on into the ball-room. For nearly an hour we were kept at our posts, when on being relieved I went in search of her that I considered the belle of the ball. While inquiring of one of the officers who the Queen of Scots was, who came in with a middle-aged man of the corps,

the lady herself rose from her seat, came forward, and said, in a voice the tones of which my imagination led me to believe I had heard before, "My husband and myself owe you an apology for not having noticed you as we entered, but you were in earnest conversation with my rival, Elizabeth, and we were urged to pass on."

Of course I made a flattering speech in return, saying Marie Stuart could fear no rival, for, in the words of one of Sheridan's songs, the Scottish queen—

> "A friend in all the aged would find,
> And lovers in the young."

"Allow me shortly to present my husband to you, he is dancing in that quadrille," she continued, "but first I have to thank you for a kindness which I never have forgot, and never shall forget."

I was entirely taken aback, for I could not recognise my new-found acquaintance.

"Allow me to conduct you to the refreshment room," I said.

"Willingly," she responded. "My husband is an inveterate dancer, and I do not expect to see much of him this evening."

Of course at that moment the stately Queen Elizabeth approached with her two daughters, who were evidently on the look-out for partners. As one of the givers of the ball, I had the privilege of introducing persons even unknown to me. I seized upon two hobbledehoys, decked out as Highland chiefs, and urged them to engage Minna and Brenda for the Lancers. This they did, and amidst the

thanks of their delighted mamma, I rushed back to the spot where I had left the unknown.

"We have ordered supper at one o'clock," I exclaimed, as, after partaking of an ice, I led her from the crowded refreshment to the card room. As usual, the door was blocked up, and I was on the tenter hooks to know who the beauty on my arm was, and to what service she referred. While struggling through hundreds anxious to attain the spot we were vacating, I casually remarked that we had been in hopes to have secured Gunter for the supper, but that Leamington had put forward a claim, and we had yielded to the local pressure.

"Gunter? Why not Grange?" asked the fair Marie.

"Grange!" I exclaimed, starting back, and in so doing nearly upsetting a very venerable-looking Madame de la Vallière—"Grange!"

"Yes, Grange."

"You surely cannot be—" I hesitated.

"The incognita you escorted there," she continued, "and who, unlike your sex, did not show a particle of curiosity."

By this time we were seated, and as the conversation was confidential, I do not feel justified in repeating it. Suffice it to say, the engagement with George Wombwell was broken off; he consoled himself with a charming wife, and the lady herself, as "hearts were led, followed suit," became the wife of a gallant and most popular officer, to whom I required no introduction, for upon seeing him I recognised an old acquaintance. As my sub-

ject is George Wombwell, not the young lady, I will merely say that some years afterwards, she having become a widow, had again, like the ill-fated Marie Stuart, found another husband. In her new name, she wrote to me from Hove to say how happy she would be again to shake me by the hand. I called, found that time had not produced much change in her still lovely face. I took my leave, little did I think for the last time. The next I heard of her was in the death column of the "Times." As Byron writes:—

"I am at my old tunes—digression."

George Wombwell, although fond of hunting, boating, and shooting, abominated yachting; indeed he often said that such was his abhorrence of the sea, and his horror of the *mal de mer*, that, when on his way to France, he became sick at Canterbury at the thought of crossing from Dover to Calais.

During the Crimean war, George Wombwell was most anxious about his son, the present baronet, then an officer of the 17th Lancers. One day, when walking with him in Hyde Park, we met Tommy Garth, who, in his offhand manner, said,

"There's been an awful scrimmage with the light cavalry at Balaclava, and by all accounts they have been cut to pieces."

Tommy was a good-hearted fellow, but his love of gossip was great, and often got him into scrapes. So great was his anxiety to pick up news and report it, that for a moment he forgot how deeply interested Wombwell must be.

"Tell me what has happened," said my companion, tremulous with emotion, and turning perfectly pale,

"I was told at the Conservative," continued Garth, "that there has been a cavalry affair."

Happily at this moment the Adjutant-General rode past, when Wombwell rushed forward, and after a brief conversation returned to me and said,

"Thank God, my boy has distinguished himself; though taken prisoner he has escaped."

Tears fell from his eyes as he recounted to me the charge of the five hundred. Garth began to stammer out his regret at having caused him a fright, and then started off to tell the news to all with whom he was acquainted. "Tommy" was a terrible gossip, occasionally doing a great deal of mischief by propagating the *canards* of the clubs. He was apt, too, to curry favour by flattering one at the expense of another. An instance occurs to me.

Garth, who had served in the Hussars, always kept up an acquaintance with the officers of the Household Brigade, quartered at Knightsbridge and Regent's Park Barracks, the former being handy to his house in Hans Place. One day, when hunting for a dinner, and drawing Knightsbridge Barracks blank, he proceeded to the Regent's Park, where the Blues were stationed, where he was more successful.

"I dined," said he, "yesterday with the Life-Guards. A horrid bad dinner, and the company not better than the food."

This was reported to a very popular member of the Blues, who concocted a plan to pay Tommy off. This was carried out by procuring some jalap from a neighbouring chemist's, which was to be inserted in Garth's soup and fish sauce. A young cornet undertook the executive, and cleverly managed to doctor the soup and fish without being discovered. The trumpet sounded, the party sat down to dinner, when Tommy was loud in the praise of the cook.

"This is something like soup!" he exclaimed.

"Why, what's the matter, Tommy?" asked one of the conspirators. "You look ill."

"I'll be back in a minute," he replied, getting up and leaving the room.

Shortly afterwards he returned.

"We kept some fish for you," said the cornet. "Our *chef de cuisine* prides himself on his Dutch sauce."

Garth partook of it.

"First rate—eh? what? I don't feel well."

Another hasty retreat, but no reappearance. A sudden light flashed across him that he had been punished for his libel on the Life-Guards' mess; so, ordering a hack cab, he retired to his club, where a glass of hot brandy and water soon counteracted the effects of his dinner.

George Wombwell died in 1855, and was succeeded by his son, the present baronet, who retired from the army in that year, having been during his short military career promoted to his lieutenancy for his gallantry at the battle of Balaclava.

MEN ABOUT TOWN.

LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE.

CHAPTER XI.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS—DOLLY FITZCLARENCE AND GEORGE WOMBWELL—DOLLY'S EARLY DAYS—HIS VISIT TO BEDLAM—LUDICROUS INVESTIGATION ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT—UNE PUCE MERVEILLEUSE.

> "Madmen have such seething brains,
> Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends."

IF there ever was a man

> "Blessed with a temper whose unclouded ray
> Can make to-morrow as cheerful as to-day,"

it was the subject of the following brief memoir; brief it must be, as there was little in the public or private character of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence that demands special notice. Dolly Fitzclarence (as he was familiarly called) furnishes a worthy pendant to the late Sir George Wombwell, for they were the Damon and Pythias of the day.

Fitzclarence was born in 1802, and died in 1856. At an early age he entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman, saw much peace service, became captain of the royal yacht, the command of which

he was compelled to resign upon becoming a rear-admiral, was ranger of Windsor Home Park, and a naval aide-de-camp to the Queen. No one was more hospitable than Dolly Fitzclarence, every Englishman and foreigner of note was welcome at his table in his snug house in the Ambassador's Court, St. James's Palace; nor were his dinners confined to men of note, for every officer that had served with, or under, him in the navy was an equally welcome guest. His social qualities were great, his memory was very retentive, and he had a fund of anecdote. During the early part of the illness of his father, William IV., he used to tell very characteristic stories of the "Sailor King."

"How is His Majesty?" I inquired one day.

"Much better, thank you," he replied, "his valet told me when I called that the King was infinitely better, and I am certain he was, for he swore more than usual."

He would also give a very graphic account of how, when he went over to France in the royal yacht to receive Louis Philippe, he heard an old "salt" describe an adventure he had had with one of His Majesty's suite:—

"The fellow," said the man, "decked out in red trousers, uniform covered with gold lace, and a cocked hat 'fore and aft' on his head, came on board, and never touched his hat; the blacking from his boots (they calls it French polish, but I didn't see much polish either about the man or his boots) completely stained our deck, and he insisted on seeing the Capitaine de vesso (vaisseau). I told him

I didn't understand his foreign lingo, and that he had better send some one who talked English. Upon that he began to make such awful gesticulations, said something that sounded like impertinent, when I felt very much disposed to throw him, red trousers and all, overboard, and give him a good ducking."

While on the subject of the Royal yacht, I may repeat a story Adolphus Fitzclarence was wont to tell of how he nearly got into trouble when in command of it, and how he escaped from it through the cleverness of a canny Scot. Upon one occasion when the Queen, the late Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, then a baby, were on board, it was communicated to him that, to the horror of the attendants on the heir to the throne, a flea had been discovered in His Royal Highness's cot.

"A flea," exclaimed the noble commander, "it's quite impossible, every attention has been paid to the tidiness of the vessel."

Despite of this the fact was officially conveyed to him, with a request that he would account for such an enormity. In this dilemma he sought the advice of the surgeon, who immediately said, "Lay it on the coo,"

"What do you mean?" asked Adolphus.

"The fact is, the Prince looked at and patted the coo yesterday, and possibly the obnoxious insect may have got into his frock."

This hint was enough, and "Dolly" officially reported the fact of the Prince having been in close proximity with the cow the day previous,

which would probably account for the intrusion of this most unwelcome visitor. The explanation proved satisfactory, and the blame was transferred from the captain to the nurse, who had imprudently allowed her charge to come into too close contact with the animal.

One day, in company with George Wombwell, Adolphus went to visit Bedlam. Among the inmates was a woman, who looked steadfastly at him, and exclaimed, "I know your face! What is your name?"

"My name," he responded. "Mr. Smith."

The poor crazy female shook her head and walked away. A few months afterwards, the same party again visited this sad but admirably managed institution, when who should first call the attention of Fitzclarence but the woman to whom on a former occasion he had given a wrong name. She approached, and said in a calm and feeling manner, "You deceived me, my Lord, when last I saw you. You cut my heart to the quick, for you treated me as if I was an outcast."

Adolphus looked ashamed of himself, and the colour rose to his cheek.

"I'm very, very sorry," said this kind-hearted sailor; "how can I redeem my error?"

"You can do me a favour," she replied. "Will you?"

"I promise faithfully I will."

"Then," said the woman, "I am mad—I know I am mad—but I have lucid intervals. I knew you all along to be the King's son, from your likeness

on a shilling. Tell William the Fourth that, mad as I am, I never was half as mad as he was when he signed the Reform Bill."

"Dolly" shook the woman warmly by the hand, and repeated his promise, which he faithfully performed. What His Majesty said I am unable to state, but from what I could gather he was "taken aback" at the insane woman's remark.

Adolphus Fitzclarence was devoted to his mother —the ill-fated Mrs. Jordan. A splendid portrait of her in the character of the "Romp" hung over the chimney-piece in his dining-room, and often did he gaze at it, and talk in raptures of his happy childhood under the roof of the kindest of parents. Peace to his manes.

"He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born,
Adolphus. Natnre sel' shall mourn,
By wood and wild.
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.
Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash of state;
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth,
And weep the ae best fellow fate
E'er laid in earth."

GASTRONOMY.

UDE.

CHAPTER XII.

GASTRONOMY—COSTLY BANQUETS IN ANCIENT ROME—ALEXIS SOYER—ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON'S CHEF DE CUISINE—DINNER AT THE REFORM CLUB—COOKERY BOOKS—FRENCH AND ENGLISH ARTISTS.

UDE was, beyond all competition, the most learned of cooks, as his work on "La Science de Gueule" will prove. In giving his advice to his brother artists he says, "Cookery is an art which requires much time, intellect, and activity to be acquired in its perfection. Every man is not born with the qualifications necessary to constitute a good cook." (*Coquus nascitur, non fit.*) "The difficulty of attaining to perfection in the art will be best demonstrated by offering a few observations on some others. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general possess professors under twenty years of age, whereas, in the first line of cooking, pre-eminence never occurs under thirty. If all cooks were provided with the necessary qualities, they would certainly be considered as

artists. What science demands more study than cookery?"

This is the proper feeling with which every man who is ambitious of distinction in it should regard his profession, and the labours of M. Ude have met with their reward. He has been the *premier artiste* of his Catholic Majesty Louis XVI., after which honourable service he was in the employ of Lord Sefton. He was honoured, too, by an appointment in the household of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and afterwards was *chef de cuisine* at Crockford's, whose coffee-room dinners and suppers he elevated to the most enviable renown.

M. Ude tells us in his book that "sauces are the soul of cookery, and that cookery is the soul of festivity, at all times and to all ages." No wonder he dilates upon the grateful theme, and exclaims, "Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in cookery? How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at dinner! how much good fortune has been the result of a good supper! At what moment of our existence are we happier than at table? There hatred and animosity are lulled to sleep, and pleasure alone reigns. Here the cook, by his skill and attention, anticipates their wishes in the happiest selection of the best dishes and decorations; here their wants are satisfied, their minds and bodies invigorated, and themselves qualified for the high delights of love, music, poetry, dancing, and other pleasures; and is he whose talents have produced these happy effects to rank no higher in the scale of man than a common

servant? Yes, if you adopt and attend to the rules that I have laid down, the self-love of mankind will consent at last that cookery shall rank in the class of the sciences, and its professors deserve the name of artists."

French cooks are famous, it is said, for making a dinner out of nothing, and English ones for making nothing of a dinner. Adopting the above sentiment, a poet, unknown to me by name, addressed a poem to Eustace Louis Ude, from which I extract the following stanzas .—

"Accept, O Ude, this tributary lay,
E'en though it call thee from thy stoves away,
From pots whose savour every taste admires;
Compotes of which the palate never tires;
Oh, be this verse extended as thy fame,
And as renowned for wit as is thy name!
Be mine a lay, O culinary muse,
Rich as Ude's soups, resistless as his stews,
Strong as his gravies, piquant as his pies,
Plain as his roasts, and perfect as his fries!"

The author then proceeds to give directions for carving :—

"Carving, stupendous art! 'tis mine to sing
Of all the aids which to the board you bring;
No faithless fork, where you preside can dash
The candid waistcoat with a greasy splash."

This affords the writer an opportunity of perpetrating a pun, "*Summus jus, summa injuria,*" which Mr. Ude translates, "The richer the gravy, the more mischief it does." He then proceeds in wretched doggerel rhymes, which to my idea are perfectly unintelligible :—

"No sevenfold handkerchief need interpose
To save from wings that fly once more the nose."

Adding this note :—

"Si celeres quatit
Pennas resigno quæ dedit."
HORACE.

Of which the great culinary artist has favoured the world with the following free translation :—

"In carving, if the wings should fly,
Right into the celery.
Resigned I never will receive
Meat the hostess thus may give."

The following anecdote is told of Ude :—

When the Duke of York was dying, the Bishop of London attended His Royal Highness in his ministerial capacity. On hearing this Ude said,—

"Ah, I teach long time de Prince to live well; I leave it to Monseigneur l'Evêque to teach him to die."

Stories are told of his sensibilities, whether founded on fact I know not, but they savour of truth. It was said when he was cook to the Earl of Sefton, that he quitted his lordship because one of his guests put pepper into his soup.

"Milor," said the enraged artist, "c'est un affront to suppose my soup can vant peppere."

Again it was reported that on seeing pepper and salt on a certain nobleman's table :—

"Ah, milor has a very bad cook—de cook ne vaut rien when de dishes require peppere and salt."

As to his own talents he certainly, to adopt a somewhat vulgar but trite phrase, "didn't think small beer of himself," for when the Junior United Service Club was forming, Ude, who was engaged at a rival club, shrugged his shoulders and said,—

"Dis club cannot last; there is but one Ude in de world. Pardi!"

We read constantly of the costly dinners in Ancient Rome, of the banquets given by Lucullus, the Emperors Vitellius, Verus and Caligula, Heliogabalus, and other epicures; of the sums of money squandered on these cœna's and in modern times of the attempts made to prepare dinners according to the ancient recipes. The Abbé Margon tells us he received a present of 30,000 francs from Philip, Duke of Orleans, for the reproduction of a banquet which Trimalchi is said to have given in the days of Nero, of which Petronius gives the following account. "The Duke and his guests, all of whom were dressed in the Roman costume, pronounced it a perfect success." In November, 1806, when the ill-fated Joséphine received the intelligence of her imperial consort's, Napoleon I., triumphant entry into Berlin, she commanded a repast to be prepared according to the directions of Apicius; it appears, however, that the banquet, as far as the guests were concerned, was a failure, and drew upon herself the displeasure of "l'homme du siècle." In our days, attempts have been made at fancy balls to give suppers after the the fashion of those of Charles I., Henry VIII., and Louis Quatorze, but they have not produced the desired effect. Expensive and luxurious as were the ancient Roman feasts, we question much whether they came up to a modern dinner, well cooked by a French artist. It is true we cannot boast of peacocks' and nightingales' tongues, of breasts of pork, the pigs fed on millet and figs, of

peas mingled with gold leaves, beans with amber, rice with pearls, boars roasted and served up whole, instead of oysters from Circeii or the Lucrine Lake, we must be content with bivalves from Colchester; we need not send to Pessinus in Asia for cod-fish, as the banks of Newfoundland supply our wants; or to Ravenna for plaice. The Severn supplies us with lampreys equal to those from the Straits of Sicily, or from Tartessus, on the coast of Spain. Peacocks, originally brought from Samos, now strut about our gardens, and appear not in the menu, though we have a large supply of the Colchian pheasant in our woods and on our tables. Our rivers and decoy ponds provide every sort of water-fowl, equal to that from the Tigris, Media, or Phrygia. Deer and Southdown sheep rank quite as high in our day as the boar from Lucania, Umbria, and Etruria, and the kids of Ambracia. Then their wines and other drinks, including the mulsum, compounded of wine, honey, and must, could not be compared with the Château Margaux, the fruity port, the old Madeira, the golden sherry, the sparkling hock,—

> "The champagne with foaming whirls,
> As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls."

Or the Badminton and Moselle cups.

In England cookery is and has ever been highly patronised by the nobility. In bygone times we read of the Earl of Peterborough, famed in love and war, who was a *gourmet* of the first quality. This nobleman, whilst in Spain, once pointed some artillery against a convent, in which a beautiful

lady of rank had taken refuge, so that, by terrifying her to come forth, he might obtain a view of her person. The Earl appears to have been as much addicted to the luxuries of the table as he was to the dangers of the battle-field. He constantly assisted at the preparation of any Apician feast over which he was about to preside; and when at Bath, he was occasionally seen about the streets in his blue ribbon and star, carrying a chicken in his hand, and some choice vegetables under each arm. Well might he have aspired to the title of a *cordon bleu*, while the motto on his garter might have been changed from "Honi soit qui mal y pense" to "In solo vivendi causa palato est."

"Un dîner sans façons est une des jouissances les plus réelles de la vie. Un dîner à étiquette en est un des plus amers incidents. Je préfère un concert de M. Fessy, une course dans l'omnibus de la Villette à la Croix-Rouge, une distribution de prix, une représentation extraordinaire, un billet de garde et mille autres tuiles assommantes que vous pouvez énumérer mentalement, aux deux et trop souvent, quatre mortelles heures que consume un grand dîner." So writes Henri de Kock, the talented son of Charles Paul de Kock, and I quite endorse his opinion. Nothing can exceed the delight of a party varying from six to eight, nothing can be more detestable than a dinner of thirty-five or forty. Eight, to my mind, is the proper number; an octagon table, a well-assorted company, a good plain English dinner well cooked, or

a *recherché* French dinner, with good wine, forms an entertainment that cannot be exceeded. Doctor Johnson's sentiments on the proprieties of the table, prove that the surly lexicographer was a *gourmet* of the highest quality.

"I cannot conceive," he says, "the folly of those who, when at table, think of everything but eating; for my part, when I am there, I think of nothing else; and whosoever does not trouble himself with this important affair at dinner or supper, will do no good at any other time." I remember once dining at the Rocher de Cancale at Paris, with a party of Englishmen, excellent fellows, but real gourmands. The dinner was faultless; upon addressing my host, he revelling in a potage bisque d'écrevisse, exclaimed, "I came here to eat, not to talk," and assuredly he carried on the silent system until the repast was over.

While on the subject of the culinary art, I cannot pass over Alexis Soyer, an artist of no inconsiderable talent, taste, and public spirit. In 1837 he was appointed *chef de cuisine* to the Reform Club, then recently erected by Barry in Pall Mall, and his first achievement was the preparation of a public breakfast, given by the members of the Club to two thousand guests at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. M. Soyer next appeared as author, and in this character at once attained celebrity and success. His work, beautifully illustrated, entitled "The Gastronomic Regenerator," commanded a most extensive and profitable sale. It was most favourably reviewed in the pages of "Blackwood,"

in the columns of the "Times" and other newspapers. I quote the following from the leading journal:—"For ten months he laboured at the pyramid which the remotest posterity shall applaud; and during the whole of that period he was intent upon providing the countless means which a living generation have already approved and fully digested. Talk of the labours of a Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor! Sir Robert Peel was not an idle man, Lord Brougham is a tolerable busy one. Could either, we ask, in the short space of ten months—ten 'little months'—have written 'The Gastronomic Regenerator' and furnished 25,000 dinners, 38 banquets of importance, comprising above 70,000 dishes; besides providing daily for 60 servants, and receiving the visits of 15,000 strangers, all too eager to inspect the renowned altar of a great Apician temple? All this did M. Soyer, and we back him for industry against even the indefatigable Brougham." Although not professedly a wit, Soyer possessed a tolerable fund of humour, as the following anecdote will show. The late Lord Melbourne, who had always an eye for beauty, on paying a visit to the Reform Club, among other questions, asked the *chef* "How is it that you have such a number of good-looking female assistants?" "My Lord," replied Soyer, "we do not want plain cooks here."

Although the members of the Reform Club were great sticklers for economy in every public department of the State, they were most liberal with regard to their own enjoyments, and often did Soyer

receive *carte blanche* to provide dinner for a snug party of eight or ten, who thought nothing of being charged four guineas a-head for it; every delicacy, in and out of season, being provided. Perhaps Soyer's greatest culinary triumph was the dinner given by the Lord Mayor of York and all the provincial Mayors of England to the late Prince Consort, the Lord Mayor of London, and other distinguished guests. It took place in the banqueting hall at York, on the 25th of October, 1850. The bill of fare was most elaborate, and among other *plats* was the following, named the one hundred guinea dish,

	£	s.	d.
5 Turtle's heads, part of fins, and green fat, costing . .	34	0	0
24 Capons, the small *noix* from each side of the middle of the back only used, being the most delicate parts of every bird . .	8	8	0

Soyer must have copied the above idea from Lord Alvanley, for at a dinner given at White's, it was agreed that whoever could produce the most expensive dish should dine for nothing. Alvanley introduced the *noix* of fowls dressed as a fricassee, and came off scot free.

	£	s.	d.
18 Turkeys, the same . . .	8	12	0
18 Poulardes, ditto . . .	5	17	0
16 Fowls, ditto . . .	2	8	0
10 Grouse, ditto . . .	2	5	0
Carried forward	61	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	61	10	0
20 Pheasants, ditto . . .	3	0	0
45 Partridges, ditto . . .	3	7	0
6 Plover, whole . . .	0	9	0
40 Woodcocks, ditto . . .	8	0	0
3 dozen Quails, ditto . . .	3	0	0
100 Snipes, *noix* only . . .	5	0	0
3 dozen Pigeons, *noix* only . .	0	14	0
6 dozen Larks, stuffed . .	0	15	0
Ortolans from Belgium . . .	5	0	0
The garniture, consisting of cockscombs, truffles, mushrooms, crayfish, olives, American asparagus, *coustades*, sweetbreads, quenelles de volaille, green mangoes, and a new sauce named after the inventor Alexis Soyer .	14	10	0
Total	105	5	0

A painted window in the banqueting hall at York records the dinner above referred to.

I was once requested by a friend of mine to ask Soyer whether he would go to his house, professionally, with a view to giving the cook a few finishing lessons. He went, and to his great dismay found that the female artist was not very far advanced in the art of cooking—to use his expression, she had hardly got over her A B C. He sought the master of the house, told him it would be robbing him if he gave the cook any lessons, and politely refused any remuneration for his visit. "The change of air, and the pleasure I have

received in visiting your garden and model farm have amply repaid me." Delighted at Soyer's gentlemanlike manner, and gratified at his liberality, he urged Soyer to stay and dine with him. To this he acceded, and taking an opportunity of visiting the kitchen, gave some valuable hints and practical assistance. So much so that the lady of the house was quite surprised at finding her soup and *entrées* very superior to what they had been before the arrival of Alexis Soyer. Before leaving, the *chef* remarked to my friend that he had seen some splendid pigs in the farmyard. "Beautiful, but not very profitable," replied the host.

"Let me offer a suggestion," said Soyer, "with your permission I will send you a machine with a receipt to make the best sausages, and you will, instead of receiving 'tenpence a pound for the raw article, realize a shilling for the manufactured one.'" This was done, and my friend's sausages were eagerly sought after at the market of the adjoining town.

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The present century has produced many writers who have devoted their talents to the art of cooking, and numerous works have issued from the press both by amateurs and professionals. Among the most notable of non-professionals may be mentioned Dr. Kitchener, whose "Cook's Oracle" was evidently the result of a thorough knowledge of the "Almanach des Gourmands." This oracle of culi-

nary lore piqued himself upon being a *bon vivant;* over his dining-room table was seen the following notice, "Come at seven, go at eleven," which was transformed by the arch hoaxer, Theodore Hook, into "Come at seven, go *it* at eleven." Thomas Walker's "Original" contains many valuable hints on plain but good living; he gives the following piece of advice, selfish to a degree, but quite original: "If you have a woodcock for dinner, and only a friend to partake of it, plead a sprained wrist as an excuse for not carving; if you carve it, you must give him the best bit; if he carves it, he must give you the best bit." In "Table Traits," by Dr. Doran, who writes well upon all subjects, we find "une érudition gastronomique tout à fait parfaite." To those who think there is nothing like good eating and drinking to bring out the humanities, Jerrold's "Epicure's Year Book" will be read with pleasure. Hayward, who ranks high in the literary world, is a *gourmet* of taste and sentiment; his "Art of Dining" is truly amusing and instructive; he, moreover, possesses the art of giving a relish to even a bad dinner by his conversational powers. Of professional writers we have first and foremost Ude, Francatelli, and Soyer. Of Ude and Soyer I have already spoken. Francatelli adopts Dr. Johnson's views, that "Cookery is one of the arts that aggrandise life," and he must be pronounced to be a master of that art, as those can vouch for who have had the honour of dining in former days at Windsor Castle, who knew him at Crockford's, and at the Freemason's Tavern. Some

three years ago my old regiment, the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), had their annual dinner at the Freemason's Tavern, and a better one could not have been placed on table. Among older and, in many instances, good authorities, we have Mrs. Glasse's "Art of Cookery made Plain and Easy;" Mrs. Cleland's "New and Easy Method of Cookery," to which might have been added, "or Piracy made easy to the meanest capacity," for this new work was entirely taken from one by Sir John Hill. Next came Mrs. Rundle's "New System," followed by Miss Acton, who published "Modern Cookery in all its Branches," and which has become a standard volume. I have selected the names of the best writers on culinary matters that I have met with,—

"Le reste ne vaut pas l'honneur d'être nommé."

While on the subject of culinary artists, I am reminded of an anecdote told of the late Duke of Wellington's cook, than whom a better artist did not exist. It is not, however, with his artistic powers I have to do, it is to the knowledge of his chief I am about to refer.

During the battle of Waterloo, as hour after hour thousands on thousands of fugitives poured along the village towards Brussels, or at least towards the forest of Soignies, crying "that all was lost," "the English beaten," "the French victorious and coming," the incredulous cook continued, unmoved, his preparations for his master's dinner.

"Fly," cried one after another, "the French are coming, and you will be killed."

But the imperturbable artist, strong in his faith of invariable victory, only replied,

"No; I have served my master while he has fought a hundred battles, and he never yet failed to come to his dinner."

So he cooked on, spite of flying thousands; and the cook was right—the Duke came, though rather late upon that occasion.

A great deal has been said with regard to the expense of French or German man-cooks, and I think the general opinion is that they are more expensive than English ones. This I doubt very much; and they possess one great advantage, they take a pride in their art and science. Moreover, their imagination (especially that of a French artist) is more brilliant than is usual with our countrymen; they can at the shortest notice, if a visitor drops in, improvise a nice *plat*. The best *cordons bleus* I have known have come from abroad, and with a little encouragement, praise when they want it, and censure when deserved, they will furnish repasts worthy of Heliogabalus or any other *gourmet*. I knew a French cook who left an excellent situation under a most popular nobleman, because his culinary labours, if appreciated, were never noticed; and I remember another telling me, "I should be a great robber if I remained with my present employer, for a woman cook of thirty pounds a year would cook his 'bif-steak,' and furnish all he requires. My *suprême de volaille* came down yesterday untouched, and I re-

ceived a message this morning never to send up the artichokes except plain boiled, though I pride myself on *mes artichaux, sauce Baragoule!*" I have seen excellent women cooks, but unfortunately few can "stand fire" as well as men; hence some take to drinking. If they can resist this, as happily many do, then I should advocate woman's culinary rights, and vote for universal female suffrage in the kitchen.

The above remarks are applicable to first-rate artists; of those who call themselves "good plain cooks," I can only say that in nineteen cases out of twenty the description is incorrect. The generality do not know how to roast, stew, or boil. They will send up greasy soup, occasionally smoked, the fish will be underdone, the joint roasted to a tinder, potatoes hot without and hard within, the pastry indigestible; and yet these professors, who know as much of the art of cooking as the boy who mixes Millais' colours does of painting, ask from thirty to forty guineas wages, in addition to their board and washing. I am aware that, better late than never, some schools have been established for teaching the culinary art, and I trust they will meet with the support of the public. The indigenous food of a "Britisher" is roast beef; so long as that can be nicely served no one need complain. How often, however, is it spoiled by careless or ignorant cooks.

A wonderful change has taken place, not only as regards our meals, but the hours of breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Moore, in eulogising a French *déjeûner*

received in visiting your garden and model farm have amply repaid me." Delighted at Soyer's gentlemanlike manner, and gratified at his liberality, he urged Soyer to stay and dine with him. To this he acceded, and taking an opportunity of visiting the kitchen, gave some valuable hints and practical assistance. So much so that the lady of the house was quite surprised at finding her soup and *entrées* very superior to what they had been before the arrival of Alexis Soyer. Before leaving, the *chef* remarked to my friend that he had seen some splendid pigs in the farmyard. "Beautiful, but not very profitable," replied the host.

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received in visiting your garden and model farm have amply repaid me." Delighted at Soyer's gentlemanlike manner, and gratified at his liberality, he urged Soyer to stay and dine with him. To this he acceded, and taking an opportunity of visiting the kitchen, gave some valuable hints and practical assistance. So much so that the lady of the house was quite surprised at finding her soup and *entrées* very superior to what they had been before the arrival of Alexis Soyer. Before leaving, the *chef* remarked to my friend that he had seen some splendid pigs in the farmyard. "Beautiful, but not very profitable," replied the host.

"Let me offer a suggestion," said Soyer, "with your permission I will send you a machine with a receipt to make the best sausages, and you will, instead of receiving 'tenpence a pound for the raw article, realize a shilling for the manufactured one.'" This was done, and my friend's sausages were eagerly sought after at the market of the adjoining town.

The energetic charity and public spirit of Alexis Soyer raised him to a higher honour than that which he had earned merely as a professor of the culinary art. During the Irish famine in 1847, he suggested the opening of a subscription, which he headed with a donation of thirty pounds, for the purpose of establishing a model soup-kitchen in London and Dublin. Soyer's efforts to relieve the sufferings of the Irish were highly successful, as the result of his operations at his soup-kitchen in Dublin will show. Between the 6th of April and

the 14th of August, he distributed 1,147,278 rations of soup and bread, making 2,868,197 pounds weight of food. To supply that number of rations by the ordinary plan of preparing food, would have cost £15,536, whereas by Soyer's method, as adopted in his model kitchen, the total cost was just one half that amount; thus the sum of £7,768 was saved to the public funds. While in the Emerald Isle, he published a sixpenny book, entitled "The Poor Man's Regenerator," a most valuable and practical work. In 1848 he addressed himself to the alleviation of the distress of the Spitalfields weavers; in 1849 he published one of the best standard books upon cookery, "The Modern Housewife," and shortly afterwards brought out his "Magic Stove," which was of the greatest benefit, both in England and in the Crimea. This miniature kitchen ought to be in every bachelor's house, especially for those who, for breakfast or lunch, like a chop or steak hot from the grill. In 1855 he proceeded to the Crimea, where his services proved highly successful. He died on August 28, 1858, to the great grief of his friends, whose names were legion.

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WARRIORS.

WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANECDOTES OF WELLINGTON—EARL GREY'S EULOGIUM ON THE IRON DUKE—WELLINGTON'S COOLNESS UNDER FIRE—A NARROW ESCAPE.

"E'en to the dullest peasant standing by,
Who fasten'd still on him a wondering eye,
He seem'd the master-spirit of the land."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"Accoutumé d'aller de victoire en victoire,
Il cherche en tous lieux les dangers et la gloire."

D. Sanche D'Arragon. CORNEILLE.

"En ce héros tout est illustre et grand."

Sertorius. CORNEILLE.

"England exulting in his spotless fame
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name."

H. K. WHITE.

THE life of Wellington is too closely interwoven with the history of this country to be made the subject of a brief memoir. Moreover, in a former work I have given my personal reminiscences of that illustrious man, who is said to have eclipsed the splendour of Hannibal and dimmed the glory of Cæsar :—

"On, on, regardless of himself he went;
And, by no change elated or depressed,
Fought till he won th' imperishable wreath,
Leading the conqueror's captive; on he went,
Bating nor heart nor hope, whoe'er opposed;
The greatest warriors, in their turn appearing,
The last that came, the greatest of them all."

So writes S. Rogers, and here I might dwell upon the deeds of Wellington, the active zeal he displayed in the disastrous war in Flanders, his vigorous services when in command of Seringapatam, his victorious deeds in the Deccan, where, in the words of the historian, he "subdued, with greater danger than loss of his army, natives most safe in position, most difficult of access, and cruel in ferocity," his distinguished exertions at Copenhagen, the military triumphs which his valour achieved on the banks of the Douro, the Tagus, the Ebro, and the Garonne, but that they have been recorded by other pens than mine. Suffice it then to say that, great as Wellington was in the most onerous duties of the battle-field, he was equally good in all the generous offices of social intercourse.

There is an anecdote of Wellington that I have never seen in print, and which I have every reason to believe is founded on fact. One day, during the Peninsular campaign, an officer sent in to say he wished to have an interview with his Grace. Wellington, being very much occupied at the moment, declined to see him. The importunate officer would take no denial, so he sat down in the ante-room, ready to pounce upon his chief as he passed through.

At length Wellington made his appearance, evidantly in a great hurry, and in earnest conversation with his military secretary, Fitzroy Somerset. Up jumped the man who had previously tormented the Duke with assumed grievances, and was beginning to relate another with great circumlocution, to which his Grace, absorbed with other more important business, paid no heed.

"May I proceed, your Grace, to—"

Where he was anxious to proceed to I know not, but he was cut short by the remark,

"You may go to H—."

"Oh, I never mention it," except to say it is a place supposed to be paved with good intentions. The officer looked aghast, but on recovering his composure went off at once to the office of the Quarter-master-General, the late Sir George Murray. Upon sending up his name, and saying that he came direct from the Commander-in-Chief for a route, he was at once admitted. Sir George was an excellent officer, extremely quiet in his manner, placid in temper, and of rather a religious turn. Great was his surprise and horror when the officer said,

"The Duke of Wellington has told me to go to H—. Would you kindly furnish me with a route?"

Sir George's state of mind may be better understood than described.

Let me now give a few striking instances of Wellington's coolness. Upon one occasion, when he was pursuing the French on a foggy morning, he found a division of our men much exposed in

advance, nearly separated from the rest of the army, and the French in a village within a mile of where he was standing. He could see nothing; but on some prisoners being brought in, and asked what French division and how many men were within the village, they, to the dismay of everyone except Wellington, stated that the whole French army were there. "Oh, they are all there, are they?" said he. "Well, then, we must mind what we are about."

Another time, soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and when we were waiting in position, expecting an attack, early one morning Lord Aylmer came suddenly in to tell the Duke, who was shaving, that the French were all off, and the last cavalry mounting to be gone. The consequence of which movement was to relieve Wellington entirely, to give him Almeida and preserve Portugal. On hearing this, he merely took the razor off for one minute, and said,

"Ay, I thought they meant to be off, very well," and then another shave, just as before, without another word, until he was dressed.

During the battle of Talavera, Albuquerque sent Wellington, by a staff officer, a letter informing him that Cuesta, the commander of the Spanish army in the action, was a traitor, and actually playing into the enemy's hands. He was intently watching the progress of the action as the despatch reached him; he took the letter, read it, and turning to the aide-de-camp coolly said,

"Very well, Colonel, you may go back to your brigade."

On another occasion, just before the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, when the proximity of the allies to Marmont's army placed them in considerable danger by reason of the non-arrival of their flank divisions, a Spanish general was astonished to find the English commander lying on the ground in front of his troops, serenely and imperturbably awaiting the issue of the peril.

"Well, General," said the Spaniard, "you are here with two weak divisions, and you seem to be quite at your ease, it is enough to put one in a fever."

"I have done the best," the Duke replied, "that could be done according to my own judgment, and hence it is that I don't disturb myself, either about the enemy in front or about what they may say in England."

One more anecdote of the Duke's coolness may not be here out of place,

"How long before the French can come up?" asked Wellington, hearing of the pursuit that was thundering close to his rear, in the most critical hours of the short Spanish night.

"Half-an-hour at least," was the answer.

"Very well, then I will turn in and get some sleep," said the Iron Duke, rolling himself in a cloak, and lying down in the ditch to rest as soundly for the single half hour, as any tired drummer-boy.

On his journey from Paris to Vienna in 1815 to attend the Congress, Wellington breakfasted, dined, and slept in his carriage, only stopping for an hour early in the morning to make his toilet. We were

nine days and nights in accomplishing that which can now be done in a quarter of the time.

Wellington's aversion to the pomp and circumstances in which the generals of other armies delight, was sometimes carried to a fault. His famous ride for example to the site of the bridge of boats on the Adour, carried him through a country which was by no means safe, yet he performed it without an escort, Lord Fitzroy Somerset alone attending him. Indeed, escorts he entirely rejected, except when engaged in the act of reconnoitring close to the enemy's position. More than once he had a narrow escape of his life, or of being taken prisoner. When the enemy were falling back to Orthez, he shot a-head of his advanced guard and made for a hill, where he conceived he should command a full view of the line of march. Lord Fitzroy, Colonel Gordon, and several other officers were with him, but no escort. Gordon happened to be well mounted, and rode a little a-head of the rest, by which means he gained the brow of the hill, while Wellington was yet a yard or two from the summit. Right in his teeth came a party of French cavalry, when he had just time, and only just time to escape, by wheeling round and galloping back. Down came the troopers upon Gordon, and away went Wellington and his staff, their swords drawn, but trusting more to the speed of their horses than to their right arms, and by the speed of their horses alone they escaped. On the other hand, this habit of passing

from point to point, well nigh like a private person, gave him opportunities of seeing with his own eyes the movement of the enemy, and enabled him to take advantage of it.

Humbug, of which there is so much all over the world, in every line, was never the fashion at Wellington's head-quarters. From the Iron Duke downward there was mighty little. Everyone attended to the maxim of their chief, which was, "Let everyone do his duty well, and never let me hear of any difficulties whatever." Wellington himself was a striking instance of how duty should be carried on, as will be seen by the following anecdote. William Pitt, as Prime Minister, often came in contact with the Duke, and a few months before his death wrote of Wellington as follows, "I never met with any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service, but never after he has undertaken it."

"One day," so writes an eminent historian, "the Commissary-General told the Duke that the army had eaten nearly all the oxen in the country, that the cultivation of the lands in Portugal could not go on for want of them, and that he scarcely knew where to turn for a supply of beef, as there was that year no reserve store near Lisbon."

Wellington replied, "Well then, we must set about eating all the sheep, and when they are gone I suppose we must go."

General Murray, on hearing this, added, "Historians will say that the British army came and

carried on war in Spain and Portugal until they had eaten all the beef and mutton in the country, and were then compelled to withdraw."

The late Earl Grey, Wellington's constant opponent in politics, after reading the Duke's despatches said,

"I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that, in every circumstance of public life the Duke of Wellington is the greatest man that ever lived. How striking is that expression, when it was debated whether the army should make its retreat from Portugal, and the by-port of Cacino was suggested as the point of embarkation; he still stood out for Lisbon, writing to the Government at home four military reasons, and concluding with this fifth, 'Besides after all the brillant conduct of the army, I should be sorry to see them go out by the back-door, when they have a right to go out by the front-door like gentlemen.'"

One more anecdote of the Duke must suffice, and it is one which I believe is not generally known, and which proves how stringent he was with respect to obeying orders. The late Lord Derby, when having one of his country mansions decorated, was having the central hall-floor either painted or tesselated. A young man was at work on one of the walls, when the Earl ordered a number of slippers to be thrown on the door-mat, desiring this young man to order anyone that came in to put on a pair before crossing the passage, and adding to the order, "If anyone fails to attend to it, you must take him by the shoulder and turn

him out." Soon after a party returned from hunting, and the Duke, with his splashed boots, opened the door and rushed along the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and seizing his Grace by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house. In the course of the afternoon Lord Derby summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and seating himself beside the great warrior, demanded who had had the impertinence to push the Duke out of doors. The painter, all of a tremble, came orward and said,

"It was I, my Lord."

"And pray," rejoined the Earl, "how came you to do it?"

"By your orders, my Lord."

On this his Grace turned round to Lord Derby, and smiling, drew a sovereign out of his purse, which he gave to the workman, adding, "You were right to obey orders."

WARRIORS.

CLYDE.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL—AFTERWARDS LORD CLYDE—HIS ACHIEVEMENTS IN INDIA—CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE—THE SCOTCH BRIGADE IN THE CRIMEA.

"His sword, (death's stamp),
Where it did mark, it took.

. . . . . .

When by-and-bye the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; when he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting."

SHAKSPEARE.

I HAVE had the pleasure of knowing two Colin Campbells, one the subject of this memoir, the hero of Chillianwallah and Inkerman, who afterwards graced the peerage as Lord Clyde, the other a brother aide-de-camp of mine, when serving on the staff of Wellington. Clyde was every inch a soldier, and one of the most unassuming men I ever met. The first time I saw him was at a small dinner party at Sir Willoughby Cotton's, previous to his

grand career in the Crimea. Our host tried in vain to get Colin Campbell to describe the battle of Chillianwallah, or rather the part he had taken in it, but nothing would induce this gallant Scot to allude in the slightest degree to his own merits, for he confined himself to a sketch of the action, and the noble bearing of the troops under his command. A brief account of that battle may not be out of place; however, before I attempt it, I will lay before my readers a characteristic anecdote of Sir Colin, which occurred during the Mutiny in India. A young soldier complained to his general that his (the complainant's) sword was "too short."

"Make it longer," replied the great man, "by going a step nearer the enemy."

The battle of Chillianwallah, in which Clyde, then Campbell, took so active a part, is thus described: On the 12th of January, 1849, Gough resolved to bring Shere Singh to action before a junction with his father, Chuttur Singh, could take place, for Shere Singh's forces already amounted to forty thousand men, with sixty-two guns, and they would be raised to half as much more by the arrival of Chuttur Singh. For this purpose he marched at daylight to attack the Sikh army, which lay intrenched in a very strong position, broken by copsewood and jungle, and intersected by deep ravines near the village of Chillianwallah. Lord Gough approached this formidable position about noon, and found the enemy drawn up in battle array, prepared to engage. A skirmish of horse-artillery soon ensued between the advanced posts,

which led to Gough bringing up some heavy pieces, and these soon silenced the light guns the enemy had pushed forward; but seeing this they immediately opened with their whole guns from right to left. It was now evident they would advance their guns so as to reach the British encampment before night. Lord Gough, therefore, resolved to anticipate them by an immediate attack, even before their position had been fully ascertained. Hastily the troops, though wearied with a long march, were drawn up in order of battle. Gilbert's division on the right, flanked by Pope's brigade of cavalry, with three troops of horse-artillery. The heavy guns were stationed in the centre, and the field-batteries were with the infantry. Campbell's division, flanked by Brigadier White's brigade of cavalry, and Colonel Brind's horse-artillery, were on the left. The Sikhs were drawn up in the interstices of thick jungle, which were occupied by sharpshooters, who, themselves concealed, kept up a heavy fire on the advancing columns. They were fully forty thousand strong, with sixty-two guns, and equally strong in cavalry, which was chiefly massed on their extreme left, where the ground was favourable to the action of that arm. The entire British force was under twenty thousand combatants.

The battle began with a cannonade which lasted nearly two hours. A forward movement was then ordered by the British left, and Campbell's men, headed by their chief, advanced with great steadiness to the charge. But when they approached the

enemy they were received with such a tremendous fire from the batteries in position, aided by a cross fire of musketry from the enemy in the thickets, that they were forced to retire, after sustaining a very severe loss. After some vigorous and successful charges, both from cavalry and infantry, the engagement ended in a drawn battle. The severe loss we sustained, for no less than 27 officers, and 731 men were killed, and 66 officers, including Campbell wounded, in all 2269, and an untoward event that occurred, excited a strong feeling of alarm in England. The whole blame was laid on Gough, and the clamour raised for his recall was so loud that the Government at home yielded to it, and determined on sending out Sir Charles Napier to replace one of the bravest soldiers that ever breathed, and who shortly afterwards gained a glorious victory near Goojerat. To return to Lord Clyde.

Perhaps the most signal instance of a general fighting successfully against an overmatched force, in point of numbers, was afforded by Clyde.

At the relief of Lucknow and defeat of the Gwalior Contingent at Cawnpore in 1857, the achievement was effected by less than six thousand men against sixty thousand; the troops defeated being inferior to none in the world in the defence of strongholds and fortifications; and among the garrison safely brought out were above two thousand sick, or women and children, not one of whom was lost.

Sir Colin Campbell's prowess during the Crimean war is too well known to require any comment of

mine, but I cannot refrain from reminding the reader of an incident which is mentioned by the author of "Letters from Head-Quarters, or the Realities of the War in the Crimea." It is thus recorded: "It was a touching sight to see the meeting between Lord Raglan and Sir Colin Campbell, on the evening of the Battle of the Alma. The latter was on foot, as his horse had been killed in the earlier part of the action. He went up to his Lordship, and, with tears in his eyes, shook hands, saying it was not the first battle-field they had won together, and that now he had a favour to ask, namely, that as his Highlanders had done so well, he might be allowed to claim the privilege of wearing a Scotch bonnet. To this Lord Raglan, of course, gave a smiling assent; and after a few words of friendship on both sides, they parted to their several duties." Clyde

"Died
As he had lived his country's boast and pride."

And when we see an illustrious public life accompanied and adorned with so much simplicity, we feel (in contradiction to the common observation that heroes do not improve on a close acquaintance) that there is at least one heroic reputation:

"Quæ si propius stes
Te capiet magis."

And that Colin Campbell (I give his fame name) the better he is known, the more he will be honoured and beloved.

WARRIORS.

ANDREW BARNARD.

CHAPTER XV.

SIR ANDREW BARNARD OF THE OLD 95TH, NOW RIFLE BRIGADE —A DINNER AT THE ALBANY—GLORIOUS ACTIONS OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—43RD., 52ND., AND 95TH REGIMENTS—A GATHERING AT SIR ANDREW'S—HOOK, CANNON, LORD GRAVES, COLONEL ARMSTRONG, EDWARD WALPOLE—THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

"Ay, many a year I followed him
Whose course of glory's run;
Draw round me friends, I'll tell you where
I fought with Wellington.

"For I was one who served with him
Through all his fields in Spain;
Ah, friends! his like we ne'er have seen,
Nor yet shall see again!
And well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

"'Tis nearly fifty years since then—
Yet well I mind the day
When our first march we made with him
To where the Frenchmen lay;
Upon the heights of Roliça,
Laborde fought long and well,
We beat him; how we beat Junot,
Let Vimeira tell.

"They foiled us once at Badajoz;
Good Lord! that work was warm!
It makes one white to think of now,
The night we tried to storm.
But its time came; in that curs'd breach,
By heaven! the French fought well,
But on through blood and fire we went;
In yells and shrieks it fell.

"I swear it warms my blood again,
Although my hair is grey,
To think of how we beat Marmont
On Salamanca's day.

. . . . .

And I was with him once again,
At far-famed Waterloo."

THE DEEDS OF WELLINGTON.

FEW men were more popular than the late Sir Andrew Barnard, of the old 95th, now Rifle Brigade. This gallant corps bears among its honourable badges Copenhagen, Monte Video, Roliça, Vimeira, Corunna, Busaco, Barossa, Fuentes d'Onore, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, Orthez, Toulouse, Peninsula, Waterloo, in many of which actions Barnard took a conspicuous part. As a gallant soldier, as a true friend to everyone, from the highest rank to the most humble grade, as one who in war was as brave as a lion, in peace as gentle as a lamb, he was second to none. The friend of the Sovereign, attached to the Court of George IV., Barnard remained as simple-minded and unaffected as ever, seeking the society of his brethren-in-arms, sympathising with the distress of a former comrade; he much preferred an early, quiet dinner, and a seat in the front row of the pit of a theatre, to the Apician luxuries of

Carlton House. At his rooms in the Albany the utmost hospitality was kept up, and nothing delighted him more than the society of those who had shared his perils and his glories in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Devoted to theatricals, an excellent amateur performer and singer himself, he included among his guests men of literary celebrity of the day. Theodore Hook, the Reverend Edward Cannon, the Reverend Richard Barham (Ingoldsby), ever found a hearty welcome at his board.

I remember being engaged to dine with him one day to meet a most convivial party, when as I was leaving home I received a note, saying that he had received an unexpected command to dine with the King, and requesting me to do the honours for him in his absence. This I accordingly did, when just as the cloth was being removed (for in those days *dîners à la Russe* were not in fashion), our host entered. Hook, who was present, immediately commenced an extemporaneous congratulatory welcome, in which we all joined.

"What brought you back so soon?" asked Barham; we all felt with Macbeth:—

> "Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
> Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present."

"Banqu*et* without Banqu*o*," chimed in Hook.

"The fact is," responded Barnard, "upon reaching Carlton House, I found that Lord Hertford had told the King of my dinner-party, who immediately said, 'Had I been aware of it no invitation would have been sent to you, but as 'between two stools' (or rather two feasts) 'you may fall to the ground,'

dine here, and join your friends the moment you have finished your dinner."

"Long live the King!" shouted Cannon. "Vivat *Rex!* and, by all accounts, *Wrecks* is not an inappropriate word, if applied to His Majesty's constitution."

"Don't be severe, Dean," replied our host. "The King asked very kindly after *you;* also after you," addressing himself to Hook. "He laughed heartily, when he heard that on his birthday you drank to his health as your only creditor."

This was in reference to the debt due to the country owing to Hook's carelessness (to adopt a mild phrase), when in charge of the public purse at the Mauritius.

Theodore, although the subject was not a very palatable one, and had already caused an unpleasant feeling between him and Cannon, burst out into a merry laugh, exclaiming, "As Paddy told a man to whom he owed sixpence, 'May your honour live till I pay you,' so say I, may His Majesty live till I pay him."

Barham thus records the above dinner:—

"March 23rd. Dined at Sir Andrew Barnard's in the Albany. The party consisted of Theodore Hook, Price, Cannon, Lord Graves, Lord William Lennox, Colonel Armstrong, Walpole, and myself. Sir Andrew was called away to attend the King, but returned before ten. In the meantime an unpleasant altercation took place between Cannon and Hook, owing to an allusion, somewhat ill-timed, made by the former to 'Treasury defaulters.'

This circumstance interrupted the harmony of the evening, and threw a damp upon the party. Hook made but one pun: on Walpole's remarking that of two paintings mentioned, one was 'a shade above the other in point of merit,' he replied, 'I presume you mean to say it was a *shade over* (*chef d'œuvre*).' Cannon, it will be seen by the above, was very bitter when anything went wrong; probably upon this occasion he was suffering from a bilious attack, brought on by a late supper on the previous night. Shortly afterwards he attended a dinner of the Literary Fund Society, where Fitzgerald, the *poet*, spouted as usual, and broke down in the middle of his speech. 'Poeta nascitur non *Fitz*,' was Cannon's remark."

Before I proceed further, let me briefly lay before my readers the glorious actions in which the 95th took part. In 1809, the Light Brigade under Major-General Robert Crauford, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th (Rifles) reached Talavera the day following the battle, after marching sixty miles in twenty-six hours. With this reinforcement, it was Sir Arthur Wellesley's intention to have maintained his ground, but hearing of the advance of Soult, and as Cuesta refused until too late to send a Spanish corps to defend Baños, the point to which Soult directed his movements, and as supplies of every kind were with difficulty obtained at Talavera, Sir Arthur resolved on moving with the British army to Placentia, in the hope of encountering Soult, Ney, and Mortier.

At dawn of day in September, 1810, the battle

of Busaco commenced by the French making two desperate attacks upon the right and centre of the allied army, General Simon's brigade leading the assault. The fire of the light troops and the horse artillery scattered death among the leading columns, but did not check their advance. Upon reaching the summit of the rising ground, they deployed into line, when Crauford, who had watched the upward progress of the French brigade, cried "Charge!" The order was promptly obeyed, and the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th rushed forward with the bayonet, carrying all before them. The French gave way, their columns were overlapped by the light troops; they broke, they retreated, when volley after volley was poured into them, tumbling them down the hill, whence they escaped, covered by the fire of Ney's guns from the opposite side.

Again in 1811, when Massena was retreating, and Wellington, following the baffled Field-Marshal, came up with him several times, the Light Division, aided by the German Hussars and the Portuguese Caçadores, drove the French from the castle and town of Pombal, and took several prisoners. On the 12th of March, the enemy having, during the previous night, reached a strong position at the end of a defile between Redinha and Pombal, with their right in a wood, Redinha in their rear, and their left extending towards some high ground above the river of Redinha, the Light Division, led by Sir W. Erskine, forced the wood in gallant style. Wellington, in his despatches, bore personal testimony to the dashing facility with which the

operations were performed. Unaware of the strength of the position they had taken up at Casal Nova, owing to the density of the fog, Erskine sent forth the 52nd regiment to attack them. Isolated, opposed by a superior force, the 52nd were in peril, but it held its ground until the residue of the Light Division came to its rescue. The combat then became general, and after a sharp struggle our arms were victorious. Wellington again in his despatches, recognises the services of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th as having particularly distinguished themselves. To mark his sense of the services of the three regiments, he recommended a sergeant of each for promotion to an ensigncy.

At Barossa, the guns under Major Duncan opened a terrific fire against Laval's column, and Barnard, then Colonel Barnard, running vehemently out with his riflemen and some Portuguese companies, commenced the fight, which finally added another victory to our arms. Among those who won additional honours on this day, were Barnard, Gough, who rose to be Lord Gough, and commanded the 87th, Wheatley, who died Sir Henry, Privy Purse to his Sovereign, and John Macdonald, who lived to be Adjutant-General of the British army.

The winter of 1811 was very severe, and to relieve the monotony that followed a life of action, every amusement that could be got up was supported by all, from the commander-in-chief down to the humblest subaltern. Wellington had a pack of hounds, and many a day's sport did they afford; the men of

the Light Division converted a barn into a theatre, in which several amateur performances took place, Andrew Barnard uniting the characters of manager and actor. His acting was first-rate, and his singing of Irish songs added much to the success of the evening's entertainment.

In 1812, the Light Division volunteered their services, as a forlorn hope, to take part in the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the storming party, under the immediate command of Major George Napier, fell in at the hour indicated by Wellington, when Major-General Crauford addressed them as follows: "Soldiers! the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady—be cool—be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts, and in doing this keep together."

As a contrast to the above address, let me give that of Picton to the 88th Connaught Rangers:— "Rangers of Connaught! It is not my intention to expend any *powder* this evening. We'll do this business with *could iron!*"

The signal for the attack was the discharge of a rocket. It rose with rapidity from one of the batteries. "Now, lads, for the breach!" cried Crauford, and off started the Light Division in double quick. A tremendous fire from the ramparts, of canister, grape, round shot, shell, musketry and fire-balls, saluted the advancing column, still "Forward!" was the word. At the first discharge Crauford fell; the shouts of victory were the last he heard from the gallant troops he led, and his

last moments were full of anxiety as to the success of the enterprise, and consideration for his Light Division. After a terrible struggle the lesser breach was in the hands of the Light Division. In five-and-thirty minutes from the commencement the British colours were planted in the principal square.

In a very interesting work, entitled "Adventures of a Soldier," the writer tells us that when Wellington saw the 95th on its march, he inquired of one of his staff, "Who the devil are those fellows?" No wonder that such a question should be asked, for after the siege the 95th were marched back to their quarters, and as they crossed the bridge they presented a most motley crew; some who had looted the night before, were decked out in jack-boots, frock coats, epaulets, foreign shakos, and medals. As they filed out they met the Fifth Division on their way to repair the breach; when the division formed on the left of the road, presented arms, and cheered them as they passed.

The 95th had, previous to the assault, carried on duty in the trenches, the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and Light Division each taking its separate turn every twenty-four hours.

At Badajoz nothing could exceed the gallantry of the 95th, but the conquest was deeply purchased. The loss of the British in this siege amounted to about six thousand men. Among them were many officers, for the officers of the highest rank led their men to the deadly breaches, thus setting a noble example of gallantry. To take part in a "forlorn

hope" was the height of their ambition. Among the officers slain was Major O'Hare, of the 95th—as brave a soldier as ever existed.

The march to Salamanca was admirably well conducted; that of the Light Division was worthy of especial notice. The men were fine, strong, and active young fellows, well seasoned to endure fatigue; the officers were second to none, and the discipline was perfect. The commanding officers of the respective corps, the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th, never tormented the men by unnecessary show parades—"the march," as it has been aptly stated, "was their parade." The men of the Light Division carried about eighty pounds weight, including musket, bayonet, accoutrements, knapsack, haversack, sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and, by turns, a bill-hook of seven pounds weight to cut away any impediment that might fall in their way. The baggage, which never exceeded that recognised by the authorities, followed the line of march in succession. The mules of each company were tied together, and conducted by two bat-men in rotation. Every regiment found a subaltern, and each brigade a captain, to superintend the baggage. The hardships the officers and men underwent during the Peninsular campaign, more especially those on outpost duty, beggar all description. At any and at all hours intelligence poured in from the front that the enemy were advancing. The bugles sounded, "Form the battalion" was the order, which was promptly obeyed. After an hour in the cold and wet, the alarm proved to be a false one, and cold

and comfortless they returned to their quarters, a barn or a dismantled roofless house, overrun with rats—the straw palliasse, a receptacle for that vermin which may justly be described as "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Then the food, dry weevilly biscuits, the saltest of beef, and fiery spirits. For those who had been brought up in luxury, what a contrast! instead of the well-cut coat, the neat trouser, the faultless white cambric tie, the carefully brushed hat, the French kid glove, the highly polished boot, the clean-shaved face, the dandy of Bond Street appeared in a ragged jacket, torn pantaloons, shirt of unspeakable hue, worn out foraging cap, shaggy whiskers and beard, "unshaven, unshorn," looking like the priest in the nursery ballad, "all forlorn." A French officer thus described what an officer or soldier should be in such a country during war. "To live in this country one should have the heart of a lion, the strength of a horse, the feelings of a savage, the appetite of a mouse." He might have added, the digestion of an ostrich.

At the siege of St. Sebastian volunteers were required to form the "forlorn hope" from the 1st, 4th, and Light Divisions. To the honour of the latter, they volunteered to a man, the Light "Bobs" furnishing 150. In 1813, at Arcangues, the Light Division, commanded by General Kempt, maintained an irregular fight with Clausel's troops. At Orthez the Light Division, under Baron Alten, was directed to advance up a ravine between Beresford and

Picton's columns, to give support where it might be wanted. The left wing of the Allies began the battle. Sir Lowry Cole, with the fourth division, after a sharp contest, carried the village of St. Boes. Marshal Beresford was moved forward with Cole's division still leading to attack the right of the enemy on a bold hill above. The troops advanced in gallant order, but the approach was along a narrow ridge, with ravines on either side. Upon the summit of this, two lines of French infantry were drawn up to oppose them. The ground over which they marched was commanded by a heavy battery of field artillery, and in the upper part of the ravines upon their flanks the French had posted strong bodies of light infantry. Despite the brave efforts of our troops, they were beaten back by a terrible fire both of artillery and infantry. A Portuguese brigade was so severely treated that it broke in confusion, and was only saved by the timely support of a brigade of the Light Division, which moved upon its flank and covered its retreat. Under these circumstances, Wellington suddenly changed his plan of attack, and directed Walker, with the seventh division, and Barnard with a brigade of the Light Division, to ascend the height by its left, and attack the enemy's right at that bend by which it was connected with the centre. He then ordered Picton and Clinton to lead their divisions. Thus the face of the battle was changed, for these orders were executed with such rapidity that the crest of the position was soon gained, and

after a desperate struggle on the heights the enemy retired, moving off in good order, disputing their ground as they retreated with great steadiness and bravery. At Waterloo the 95th distinguished itself. The long tried discipline and steadiness of this regiment, though often exposed to the most critical junctures that can occur in war, never forsook it for a single moment, either during the long struggle in the Peninsula, or on the blood-stained field of Waterloo. I cannot conclude this brief account of the Rifles without giving the following extract from one of Wellington's despatches, dated September, 1810. In praising the conduct of the Light Division, he says :—

"Throughout the contest on the Serra, and in all the previous marches, and those which we have since made, the troops have conducted themselves in the most regular manner. Accordingly all the operations have been carried on with ease; the soldiers have suffered no privations, have undergone no unnecessary fatigue; there has been no loss of stores, and the army is in the highest spirit."

During the occupation of France by the allied armies under Wellington, Sir Andrew Barnard was appointed Commandant of Cambray, the head-quarters of the British army. Here he did all in his power to promote the amusement of the officers of the garrison by becoming a steward of the races, and supporting all manly amusements. Every exertion was made by him, myself, and the late Frederick Yates, then in the Commissariat Department, to get

up private theatricals, but unfortunately there was no theatre in the town. One day, accompanied by Barnard and Colonel Smith, of the Engineers, we inspected every building that looked suitable for the purpose, but without avail. There was one small dancing room, but it would not have contained a third of the audience we trusted to attract. The only likely place was a stable, with a loft over it, at the Hôtel du Grand Canard. If we could have obtained the entire building it could have easily been converted into a theatre, but the owner said it was impossible to let us have the stable, though the loft was at our service. The question then arose as to the safety of the structure, when Smith pronounced it to be impossible to prop it up in any way to render it secure; he moreover added, that the noise of the horses underneath would entirely mar the performance, not to mention the odour that would arise from an Augean stable occupied by twenty or thirty diligence and post horses. The idea then of garrison theatricals was abandoned, and we had to console ourselves by visiting those at Valenciennes, where there was a remarkably pretty theatre. During the winter Wellington, who rented a château at Mont St. Martin, a few leagues from Cambray, allowed us to convert a large room into a theatre. Here we got up some very good plays, much to the delight of our chief, who always entered fully and freely into the amusements of his personal staff and officers. I give a programme of the opening night:—

THEATRE MONT ST. MARTIN.

This evening will be performed the favourite farce of

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,

Sir Gilbert Pumpkin . .	Sir Andrew Barnard.
Charles Stanley , . .	The Hon. Seymour Bathurst.
Harry Stukely . . .	Mr. Stewart.
Diggory	Colonel Egerton.
Cymon	Mr. St. John.
Miss Bridget Pumpkin . .	Lord Arthur Hill (the late Lord Sandys.)
Miss Kitty Sprightly . .	Mr. Craddock (the late Lord Howden.)

A new melodrama will shortly be brought out, with entirely new music, scenery, dresses, machinery, and decorations, in which Lord William Lennox will take the principal part.

In other bills, in all of which Barnard took principal characters, we find the popular farces of the "Beehive," the "Mayor of Garratt," "Who's the Duke?" with the announcement that Lord George Lennox would shortly make his *debût* in the character of Joe in the "Beehive," and that Mr. Henry Barnard (the late General) would appear for the first time as Emily in the same farce.

I have referred to a dinner that took place at the Albany, and will now record one that was given by Barham at his residence in St. Paul's Churchyard. The septett consisted of Andrew Barnard, Hook, Cannon, Beazley, the evergreen Hill, myself, and our host. Hook, who was in the highest spirits, having in the morning sold one of his novels to Colburn for a considerable sum, was as usual the life and soul of the party. During the evening he mentioned the names of two young ladies, the eldest of whom had just turned twenty-one, the name of the second being Louisa.

"Naturally," said he, "I designate them Vingt-et-un and Loo."

Cannon was scarcely less brilliant than Hook, though more censorious and captious in his mood; for when the servant, by one of those unlucky accidents that will occur in the best regulated families, brought him a dish with a small portion of coal-dust that had fallen from the fire into it, he exclaimed,

"Ignoble thought, to have one's mouth turned into a dusthole!"

And when, in an oblivious mood, he failed to pass the preserved currant tart to Hook, who had snubbed him for his dulness, Cannon quietly, though bitterly replied,

"Dull! oh yes, in some societies I always pass *current* for a fool."

Suiting the action to the word he passed the dish to one who certainly could not be called a fool. Happily a quotation from Beazley, "O jest unseen, inscrutable," gave a happy turn to the conversation, which was followed up by Hook shouting after the manner of John Kemble,

"The thunder of my *cannon* shall be heard."

"True," responded Beazley, "as Shakespeare says, 'I have seen the *cannon* when it has blown its ranks into the air;'" and giving a look at Theodore Hook, as much as to say, "Keep out of the range of his fire," changed the conversation by alluding to the topic of the day—Napoleon.

"Don't admire that crittur," said the Dean, who imbibed the natural prejudice, that happily now no

longer exists against our continental neighbours, "Bonaparte, a descendant of an obscure family in Corsica, was only a major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobacconist creole of Martinique."

"Never mind his origin," responded Hook; "there have been many other great people 'low-born men of parentage obscure,' as young Norval says, who have raised themselves by their talents. Confucius was a carpenter."

"A chip of the old block," interrupted Beazley.

"Cincinnatus a ploughboy, a curly-headed ploughboy, who conquered the Volsci," said Cannon, humming a popular ballad of that day.

"Mehemet Ali was a barber—"

"At shaving and tooth-drawing," again chimed in the Dean, singing a verse of Dicky Gossip's song, after the manner of Suet the comedian.

"Oliver Cromwell was a draper; Bernadotte, King of Sweden, a serjeant in the garrison at Martinique when our forces took that island; Madame Bernadotte a getter-up of fine linen at Paris; Franklin a printer; with many other names 'too numerous for this advertisement,' as the playbills and newspapers term it,"

"You are getting too learned, Hookems," said the Dean; "you are quite a living chronological table of remarkable events."

"You are down upon me, as the candle said to the extinguisher," continued Hook.

"Rather cool," interrupted Beazley; "you have stolen that from my farce of the 'Boarding House.'"

"You can afford to spare me one of your jokes," rejoined Theodore, "for I'll back you to build a theatre quicker than all the architects in the world put together, to knock off a play, farce, interlude, song, occasional address, epilogue, prologue, joke, or repartee, better, and in a shorter space of time, than anyone I know."

These eulogiums were fully verified, for Beazley, without the aid of Aladdin's wand, raised up castles, mansions, villas, theatres, squares, crescents, and furnished some of the most popular plays and pointed epigrams of the day. To return to our dinner. Beazley, the inventor of the saying quoted by Hook, which he had previously introduced into one of his farces, told Theodore of the idea, so the latter for the next half hour rang the changes upon it. Thus, when Cannon urged him to sing a few extempore verses, he replied,

"You are very pressing, Dean, as the filberts said to the nutcrackers. Pray pass the wine," he continued, "though I'm sorry to trouble you, as the pin said to the periwinkle."

"Bravo, Hookems," shouted the Dean, "you must give up your plan of going abroad; we can't afford to lose you."

"Oh, it will be all the same one hundred years hence, as the American aloe said when it came into bloom."

"But your song, Hook; only a few verses."

"You really reduce me to extremities, as the rat said to the trap which cut his tail off. I've a bad cold, but will try my best, and hope to come off

with flying colours, as the English general said when he ordered his niggers to retreat. If I attempt a *stave*, don't make a *butt* of me."

He then sang a few verses on the subject we suggested, namely, the "Albany," in which he introduced Byron, who once occupied chambers in it, our host, and other celebrities.

"I'll toss you for a cab," continued Hook; "heads I win, as the man said when he turned phrenologist; tails I lose, as the dog-stealer remarked when he docked the puppies. Why, Deanums, what an overcoat. A regular 'reach-me-down' from a slop shop in St. Mary Axe. Why, the snip never took your measure, as the man did when he stole his neighbour's bushel."

"Who's for a weed?" asked Cannon.

"Wee'd rather not," replied Hook.

"Bring me a light, John, the fire's out."

"Still you have a *grate* prospect, as the prisoner said when he looked out of his cell window.

Among the innumerable good things that were said upon this occasion it is impossible to enumerate them all; moreover, the pen is too slow and cumbrous a machine for the vital reproduction of such scenes. Jokes are nothing without the accompaniment of eye, tone, and gesture, all significant of fun, and the cleverest saying in the world will be deprived of its point if not properly delivered.

To illustrate this view with respect to the due delivery of a joke, I remember a late Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, then Sir Thomas,

afterwards Lord Denman, in his place in the House of Commons, making a pun, which in the mouth of that eccentric, yet highly talented "wag," the late Sir Charles Wetherall, or in that of the more classical wit, John Wilson Croker, would have set the House in a roar. An Honourable Member, in a speech upon the passing of the Reform Bill, when the Borough of Monmouth was undergoing dismemberment, quoted Fluellen's remark in "Henry the Fifth": "There is a river in Macedon, and there is also, moreover, one at Monmouth." This observation attracted the attention of Denman, who without changing a muscle of his countenance, and with that dignified demeanour of manner, that noble bearing, that deep-toned voice for which he was distinguished, replied, "that he saw no parallel in the case, except, indeed, that both Macedon and Monmouth were under the influence of an Alexander."

This happy and ready allusion to the patron of the borough passed unnoticed by the majority, although a few congenial spirits caught the idea, and laughed heartily at the pun, which otherwise would have flashed in the pan. The cries of "Order, order," showed us that many of the Members considered our risible faculties were excited by less legitimate grounds than the saying in question.

If Roscoe's ideas were carried out punsters would lose their vocation, for he tells us that "quasi witty things, faded epigrams, fickle anomalous pleasantries, and defunct repartees, ought not to be dis-

interred. It is like relighting a half-smoked cigar. A humorous thing, on the contrary, is never old. There is a venerable story of a man who came vexed with losses out of a gaming room, and finding another at the top of the stairs tying his shoe, kicked him down the whole flight, saying, 'Damn you, you're *always* tying your shoe!' You cannot exhaust that sort of thing; the oftener you hear it, the better you appreciate it; you laugh when you think of it yourself. So it is with Sydney Smith's sayings, no one need be afraid of telling them over and over again." To the above authority, no mean one, I can say that upon the only occasion I met the author of Peter Plymley's letters he uttered so many good things that I have not space to record them. Among his witty sayings is the following. At a dinner given by Rogers, the poet, the candles were placed all around the dining room, high up, in order to show off the pictures. He asked the witty Dean how he liked that plan. "Not at all," was the reply. "Above there is a blaze of light, and below nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth."

I often had the pleasure of dining with Barnard at the Beefsteak Club, or "The Steaks," as it was called by the members of that society (alas! now no more), which was dedicated to "Beef and Liberty." The society was founded in 1735 by John Rich, the great harlequin and manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and George Lambert, the scene-painter. Under Rich's administration Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was produced, which, according to the wags of the day, was said to have made

"Rich gay and Gay rich." Lambert, who was a very jovial fellow, was often visited in his painting-room by authors, wits, and noblemen devoted to the drama, and not liking to leave off in his work, had a steak cooked in the room. To this frugal meal he invited any of his friends inclined to remain, and as their name was "legion" and the fun great, a club was suggested, and forthwith established in a larger room in the theatre. After some years the place was changed to the Shakespeare Tavern, where a portrait of Lambert, painted by Thomas Hudson, Reynolds' master, ornamented the room. They then returned to Covent Garden Theatre, but being burnt out in 1812, adjourned to the Bedford Coffee House.

It was here that I first dined with the late Duke of Leinster, and a more agreeable evening I never passed. Brougham, John Cam Hobhouse, John Calcraft, afterwards Paymaster of the Forces, and Sir Robert Wilson were present, and the fun was kept up until a late hour. After a time the club removed to the Lyceum Theatre, where I had the pleasure of meeting the Arnolds, who sang delightfully, Henry Stephenson—comptroller to the Duke of Sussex, and the last of the Hessian boots—Saltoun, Thackeray, Teesdale, called the "Mario" of the Beefsteak Club, and others. The dinner consisted of beefsteaks, porter, port wine, and punch. It was the duty of the junior member to act as butler, and bring up all the wine, while another member brewed the punch.

There were certain rules and regulations, which,

if not strictly attended to, were punished by making the offender do penance by walking round the room enveloped with a white sheet or table-cloth. Among other rules was that no speeches were allowed, and this often led to much amusement, occasionally to a serious matter. One evening the President gave as usual the health of the visitors, coupling the toast with the name of a gentleman holding an official appointment, but not blest with a good temper. It had previously been intimated to this gentleman that he would have to return thanks, it being his first appearance at the festive board. After preparing a speech, which his neighbour told him must occupy not less than five and not more than ten minutes, the victim of the hoax rose to respond. "Mr. Chairman—" "Off! off! sit down!" was the cry. "I rise—" "Down! down!" Getting more excited, he shouted in a loud tone, "What have I done to merit this insult?" Again there was a hallooing, a jingling of glasses, and a clattering of plates, which completely drowned the speaker's voice. After a moment, while the latter was chafing, fuming, and declaring that if he could find the ringleader he would parade him the following morning, the chairman rose, and in a dignified manner proposed that the honourable visitor's speech should be taken down, and printed for the benefit of the society. The victim was then told that the joke, however foolish it might be, was always played on a novice, and that every visitor had gone through the same ordeal. Peace was then proclaimed, and nothing more occurred to mar the harmony of the evening.

Among the men of note that belonged to or were constant visitors at "The Steaks," were George Bubb Doddington (afterwards Lord Melcombe), the distinguished Greek scholar and poet, Richard Glover, author of "Leonidas," "Hosier's Ghost," &c.; Sir Peeve Williams, killed at the siege of Belleisle, June 7th, 1761; Benjamin Hoadley, who assisted Hogarth in composing his "Analysis of Beauty," and wrote "The Suspicious Husband;" Colman the elder, author of "The Clandestine Marriage," partly aided by Garrick, and "The Jealous Wife;" Lord Sandwich, the diplomatist and statesman; John Wilkes, the demagogue; Bonnel Thornton, the humourist; Arthur Murphy, the Irish dramatic writer; Thomas Tickell, the popular writer, poet, and friend of Addison; the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.; Churchill, noted for the keenness of his satire and love of pleasure; David Garrick, the greatest actor that ever graced the stage, and founder of the Drury Lane Fund for decayed performers; Cobb, the dramatist; John Kemble, "Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well"; the Duke of Clarence, afterwards the "Sailor King;" Sir John Cox Hippisley, of magisterial renown; the convivial song writer, Charles Morris; the canny Scot, Ferguson, of Aberdeen; the *bon vivant*, "Jockey of Norfolk;" the unaffected and truly popular Leinster, at that period the only Irish Duke; since that time another equally popular nobleman has attained Ducal honours—the Duke of Abercorn; the gallant guardsman, Saltoun; the brave rifleman, Andrew Barnard; the uncompro-

mising reformer of abuses, Brougham; the enlightened statesman, John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton; the gallant Sir Robert Wilson; Henry Stephenson, the secretary, and life and soul of "The Steaks," and father to the gallant Captain lately commanding Her Majesty's ship "Discovery," in the Polar regions; Lord Kirkwall; Thackeray, the first novelist of his day; Teesdale, the master of foxhounds and the best of amateur vocalists; and last not least, the Arnolds, father and sons, of whom it may be truly said, more talented or honourable men never existed.

Previous to Rich's club being established, I find that a Beefsteak Club was established in the reign of Queen Anne, before the year 1709. I quote from Chetwood's "History of the Stage;" the "Spectator" mentions it, 1710-11. "The Club met at Covent Garden Theatre, and never partook of any dish but beefsteaks. Their Providore was their president, and wore their badge—a small gold gridiron—hung round his neck by a green silk riband."

In 1749, Sheridan, the manager of the theatre, founded one in Dublin. There were forty or fifty members, chiefly noblemen and Members of Parliament; and here the celebrated Peg Woffington is said to have been elected a member, and in male attire to have acted as president for a whole season.

In Dr. King's "Art of Cookery, humbly dedicated to the Beefsteak Club, founded in 1707," that humorous satirist, and bibacious, wrong-headed genius, I find the following lines:—

"He that of honour, wit, and mirth partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beefsteaks;
His name may be to future times enrolled
In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's framed of gold."

The above Estcourt, originally a tavern-keeper, was afterwards president of the above-mentioned Beefsteak Club of 1709, but as he died in 1712, his connection with the Club must have been a short reign and a merry one.

The introduction of French dinners, light wines, and late hours has been the means of getting rid of, or at least of throwing into the shade, such gatherings as those that were wont to be held at the head-quarters of the Beefsteak Clubs; moreover, the wits of the present day, however brilliant they may be, do not associate together as was the custom in bygone times. A "Kitcat Club," "The Steaks," if revived in all their pristine glory, would not suit the tastes and habits of the present generation. Few would give up their ride in Rotten Row, their lounge at Lords' and Prince's cricket grounds, their polo or pigeon-shooting matches at Hurlingham, to "rough it" (as the young guardsman was supposed to have said) "on beefsteaks and port wine," at the dreadful early hour of five or six.

Apollo, in that first-rate burletta of "Midas," thus sings:—

"What more can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring boys when drunk?
Then break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger home dead drunk."

How often have I, with shame be it spoken, after imbibing a more than *quantum suff.* of Regent's

punch, sallied forth to have what was termed a "spree with the Charleys." After breaking sundry lamps, wrenching off some dozen knockers, flooring numerous guardians of the night, taking down all the barbers' poles, golden balls, sugar loaves, cocked hats, and Highland figures that came in our way, and depositing them before the residence of some learned judge, we proceeded to fasten all the knockers in some street together; by this ingenious device, no sooner had one door been opened than it produced on its neighbour a double rap, which was carried on by the same operation throughout an entire street. I remember one evening, when we had abstracted a board with "Mangling done here" from a house in Tottenham Court Road, and were about to fasten it on the door of a dispensary, the member of the College of Surgeons suddenly made his appearance, and with the aid of a posse of watchmen, we were captured and safely caged for the night. When morning broke, we had ample time to think over and lament our folly. Never were the lines of the poet more fully realized than upon that occasion:—

> "Vides ut pallidus omnis
> Cœnâ desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
> Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unà
> Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ?"

For a more pallid, dissipated set of victims were never seen. At an early hour the constable on duty called out our names and residences, which, following the example both of bygone and modern fashionable lamp-breakers, we gave as Smith, Brown,

and Thompson. A very choice spirit, Dick Armit, of the Third, now Scots' Fusilier Guards, had been one of our party on the preceding evening; but good fortune had attended him, and thanks to a pair of active legs, this light-heeled and warm-hearted Irishman had made his escape at the moment we were being taken away to durance vile. His nature, characteristic of his countrymen, was too noble to leave a friend in distress; and as in those days no one taken up on a night charge for misconduct in the streets could be bailed out, he waited his time to gain us our freedom. Early in the morning the young guardsman made his appearance, and in a pompous tone of broken English desired to speak with the principal officer at the station. So completely was he disguised by a huge pair of mustachios, a military frock-coat, buttoned up close to his chin, and a foreign-shaped hat, that his best friend would not have recognised him. The card he presented bore the following inscription: "Le Baron Hocksheimelunsmarkt, Conseiller de l'Ambassade de S.M. L'Empereur d'Autriche. The *soi-disant* Baron then began to explain that the prisoners were attached to the embassy, and that by the laws of the country they were free from arrest. Not wishing to have their real names made public, they had assumed false ones; that Mr. Smith was Count Smidar, Mr. Brown was Baron Bruck; and Mr. Thompson, Count Tarnow.

"I beg your Excellency's pardon," said the man of authority. "We were not aware of the rank or station of the accused. Your Excellency's authority

is quite sufficient. Perhaps the gentlemen would like to speak to the watchmen on duty last night."

Upon this hint we spoke. Armit then *sotto voce* whispered to me:—

> "Win them with gifts, if they respect not words;
> Dumb *guineas* often in their silent kind
> More than quick words do move a Charley's mind."

And following this Shakspearian authority, we slipped a handsome *douceur* into the hands of the venerable guardians of the peace, who, after declaring that they scorned all attempts at compromising their duty and held bribery in detestation, quietly pocketed the coin, and proceeded to consult with their chief. This latter personage then duly informed His Excellency and ourselves that, as some question had been raised with respect to the share we had taken in the last night's proceedings, and that as the spirit of the British law was that the accused should ever have the benefit of the doubt, we should at once have our liberty upon the payment of the customary fees.

"It might have happened, your Excellency," remarked this dignitary, "that the noblemen, attracted by curiosity, were mere lookers-on, and that the real delinquents escaped."

"Je réponds pour un," said Armit; then turning to the man, thus addressed him: "As your poet says, you speike like an ancient and quiet vatchman. The vatch ought to offend no man; and it is von grand offence to stay a man against his vil. There's for dy pains. Adieu, soyez vigilant."

We had now gained the street, and once more

enjoyed the fresh air and the Englishman's boast—freedom; when his Excellency, removing his mustachio, spouted in his vernacular tongue, and in the richest of brogues,

"Bedad, when next you comprehend three auspicious persons, take their examination before his Worship at Bow Street, or we may liken you to that foolish officer at Messina, and 'write you down an ass!'"

"Impudent varlets!" retorted the duped guardian, "but they deserve to be free, they acted quite like gentlemen!"

WARRIORS.

ELLEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR JOHN ELLEY—PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS—HIS REPARTEE—PROWESS AT WATERLOO—THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE—ROYAL DRAGOONS, SCOTS GREYS, INNISKILLINGS—THE BLUES—ALMACKS—ARTFUL DODGES.

"The laurel is cheap to the giver, but
Precious in his sight who hath won it.
And the heart of the soldier
Rejoiceth in the approving glance of his chief."

M. F. TUPPER.

"Brave, generous, rich in all the qualities
Of soldier, citizen, and friend."

BYRON.

THERE were few braver men in the army than my old commanding officer, the late Sir John Elley. This distinguished officer commenced his career as a private in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), went speedily through the rank of deputy-corporal and corporal—there are no sergeants in the above distinguished corps—and was promoted to a cornetcy in the same regiment.

"Spes omnis in ferro sita est" was the motto of that true soldier of fortune, the Constable of Bourbon, and it is equally applicable to Elley, who without

riches or patronage raised himself to a high position in the army.

During a lengthened tour through Europe, after Elley had become major general, he arrived at Vienna, where he was received with all honours by the Emperor. During his residence there, the following characteristic story is told of him. Sir John was invited to dine at a full dress dinner at the British Ambassador's, on the occasion of George the Fourth's birthday. Among the orders that had been bestowed upon him by his and other sovereigns of Europe, and which he wore on this occasion, was the unpretending medal bearing the simple inscription "Waterloo." Sir John happened to be placed next to a French Secretary of Embassy, who criticised the English decoration as being far inferior to those of other nations.

"Surely, General," said he, "this is a very poor sort of order the Government have given you and the other brave officers of the English army. Ca ne vaut pas cinq francs."

"True," responded Sir John, "it may not have cost our country more than five francs, but it cost yours a Napoleon."

At Waterloo Elley acted as Deputy Adjutant-General, rendering himself conspicuous for his bravery throughout that hard fought day. Every one that takes an interest in the prowess of our army must have heard of that splendid charge in which the Royal Dragoons, the Scotch Greys, and the Inniskillings, England, Scotland, and Ireland united, fell on the foe, whose columns, already

broken by the murderous volley of the "fighting division" and the bayonet charge which cost Picton his life, were completely crushed by this terrible onset. The ground was covered with killed and wounded, the artillery was taken, many fled wildly about the field, while our horsemen continued their furious career. Unfortunately, our cavalry, elated with success, pushed on too far, and rushed impetuously up to the level of the French line. Napoleon, perceiving the rout of d'Eslon's squadrons, had galloped to the spot, and taking advantage of this rash advance, ordered a strong body of cuirassiers and lancers to attack the British horse. Unable to resist so sudden and impetuous a shock, they retreated under a galling fire of artillery and riflemen, when the gallant Sir William Ponsonby, leader of the brigade, was mortally wounded. In the furious charge Sir John Elley was at one time surrounded by the cuirassiers, but being a powerful man, completely master of his sword and horse, cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants to bite the dust.

The "Heavies," as they are sometimes scornfully called, did good service on the above day; for in the simultaneous attack made by the French cuirassiers on the British centre, where they were warmly received with round shot and grape from Alten's batteries, they were charged by Lord Edward Somerset's Household Brigade, and repulsed after a sharp hand to hand conflict. It was during this conflict that a corporal of the 1st Life Guards, previously known in the records of pugilistic fame,

became entitled to honourable notice in the annals of his country. Shaw was a man of large stature and uncommon prowess, who is reported to have made deadly havoc among the cuirassiers, many of whom he slew or disabled. Tom Moore thus immortalizes him in verse:—

> "You who alas!
> *Doubled up* by the dozen those Mounseers in brass,
> On that great day of *milling* when blood lay in lakes,
> When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes."

Shaw received innumerable wounds and died of exhaustion during the night.

Nor must the exploits of two other heroes be omitted. Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, and Sergeant Styles of the 1st Dragoons, Royals. The former, who was a man of gigantic stature, took single-handed the Eagle of the 45th French regiment. In a letter to his father he gives the following details:—

"It was in the first charge that I took the eagle from the enemy; he and I had a hard contest for it; he thrust for my groin; I parried it off and cut him through the head; after which I was attacked by one of their lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed his mark, by my throwing it off with my sword on my right side; then I cut him from the chin upwards through his teeth; next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who, after firing at me, charged me with his bayonet, but he very soon lost the combat; for I parried it off, and cut him down through the head, and that finished the combat for the eagle. After this I presumed to follow my com-

rades, eagle and all, but was stopped by the general saying to me, 'You brave fellow, take that to the rear; you have done enough till you get quit of it.' Which I was obliged to do, but with great reluctance. I took the eagle into Brussels amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators."

Of these hand to hand contests, Sir Walter Scott thus speaks:—

"If the ghastly evidences had not remained on the field, many of the blows dealt on this occasion would have seemed borrowed from the annals of knight-errantry, for several of the corpses exhibited heads cloven to the chine, or severed from their shoulders."

Sergeant Styles, of the Royals, seized and triumphantly bore off the eagle of the 105th regiment, when two squadrons of his regiment, under Colonel Dorville, resolved not to be outdone by the Greys, plunged into a column of 4,000 men. How beautifully has the Magician of the North described in his much-abused poem, "The Field of Waterloo," this portion of the contest:—

"To augment the ray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way,
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce riders' bloody brand,

Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and Guard, and Cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host,
Their leaders' fallen, their standards' lost."

Although Wellington thoroughly appreciated the gallant conduct of the cavalry, and their sheer pluck in getting out of their difficulties, he always censured their rashness. This feeling was reciprocated by Marshal Exelmans, who was wont to say of our country, "The horses are splendid, the men rode better than any other soldiers I have ever met, and the officers are fine dashing fellows, and yet they have seldom been employed at the proper time and in the proper place. The British cavalry officer seems to be impressed with the conviction that he can ride over everything, as if the art of war was like its 'faint image,' the chase. The charge of the two heavy brigades at Waterloo was useless, all the world knows. They came upon a masked battery which obliged a retreat, and entirely disconcerted Wellington's plans for the day. There is," he added, "another gross error as regards the dress of the English cavalry; they are so tightly habited, that it is impossible for them to use their swords with facility." The French Marshal concludes with this sensible remark:—"I should wish for nothing better than such *matériel* as your men and horses are made of, for with generals who understood how to move cavalry, and officers thoroughly acquainted with their duty in the field, I do not hesitate to say they would aid greatly in winning a battle." Such an opinion from a man of cool judgment, and one of the most expe-

rienced cavalry officers of his day, is well worth attention.

I have referred to Picton; his death was a subject of deep regret to the British Army, and to the nation at large. He was the bravest of the brave; ever foremost in the fray. He distinguished himself in the Peninsular war, at Badajoz, Vittoria, Ciudad Rodrigo, and other great actions. So devoted was he to his profession, so regardless of all personal consideration in his eager anxiety to do his duty in the field, that, although severely wounded in the hip at Quatre Bras, he concealed the circumstance from all around him, lest he should have been ordered from the field.

This stern old soldier was descended from an old family in Pembrokeshire, entered the army as ensign in 1771, and after serving in the West Indies, rose to the rank of colonel and became Governor of Trinidad in 1797. His next services were at the capture of Flushing, of which also he was appointed Governor in 1809.

Despite his well-known gallantry, Picton was no favourite with Wellington. Some attributed this feeling to the off-hand manner in which the General treated his chief, and to the difficulty the Duke felt in ensuring ready obedience. Even Napier, whose bias must have been with one of the "fighting division," shows that in his intercourse with General Crauford, Picton was most unaccommodating. He admits "that he was enterprising and intrepid, but harsh and rigid in command, and not remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire." "In

fact," adds the historian of the Peninsular War, "to compare him (or Crauford) with Wellington, was to display ignorance of the men, and of the art they professed."

I never saw Picton but upon one occasion, and that was at Brussels. I was walking in the Park with my father, when we met the Duke and Fitzroy Somerset. Of course Fitzroy and myself "fell back," and were following the other two, when a stern-looking, strongly built man, about the middle size, dressed in a blue frock-coat, very tightly buttoned up to the throat, a very large black silk neckcloth, showing no shirt collar, dark coloured trousers, and a round, now called chimney-pot, hat (for his uniform had not arrived from England), approached Wellington, who received him coldly. What occurred I know not; after a very brief conversation Picton bowed and retired. "Who is that extraordinary-looking man?" I asked; "is he in the Commissariat department?" "No," responded my companion, "that is Sir Thomas Picton."

Elley was much liked in his regiment, more especially by the officers; when once the duty was performed, he entered fully and freely into all their amusements. The men looked upon him as a brave soldier, but having served himself in the ranks, he knew too much of what was going on in the barrack-rooms—or at least the men thought he did—and this in some degree took away from his popularity. If the hounds were to meet in the neighbourhood, if a race or a pugilistic encounter was to take place within a reasonable distance of

Windsor, where we were quartered, Elley would give all the officers leave to attend, the adjutant doing the subaltern's orderly officer's duty of the day; nor would he discourage us from attending any ball given at Windsor, but what he strongly objected to was our going up to London for any amusement, more especially for balls during the London season. "You come back," he would say, "jaded and tired after dancing through the night, totally unfit for any duty." This feeling was also deeply rooted in the mind of my captain—a downright plain good-hearted Yorkshireman—"Cocky" Richardson. He, as he was wont to remark, never could understand a man wasting his time in an assembly of any sort. It was perfect folly; it entailed great expense on the young officers (I among the rest kept a lodging in London during the season) moreover it, in a great degree, broke up the mess, especially at our quarters.

When first I joined his troop we were quartered at Newbury, and the first comment that I heard he made (for at that time he was no great friend to the members of the aristocracy) was, "I like *suet* better than blood;" the next was, "I don't approve of lords and lodgings." No wonder then, when I applied for a night's leave to run up to London for the play or a party, it was never granted without a grunt, or a shrug of the shoulders. "What! going again?" he said one day; "more balls?" I at that time was what was called "a dancing man," which my captain could not understand. He reversed the Spanish proverb:—

"Todo el mundo es un bolero,
El que no bayla es un tonto,"

which, literally translated, means "All the world is a ball, and he is a fool who does not dance," and thought me a fool for dancing. "Yes, sir," I responded; "I wish to attend Almack's." My friend had never heard of Willis's Rooms, so his reply was, "I think Mr. Almacks gives no end of balls."

In a novel entitled "Almacks," which appeared some fifty years ago, I find the following dedication: "To that most distinguished and desperate conclave, composed of their High Mightinesses the Ladies Patronesses of the Balls at Almacks, the Rulers of Fashion, the Arbiters of Taste, the Leaders of Ton, and the Makers of Manners, whose sovereign sway over 'the world' of London has long been established on the firmest basis, whose decrees are laws, and from whose judgment there is no appeal; to these important Personages, all and severally, who have formed, or who do form, any part of that Administration usually denominated the Willis Coalition Cabal, whether members of the Commission of Supply, or Cabinet Counsellors, holding seats at the Board of Control, the following pages are, with all due respect, humbly dedicated by an old subscriber."

Unquestionably the difficulty of getting tickets for Almacks was one so great that every device was attempted to conciliate a lady patroness. I remember a remarkable instance that occurred; a married lady, well-known in London as a handsome,

agreeable person, but who was looked upon by *la crême de la crême* of society as not quite fashionable enough to be admitted into their august society, set to work to gain a twofold object. First to get to the soirées of the Prime Minister's wife; secondly, to obtain a voucher for Almacks' balls. This lady was the wife of a Member of Parliament, and happened to reside within a few doors of the residence of a lady nearly connected with the Premier. The first move was to get acquainted with the children of the latter, and this was easily accomplished, as they were in the habit of walking in the adjoining square; the next was a bold stroke, which was thus carried out. Mrs. —— wrote to Mrs. ——, to say that her husband had taken a great liking to the second son, and as he had no heir, it was more than probable that the youth might succeed to a large property. The postscript, the pith of a lady's letter, as it has been said, was to the following effect. "Without your sanction we hardly like to invite Master Robert to lunch with us next Saturday, when we shall have a few young friends." Of course a reply came full of grateful acknowledgments, adding that Master Robert would be delighted to join the party. Cards were then exchanged, at the end of a fortnight another letter was penned by the Member's wife, saying that although she was not ambitious of increasing her acquaintance, her husband's constituency would feel it a compliment if their representative and the lady herself were honoured with an invitation to the Premier's evening reception. Shortly after-

wards the invitation came, so the first move was successful. At the above reception the "artful dodger," if such an appellation can be properly applied to one of the fairer sex, prevailed upon the mother of the youth who was to inherit a fine fortune, to present her to one of the Ladies Patronesses of Almacks, pointing out the advantage that would accrue to her if granted, and making it a personal favour. Lady Londonderry, the most good-natured creature that ever existed, at once agreed to put the applicant on her list, so the game was won. Strange to say the husband, who had taken such a fancy to Master Robert, died within a few months of the incident related, but no mention was made of the youth in the will; but a memorandum was found written a few days before his decease, requesting his widow, to whom he left all his worldly goods, to give Master Robert a hundred pounds towards fitting him out in the Army. Previous to the above Almack hunt, the lady had shown great cleverness in another way. At the period when she was in the height of her beauty, and was greatly admired for her spirituelle conversation, a very fascinating foreigner arrived in London. Having the best introduction, that of good looks, he was immediately sought after by the *élite* of London. If he had a feeling it was that of insatiate vanity, for he fancied everyone he spoke to fell at once in love with him. This *crêve-cœur* was one evening expatiating on the susceptibility of English ladies, and to enforce his opinion said,

"I will wager you a gold locket against a gold

pin, that in one month I will captivate any married lady you like to name, *çà va sans dire* honourably so, I mean that she shows me a *préférence* over other strangers."

"Agreed," said the lady, "I accept your wager, *bien entendu* that you give me some proof of her liking."

"Assurément," responded the other; "and now whom do you name?"

"Myself," said Mrs. ——, to the utter astonishment of the lady-killer.

"Vous-même, Madame!"

"Oui, mon ami, moi-même."

I need scarcely add that the wager was fairly lost by the agreeable foreigner, who was consoled for his defeat by receiving a gold pin, as the fair *gageuse* considered it a drawn bet.

Richardson rose to be Colonel of the Blues, and a more popular commanding officer never existed. He was a thoroughly honourable, straightforward man, albeit as a captain a little cantankerous, moreover he was an excellent soldier.

Elley kept us constantly at work. We generally had a field-day at Wingfield Plain on the Monday, a march in heavy marching order on the Friday, foot drills twice a week, and riding-school drills interminable. In the days I write of, the system pursued in the riding-school was very different from what it now is. The first thing an officer had to learn was to vault on his horse, and then to continue the lesson without saddle. Troop-horses, very rough in their paces, and not very tender in

their mouths, were kept for young officers preparatory to their mounting their own chargers; and even at this distant period I fancy I can hear our excellent riding-master, Cornet Brunt, exclaiming, "Now, gentlemen, let me see them paces down in a distinct manner, walk steady and easy, trot strong and active, canter light and airy, charge animated, vigorous, but not violent. Now, gentlemen, take your horses well into the corner and well out again, make your circles round, pat your horses gently and make much of them; very well, gentlemen, you are dismissed," and I must add that whenever there was anything in the shape of sport or amusement friend Brunt always curtailed the lesson. On leaving the regiment I presented that most exemplary individual with a duodecimo poney, I called "King Pepin," and which proved highly available to him when "teaching the young idea" to ride. With the men Brunt was extremely patient and persevering, albeit he would occasionally burst out with the following expressions, "Why, Williams, you come from Wales, I wish you would return there. If I could but see you on the Menai Bridge, I, with whip in hand, would send you quickly back to your own country." "Why, Thompson, they tell me the nearer the church—you know the rest. You've been in the school nearly four months, and you can't ride no better than an old woman." It was said that when teaching a portly lady, a Mrs. Dale, to ride, he exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. D, and (*sotto voce*) be d—d to you, how you bump up and down! If you haven't any regard for *your-*

self, pray have some regard for my saddle." I have slightly altered the phrase, as the real word would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. Sir John was a good drill, and I still remember his stentorian voice exclaiming, "The rights in front, the lefts the pivot." "That's incorrigible, left squadron, what are they about, keep your distance. You're all over the field," and I fancy I hear the still small voice of an old trooper calling out, "T'other flank, my lord." When Elley became Major-General in 1819, the command of the Blues devolved upon Sir Robert C. Hill, a Waterloo man, and a good soldier; he was followed by his brother, Clement Hill, also a Waterloo man, and one of the kindest-hearted creatures that ever existed. Both the Hills were wounded on the 18th of June. Colonel Clement Hill remained in command until I left the service. Richardson, who succeeded Clement Hill, must have got reconciled to members of the aristocracy, for before I left we had the Marquis of Douro, Earl of Chichester, Viscount Fordwich, Lord Elphinstone, Lord Charles Wellesley, Honourable G. C. Weld Forester, Honourable A. J. C. Villiers, and a baronet in prospective, John Villiers Shelley, Esq. A characteristic anecdote of Elley may not be here out of place.

During the winter that I was quartered at Newbury, the theatre in that town was open under the able management of Mr. Barnet, and the melodrama of "The Forty Thieves" was advertised for the Christmas holidays. In the temporary absence

of Richardson, the command of my troop devolved upon me, when one morning Mr. Barnet called upon me to ask permission for some of my men to take part in the grand pageant, which he assured me would be "the finest spectacle ever exhibited on the provincial boards, nay, probably never excelled in the metropolis." Although this description sounded very grand, I did not quite like the idea of the troopers being converted into "supers," as they are technically called; so I told him that, in the absence of my captain, I did not feel authorised to grant his request, but that, as I expected Sir John Elley in the course of the following day, I would communicate his wishes to the colonel, that in the meantime he might reserve the stage box for us on the evening of the first performance. Mr. Barnet was all thanks. On the next morning, hearing that Sir John had arrived, and that he was to inspect my troop on a common near the town, the worthy manager mounted the horse he had purchased for Ali Baba, and started off to join us, in the twofold hope of securing some "supers" and of getting Sir John to allow the first night's performance to be under his immediate patronage. What occurred on the road I know not; but I believe it was without peril or adventure. What did occur on the common I can record. Just as Mr. Barnet came on the ground, the Colonel ordered me to put the men through the sword exercise. "Attention—Carry swords," I exclaimed in a loud voice. The order was instantly obeyed, when at that moment the sun suddenly blazed forth, and the glittering of the steel

had such an effect upon Ali Baba's steed that he began capering, curvetting, and pirouetting to such an alarming extent that, like another Johnny Gilpin, the manager first lost his hat, then his balance, and finally found himself sprawling on the wet boggy ground; "Hero," such was the horse's name, standing perfectly quiet as if waiting for the next "equestrian feat." Elley could not refrain from bursting out in what may not be inappropriately termed a "horse laugh," and that laugh being catching, I, with the Colonel's permission, gave the word "Slope swords, sit at ease." Mr. Barnet looking very like Sir Walter Blunt, in Shakespeare's Henry IV.,

> "New lighted from his horse,
> Stain'd with the variation of each soil,"

advanced on foot to Sir John, and made the formal requests above referred to.

"With respect to the bespeak, Mr. Barnet," said the Colonel, "as I shall not be able to be present, I should not like my name to appear; but as Lieutenant Lord William Lennox, Lieutenant Doyne, Cornet Trent, and Quartermaster Troy will attend the performance, I have their sanction for permitting you to announce it under the immediate patronage of the officers of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) quartered at Newbury. With regard to your other request, that of employing those fine fellows to appear on the stage as supernumeries, would I consider, under any circumstances, be highly objectionable, but to permit them to appear in the character

of thieves, even in fiction, is quite out of the question, I therefore regret to say that your application cannot receive my sanction. The gallant heroes of Waterloo have won their laurels on the battle-field, they must not be tarnished during peace. I say this on public grounds, for from all I hear of your excellent management, were it a private question I would readily meet your wishes."

I must now explain the cause that led to the manager's "spill." In order to give due effect to the Forty Thieves, he had purchased "Hero" from a travelling circus; the animal having been taught the business of the horse that carries the tailor on his ride to Brentford, went through it to perfection, capering, curvetting, pivouetting, and finally rearing up on his hind legs, until the manager, losing his balance, bit the earth. As Mr. Barnet was fearful that the above incident might occur during the performance of his spectacle, "Hero" was placed under the tuition of one of our (what were called) "rough riders," and shortly became perfectly tractable, his capering and rearing propensities having entirely left him.

To return to Sir John Elley. During the time he was Governor of Galway, he endeared himself not only to the officers of the garrison, but to all who came in contact with him, civil or military.

I cannot find the date of Elley's first commission, but as in the Army List of 1798 he appears as fifth lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), he probably got his cornetcy in 1795 or 1796. He became colonel in March, 1813, and major-general

on the 12th of August, 1819. He represented Windsor, in Parliament, during Sir Robert Peel's Administration, on the Conservative interest. Sir John died at his seat, Chalderton Lodge, near Amesbury, on the 23rd of January, 1839, having served his country for nearly half a century.

WARRIORS.

SIR HARRY SMITH.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR HARRY SMITH—THE LIGHT DIVISION—THEIR PROWESS DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR—HIS MARRIAGE—ROMANTIC ADVENTURE—SIR CHARLES FELIX SMITH.

"THE name of Smith is pre-eminently common in England, and the wonder is, considering its prevalence, that John Smith, instead of John Bull, did not attain the honour of becoming the general denomination of its people. But as the right men do not always get into the right place, the same thing may happen in the case of names. So plentifully is it sprinkled over the land, in cities, towns, and villages, that it seems as though, when thinly inhabited, every second man in the country must surely have been a blacksmith. Louis Philippe, it will be recollected, on his helter-skelter flight to our shores, adopted this name; not as a compliment to the nation whose hospitality he sought, but as the best covert under which to conceal himself, till quite safe from the *gendarmes* of

his lost kingdom. The name of Jones is proportionally far more common in Wales than that of Smith in England. But surnames are quite bare of sentiment, perhaps because we find them elbowing us in every street. The poet or the novelist must be a man of mark who can interest his readers in the scrapes and fortunes, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, of a Smith or of a Jones. During a period of seventeen years, from 1838 to 1854, both inclusive, the births, deaths, and marriages of the Smiths registered amounted to 286,037, and it is calculated that the families of Smiths in England are not less than 53,000."

I quote the above from a very clever article in the "Leisure Hour," entitled "Our Smiths, Jones's, and their Relatives." The name reminds me of six celebrated characters, all more or less distinguished in various spheres of life. This chapter will be devoted to Sir Harry Smith of Aliwal, and a brother-in-arms, Sir Charles Smith, of the Royal Engineers. The next will contain a brief memoir of a gallant sailor—Sir Sidney Smith, followed by Horace, James, and Albert Smith.

Sir Harry George Wakelyn Smith, Bart., G.C.B., Governor-General, Commander-in-Chief, and High Commissioner of the Cape of Good Hope.

> "This is the happy warrior; this is he
> That every man in arms should wish to be."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

I commence this memoir at a time when our army stood, as it now does, and, I believe, ever will stand, pre-eminent in the History of England; when, in an

age of giants, it claimed as its sons some of the greatest and noblest of them all:—Wellington, Hill, Anglesey, Vivian, Picton, Colville, Combermere, Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), Napier, Saltoun, Andrew Barnard, Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton), Edward Somerset, Stewart (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry), and Harry Smith, of the old 95th, now Rifle Brigade. Those were rough fighting days, when the first Napoleon threatened our shores; days when the three articles of an Englishman's creed were to love God, honour the King, and hate the French. Happily we live in days when the latter feeling does not exist.

Few men saw more service than Smith. In March, 1805, he entered the 95th, was adjutant of that distinguished corps at the siege, storming, and capture of Monte Video, and was thanked by the commander-in-chief, Sir S. Achmuty, for his intrepidity. Was in the affair of Coloneo del Sacramento, under Sir Dennis, then Colonel Pack. Was taken prisoner at Buenos Ayres. Proceeded with the army to Sweden, under Sir John Moore, and with that army to Portugal. Was distinguished in the affair of Calcavellos, on the retreat to Corunna. In 1809, again embarked for Portugal with the Light Brigade, under General Crauford, and reached Talavera the morning the enemy retired behind the Alvesca, and was sharply engaged skirmishing. Was especially employed by General Crauford, in the Light Division, during the French siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and in the various skirmishes of that period. At the affair of the

Coa severely wounded, and much commended for his conduct at the moment. Was present in Massena's retreat; in every affair of posts, Pombala, Redinha, Casal Nova, Condesoa, Foz d'Aronce, where he was appointed Major of Brigade to the 2nd Light Brigade, and served in that capacity until the end of the war in the Light Division; Sabugal, battle of Fuentes d'Onore; siege, storming, and capture of Badajoz; battle of Salamanca; retreat from Madrid; affair at San Millan; battle of Vittoria; pursuit of the enemy after the battle of Pampeluna; distinguished in storming the heights of Vera; also in the storming of the entrenched camp of Irun; crossing the Bidassoa; battles of Nivelle, Nive; affairs near Bayonne, Tarbes; battles of Orthez and Toulouse, In 1814, embarked in the "Garonne" with the troops under Major-General Ross; appointed Deputy Adjutant-General; battle of Bladensburg and capture of Washington; the bearer of despatches to Government, and highly commended by Major-General Ross; was promoted to the rank of major; returned to America with Major-General the Hon. Sir E. Pakenham; as assistant adjutant-general was most actively employed during the various affairs at New Orleans, and appointed military secretary to Sir John Lambert, in whose despatches his conduct was particularly brought to notice; siege and capture of Fort Boyer. On the conclusion of peace with America returned to Europe. Was assistant quartermaster-general of the 6th Division at the battle of Waterloo, and for his conduct pro-

moted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and also received the honorary distinction of C.B. During the Army of Occupation, was Major de Place of Cambray; upon the withdrawal of the Army of Occupation he joined his regiment, and took the command of his company at Shorncliffe; subsequently he marched with his regiment to Gosport. In 1819, during the radical period in Glasgow, and the large manufacturing towns in England, the Rifle Brigade in October, then quartered at Gosport, were all out at target practice, four miles distant from their quarters. The recall was sounded, and in a few hours the whole regiment was embarked on board the "Liffey" frigate, and "Hind" sloop of war. On the evening of that day, the men of war were under weigh for Leith Roads; thus proving that the habits of the long and glorious struggles of our country had perpetuated the energies of our soldiers and sailors. The Rifle Brigade, on landing at Leith, immediately marched to Glasgow. Smith was much employed by Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Bradford, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, and the Lord Advocate, in the command of night patrols, and domiciliary visits to the adjacent towns and villages; and for his activity in this most laborious, harassing, and distressing duty—this "bellum in pace" in aid of the civil power, great judgment and discretion were required; and for his conduct he was appointed Major of Brigade in the Western District, which was given under Sir T. Bradford to the command of Major-General Sir J. Reynolds. Quiet being in some degree established,

the General Officer in command of the Western District in Scotland was discontinued, but the Major of Brigade was maintained.

In 1823, during the royal visit of George IV. to Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith received His Majesty's thanks for the zeal, attention, and exertion displayed in his duties to the Sovereign. In 1825, he joined his regiment at Belfast, and in the beginning of 1826 was sent to command a detachment of those corps at Downpatrick, until it embarked for Halifax, Nova Scotia. While at Halifax, he accepted an unattached majority on the half-pay; was appointed aide-de-camp to the Governor-in-Chief of Nova Scotia. In 1828, was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General for Jamaica, and subsequently Deputy Quartermaster-General at the Cape. He had an important command on the frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, during the Kaffir irruption into the colony in 1835-6, and was highly commended for his conduct by the Governor, Sir Benjamin d'Urban. When ordered to take the command of the frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, he rode from Cape Town to Graham Town, a distance of 600 miles, in six days; performing each day's journey at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. In 1840, he was appointed Adjutant-General to Her Majesty's Forces in India. In 1843, at the battle of Maharajpore, near Gwalior, was Adjutant-General of Her Majesty's army in India, and second in command in the field on that memorable day. Thanked in the public despatches, and the honorary distinction of Knight Commander

of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath conferred upon him for his general services.

The distinguished part taken by Sir Harry Smith in the memorable engagements on the banks of the Sutlej, in the campaigns of 1845-6, gained for him the creation of a baronetcy, with the honorary distinction of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and the appointment to serve as Major-General on the staff in India. However distinguished the gallant rifleman may have been by his services in various parts of the world, and through a period of no less than forty-two years, it was on the field of Aliwal that he displayed those pre-eminent military talents as a commander, that will ever associate his name with the signal victory so gloriously obtained on that locality, and which drew from his old Peninsular chief, Wellington, the following remarks in the House of Lords.

"I have read the account of many a battle, but I never read the account of one in which more ability, energy, and experience have been manifested than in this. I know of no one in which an officer ever showed himself more capable than this officer has in commanding troops in the field. He brought every description of troops to bear, with all arms in the position in which they were most capable of rendering service; the nicest manœuvres were performed under the fire of the enemy with the utmost precision, and at the same time with an energy and gallantry on the part of the troops never surpassed on any occasion whatever in any part of the world. I must say of this officer that I have never seen

any account which manifests more plainly than his does, that he is an officer capable of rendering the most important services, and of ultimately being an honour to his country."

On his return to this country, Sir Henry won the admiration of his fellow-countrymen, high and low, rich and poor, by the devoted attachment he evinced to his native land, and to the yeomanry of England, with which he so highly prided himself in being identified, and in having derived his own origin from their stalwart ranks. He was born at Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire, about the year 1790, and formed one of a family of eleven children. His frank and unassuming deportment, his affability, his high Christian and moral character, and the discharge of his duties in every station of life, whether as a soldier, a husband, or a friend, endeared him to every individual with whom he was brought into communication, and his generous sympathy towards the soldiers who served under him, and his thorough appreciation of their aid in carrying out his plans, were repaid by their devoted attachment to their old commander. It was under the influence of this feeling that Smith, on his accession to the honours conferred upon him by Her Majesty, requested permission to assume as the supporters of his armorial bearings, a soldier of the 52nd Light Infantry, and of the Rifle Brigade; for it was, to use his own expression, "The Light Brigade first taught me to be a soldier." The Light Brigade consisted, as I have already said, of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th regiments. Sir Charles's

motto "Inter milites miles" is an additional proof of his sense of the value of the British soldier. On again leaving our shores for a distant and disturbed colony as Governor-General, Commander-in-Chief, and High Commissioner of the Cape of Good Hope, my brother George, on the part of a public meeting of the inhabitants of Portsmouth, presented Sir Harry Smith with an address, and Major Fraser and the Light Division gave him a farewell banquet. In reply to the address, the gallant General said,

"My Lord, gentlemen of the brother services of the army and navy, and loyal inhabitants of Portsmouth, deeply do I feel the honour conferred upon me by the presentation of this address. Your greeting to me when I arrived in this country was deeply gratifying; your reception on the eve of my departure is still more so. I thank you with all my heart. When I observe that the address has been presented to me by one of my old comrades, Lord George Lennox, an officer as gallant himself as his family is renowned for loyalty to its Sovereign; when I see the hero who brought out of action the 'Shannon'—and not only her, but the enemy's frigate the 'Chesapeake'—then I reflect that the honour is doubly great which is conferred on me this day. Gentlemen, I will not say 'Adieu, my native land;' but having an ardent hope and confidence in that Great and Omnipotent Power which has so repeatedly protected me, I trust that, if it should be my good fortune to render any additional service to my Queen and country, I may be able to

do it through other instruments than that called war. It is true that it can only be obtained through war sometimes, but peace is its legitimate object; if I can avert war, I will. If I can extend the blessings of civilization and Christianity in a distant land, where, without any affectation of humility, I can say that some years ago I sowed its seeds, it will be a gratification to me beyond expression to do so. My Lord George Lennox, I thank you with the heart of a comrade—with that heart which beats in your Lordship's bosom; to you, my gallant comrades, I again return my sincerest thanks; and believe me, gentlemen of the town of Portsmouth, no man is more sensible of your worth, and the value of your principles, than he who has now the honour to address you."

In addressing his comrades at the Light Division dinner, Sir Charles spoke as follows:—

"My gallant comrades and soldiers, I thank you sincerely. Scarcely had I returned to England, received as I was by my Queen and country, when all the members of the Light Division assembled together and paid me one of the highest compliments ever paid to an elder soldier, by giving me a public dinner in London. The scene of their enthusiastic greetings is now made alive in my ears by the method which you have adopted this night to cheer me. You have paid me a far higher compliment by calling me a comrade of the Light Division than any encomium that has been passed on me. It is true I was trained in the same school as yourselves; and having been trained in this school, every action

that you see recorded upon these immortal colours (the 52nd), I am happy to say I have participated in. The glory is felt more by those who have contributed to them than by others; but when I see that enthusiasm with which you revert to the seasons of ancient glory, then do I feel satisfied that the same spirit which animated your forefathers operates in the gallant Light Division now filling the hearts of everyone of you noble-looking fellows. It was always said by Wellington of the old immortal Light Division—and when I mention it, I beg the officers of the 60th Regiment to consider that I mean them equally, for they pertain to the same service in every respect, and have equally distinguished themselves.

"'When I have set the Light Division to do anything which was difficult and dangerous, requiring enterprise, the next day I found that division, with scarcely any loss, ready again to fight.'"

"Having alluded to those memorable words of Wellington, do not suppose that I wish to detract from the other divisions of the army in the Peninsula. It was equally the fortune of those other divisions to distinguish themselves; and although we Light Division men consider ourselves an example for fashion and neatness in the army, believe me, every British soldier, no matter what the number of his regiment is (and joyfully do I say it), is covered at this moment with the same glory. The appearance of my old comrades and friends of the Light Division yesterday on parade rejoiced every feeling of my heart. I there saw the same

regiment, whether of the present day, or the old soldiers, they were made of the same stuff, the same spirit in the officers, and the same obedience in the men; and although we look back to the deeds of glory in the ancient Light Division, I do believe the present Light Division to be as glorious in a moral point of view, for there is no punishment in it now as there used to be. Believe me the tone of courage is taken from the officers; whatever the conduct of officers is, such will be the soldiers, and if you knew the feeling of the British soldier in the field, if you viewed as often as I have the triumphant bayonet marching equally triumphant over the enemy, then would your devoted service be for the comforts and happiness of your men.

"Do not let it be supposed, because I talk of the comforts and happiness of the men, that I am one of those officers who, I regret to say exist in the present day, who have a kind of twaddle (at a Spelling Bee twattle, not twaddle, would be the word) in talking about 'the poor soldier.' In the country I am going to, I regret to hear it said, 'the poor soldier' sleeps here and sleeps there; 'the poor soldier' wants this and wants that." It is the duty of every officer to provide to the utmost for the comforts of his men, and when comforts are not to be had, 'bad luck to the shilling.' And, my gallant officers, believe me our soldiers are equally gallant men; and where these comforts are not to be had, they don't call themselves 'poor soldiers,' they call themselves the glorious soldiers in the service of Her Majesty, meeting the hardships

and trials of English military life (such as exist on the frontiers of the land I am going to), with that degree of moral courage with which they encounter the enemies of their country, and with the glorious shout of victory. I speak from experience. I never yet saw the British soldier fail, either before the enemy or in enduring the hardships of a campaign, and it is because he knows that his officers endeavour to procure everything they can for him.

"In conclusion, let me assure you, on this, which is probably the last night I may be upon the land of my forefathers, that I feel towards you, with every expression I am able to give, what I was designated by your gallant President—your comrade, and whether I am successful or whether I fall, the glory shall be the soldier's, the blame to me.

"And now, my comrades, it is hard to say 'Farewell!' but in the most difficult cases of farewell hope cheers us on, and I trust I may again return to my native land to be welcomed by my country, but above all by the old and present Light Division."

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of those who, like myself, had listened to the above inspiriting and soldierlike address, and the cheers which followed it were re-echoed outside by hundreds of the inhabitants, who gave three times three as the cheers inside subsided.

I was also present on the day Sir Harry, family, and staff embarked at the Victoria Pier, Portsmouth, for their destination—the Cape of Good Hope; on which occasion the pier was decorated

with flags, and the bands of the Royal Marines, 32nd and 43rd regiments, played some suitable music. The pier was crowded with all the military officers of the garrison, and a brilliant assemblage of ladies and civilians. The ramparts of the town, the Platform Battery, Blockhouse Fort, the Round Tower, and the beach, were thronged with many thousands of spectators, eager to bid adieu to the hero of Aliwal. My old friend Frederick Fitzclarence's carriage conveyed the veteran and his family to the pier, where the barge of the Commander-in-Chief was in waiting to put him on board the "Lightning," which was to convey him to the "Vernon." At twelve o'clock precisely Sir Harry arrived on the pier, which was the signal for one tremendous shout from the assembled multitude, the bands striking up "See the Conquering Hero comes." After entering the barge, Sir Harry, surrounded by his staff, stood up and waved his hat to the assembled throng, which was followed by another shout, re-echoed by the thousands who lined the walls on either side the entrance of the harbour, the beach, and landing places. At twenty minutes past twelve the steamer got under weigh, and put her gallant party on board the "Vernon" Indiaman, under a salute from that ship. At three o'clock the "Vernon" sailed for her destination.

I pass over Sir Harry's career when Governor-General, Commander-in-Chief, and High Commissioner of the Cape of Good Hope, which was duly appreciated by the Government at home.

Sir Harry Smith attended the funeral of Wel-

lington on the 18th of November, 1852, and was one of those who bore the pall on this melancholy occasion. In the ranks of the mourners might be seen many veterans who had fought with the Iron Duke during the Peninsular war, and the short but decisive campaign in the Netherlands. Anglesey, the hero of Sahagun and Benevente; Hardinge, who was present at nearly all the battles under Moore and Wellington in the Peninsula, and who on the banks of the Sutlej stemmed the flood of disaster, and saved the empire of India; Charles Napier, who contended against tenfold odds at Meanee; William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war; Gough, who led his gallant corps, the 87th regiment, on to victory at Talavera, and who distinguished himself in the battles of Barossa, Vittoria, the siege of Tarifa, Sobraon, and Goojerat; Combermere, companion in arms of Wellington, and hero of Bhurtpore; Seaton, of the 52nd, whose prowess at Waterloo added lustre to their former triumphs; Londonderry, the *beau ideal* of a dashing Hussar; Alexander Woodford, a good and brave soldier; and Maitland, whose courage and judgment were as conspicuous in the battle-field, as his kindliness of manner and exemplary conduct were in private life. His mantle descended upon two gallant sons, who fought well during the Crimean war, one in the Guards, the other on board ship, both of whom were wounded, and still bear marks of their sufferings.

Sir Harry Smith married, in 1814, Donna Juana Maria de Los Dolores, second daughter of Don

Diego de Leon. There is a romantic history attached to that marriage. After the storming of Badajoz, when on duty outside the town, a Spanish lady, who had escaped from the scene of reckless plunder and atrocities that were being carried on there by some infuriated and drunken soldiers, claimed the protection of the young rifleman, who immediately placed her under the care of some ladies, wrote to inform his father of the circumstance, who approving of his son's conduct gave a ready consent to the union, and early in the following year their marriage was solemnized. A more amiable wife than Lady Smith never existed.

Sir Harry died in 1860, at a ripe old age, regretted by all.

Sir Charles Felix Smith, of the Royal Engineers, I shall refer to in my memoir of Samuel Beazley.

WARRIORS.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH—HIS BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION—HIS NAVAL CAREER—SIEGE OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE—UNEXPECTED HONOURS THRUST UPON HIM—KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN KEY—AN EPISODE.

"Le vrai courage a plus de constance,
Et moins d'empressement; il est toujours,
Ce qu'il doit être; il ne faut ni l'exciter,
Ni le retenir."

ROUSSEAU.

"I love the sailor; his eventful life—
His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife;—
And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
God grant he makes that port, when life is o'er,
Where storms are hush'd and billows break no more."

COTTON.

AMONG the celebrities in Paris in 1815, was the late Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith; he was a constant guest at the Duke of Wellington's board, and as I had then the good fortune to be on his Grace's staff, I saw a good deal of the hero of Acre. In private life, Sir Sidney, as he was usually called, was a thoroughly amiable man, warm and

sincere in his friendships, utterly devoid of any selfish feeling, lavish in his bounty to all who he believed required support and assistance, and ardent in promoting every humane and charitable institution. If he had a fault it was a trifling one, that of dwelling a little too much upon his own gallant deeds, more especially as connected with the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and which led to a practical joke to which I shall presently refer.

William Sidney Smith was born on the 21st of June, 1764; he was the second son of Captain John Smith, of the Guards, gentleman-usher to Queen Charlotte, and aide-de-camp to Lord George Sackville Germaine. Captain Smith was so exasperated at the treatment his Lordship experienced for obeying the orders of his chief, in opposition to those of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of the allied army at the battle of Minden, that he quitted the service and retired into private life at Dover. For some time Prince Ferdinand had exhibited marks of animosity towards Lord George Sackville, the second in command, and at the battle of Minden affairs were brought to a crisis. History thus records the battle: "On the last day of July the Marshal de Contades resolved to attack the allied army, and on the following morning formed his army in order of battle. At three in the morning the enemy began to cannonade the Prince's quarters at Hille, from a battery of six guns; this was probably the first intimation he received of their intention, he forthwith caused two pieces of artillery to be conveyed to Hille, and

ordered the officer of the picquet guard, posted there, to defend himself to the last extremity. About five in the morning, the combat having been kept up with great fury from its commencement, both armies cannonaded each other; at six the fire of musketry began, and the action became very hot towards the right, where six regiments of infantry and two battalions of Hanoverian Guards, not only bore the whole brunt of the French carabineers and the gendarmerie, but actually broke every body of horse and foot that advanced to attack them on the left and in the centre; the Hessian cavalry, with some regiments of Holstein, Prussian and Hanoverian Dragoons posted on the left, performed good service. The cavalry on the right had no opportunity of engaging; they were destined to support the infantry of the third line; they consisted of the British and Hanoverian Horse, commanded by Lord George Sackville, whose second was the Marquis of Granby; they were posted at a considerable distance from the first line of infantry, and divided from it by a scanty wood that bordered on a heath. Orders were sent during the action to bring them up; but whether these orders were contradictory, unintelligible, or imperfectly executed, they did not arrive in time to have any share in the action, nor indeed were they originally intended for that purpose; nor was there the least occasion for their service, nor would they have come up in time to perform effectual service had the orders been explicit and consistent; and the commander acted with all possible expedi-

tion; be that as it may, the enemy were repulsed in all their attacks with considerable loss. At length they gave way in every part; and about noon, abandoning the field of battle, were pursued to the ramparts of Minden—adding another victory to our arms, ably assisted by our gallant allies.

That Lord George Sackville had great cause for complaint will be found in the following extract from the orders of His Serene Highness Prince Frederick of Brunswick relative to the behaviour of the troops under him on the 1st of August. After thanking the whole army for their bravery and good behaviour, particularly the English infantry and the two battalions of Hanoverian Guards, the cavalry of the left wing, General Wangenheim's corps, particularly the regiment of Holstein, the Hessian cavalry, the Hanoverian regiment du corps, Hammerstein's, and all the brigades of heavy artillery to whom, next to God, the Prince attributes the glory of the day, he then proceeds to notice General Sportken, the Duke of Holstein, Lieutenant-Generals Imhoff and Urf; Colonel Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Hutte, Major Hesse, Captains Phillips, Drummond, and Foy, His Serene Highness expresses himself infinitely obliged to Major-Generals Waldegrave and Kingsley for their great courage and the good order in which they conducted their brigades, and adds that those of his suite whose behaviour he most admired were the Duke of Richmond, Colonel Fitzroy, Captain Ligonier, Colonel Watson, Captain Wilson, aide-

de camp to Major-General Waldegrave; Adjutants-General Erstoff, Bulow, Durendolle, the Count Tobe, and Malesti. The sting however of the order was the following, which, while it complimented Lord Granby, implied a severe reflection on his superior in command, Lord George Sackville.

"His Serene Highness further orders it to be declared to Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Granby that he is persuaded that, if he had the good fortune to have had him at the head of the cavalry of the right wing, his presence would have greatly contributed to make the decision of that day more complete and more brilliant."

In consequence of the above Lord George resigned his command in Germany, and proceeded to England. Here the popular clamour against him was so great that he printed a short address to the public, entreating them to suspend their belief with respect to his character, until the charge brought against him should be legally discussed by a court-martial; a trial which he had already solicited, and was in hopes of obtaining. In the meantime, amidst Lord George's disgrace, every honour was conferred upon Prince Ferdinand, he was crowned with laurel, while the King of England approved his conduct, and as the most glorious mark of that approbation, invested him with the order of the Garter.

The charge brought against Lord George was that he had disobeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand at the battle of Minden. A great mass of evidence was produced on both sides, the result was as follows:—

"The Court, on due consideration of the whole matter before them, is of opinion that Lord George Sackville is guilty of having disobeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, whom he was by his commission and instructions directed to obey as commander-in-chief, according to the rules of war, and it is the further opinion of this Court that the said Lord George Sackville is, and is hereby adjudged, unfit to serve His Majesty in any military capacity whatever."

His sentence was confirmed by the King, who moreover signified his pleasure that it should be given out in public orders, not only in Britain, but in America and every quarter of the globe where any English troops happened to be, that officers may be convinced that neither high birth nor great employments can shelter offences of such a nature; and that seeing they are subject to censure much worse than death to a man who has any sense of honour—they may avoid the fatal consequences arising from the disobedience of orders."

To complete the disgrace of this unfortunate general, His Majesty in council called for the council book, and ordered the name of Lord George Sackville to be struck out of the list of Privy Counsellors. Captain Smith naturally resented the above severe sentence towards his chief, and the army was deprived of a valuable officer. Eventually the obloquy against his chief died away; in 1775 Lord George Sackville, who assumed the surname of Germaine in 1778, was made Secretary for the American department, and was in 1781 amidst

great opposition, raised to the peerage, as Viscount Sackville. Whether Lord George merited the reproach of Prince Ferdinand, I will not stop to inquire, but I cannot help admiring the chivalrous spirit of his aide-de-camp in thus supporting a brother-in-arms against a host of enemies. Captain John Smith left three sons, all greatly distinguished, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Douglas Smith, Governor of Prince Edward's Island, Sir William Sidney Smith, the subject of this memoir, and John Spencer Smith, who was page of honour to Queen Charlotte, and afterwards held a commission in the Guards, but subsequently quitted the service and was engaged many years in diplomacy; he died at Caen, in Normandy, in 1840. As Sir Sidney became a midshipman between the age of eleven and twelve, his education must have been very limited; it is however stated that he was first sent to Tunbridge School, and afterwards to a boarding school at Bath. From his subsequent career, a "*boarding*" school, used nautically and metaphorically, appears to have been a most appropriate opening for the young sailor.

Fortunately for Sidney Smith there were no competitive examinations in those days, or I fear his name would not have found a place in the Navy Lists. All that was required for a boy was to be of a manly disposition, active enough to run up and down the rigging, and to be tolerably well acquainted with what the city knight called the three R's—reading, writing, and arithmetic. Navigation was taught him when on board. Much has been

said and written for and against the present severe tribunal a candidate for the navy or army has to pass. I own, myself, I consider it not desirable that a youth should be "coached" and crammed like a Christmas turkey, with a smattering of knowledge which is of no earthly use in his after-career. All that can fairly be required is, that the youth about to enter either of the Services, should have received a liberal education. Those who are ambitious to brave the dangers of "the battle and the breeze" should be well up in mathematics, navigation, the science of steam, and the French or German language; others who seek "reputation at the cannon's mouth" ought to be thoroughly instructed in mathematics, fortification, field sketching, the French or German language; and both the young sailor and soldier should be well acquainted with the history of our naval and military wars, and with the lives of those who fought and bled for their country. According to the present system, a man, to acquire the necessary number of marks, must really be a prodigy, and I much doubt whether any of our great heroes who won their laurels in bygone days, would (I mean no pun) be up to the *mark!* I do not see that a man could take his ship better into action because he happened to be fortunate enough to know the history of the celebrated Bishop Atterbury, "that most eloquent preacher, who, born in 1662, and arrested on a charge of conspiracy in favour of the Stuarts, 1722, died in exile in 1732." Not wishing to sail under false colours, I must mention that the above quotation

is "cribbed" from "The British Empire." Nor do I think it necessary for an ensign who carries the colours of his regiment, to know where Sodor is. Yet I am credibly informed that the non-interpretation of the above word, which with no satisfactory result has puzzled the skill of the antiquary, was the cause of a candidate being rejected. A story is told of one high in authority, who meeting the father of a youth who had been plucked for not knowing the history of the above-mentioned Bishop, expressed his regret at his son's failure.

"I sent my boy," said the parent, "to the best school in England, and afterwards to a private tutor, but one unfortunate question caused him to be rejected."

"Better luck next time," said his companion.

The conversation then turned upon other subjects, when the father asked,

"Pray, can you tell me anything about one Bishop Atterbury, who, I believe, flourished in Charles the First's days?"

"I never heard of him," replied the man in authority.

"No more did my son, and he was plucked for his ignorance."

At a second examination the youth passed, and was present at the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava.

Barrow, in his interesting work, the "Life and Correspondence of Sir Sidney Smith," thus records his services in the Navy. According to Sidney Smith's account, he entered the service in the be-

ginning of the American war, on the coast of America, under the orders of Viscount Howe, but he could not there have remained long. His first entry appears, by the books of the Admiralty, to have been in the "Tortoise" in June 1777, and in the following January he was appointed to the "Unicorn." In the "Unicorn" of twenty guns, the young reefer, then little more than fourteen years of age, was first "baptised in fire;" as the third Napoleon said of the Prince Imperial. In company with the "Experiment," forty-four guns, off Penobscot Bay, they chased the "Raleigh," an American thirty-two gun frigate. The "Unicorn," outsailing her consort, engaged the enemy single-handed in a severe action of three hours, the better part of the time yard-arm to yard-arm. Eventually, the "Raleigh," thoroughly disabled, hauled down her colours. In this engagement, Sidney Smith was struck severely by a splinter. Besides this battle, the "Unicorn" had many along-shore engagements, having at one time on board, beyond her crew, two hundred prisoners of privateers she had captured. From the "Unicorn" he joined the "Arrogant," and was then removed to the "Sandwich," which bore the flag of Sir George Rodney, and was with him in the victory obtained over the Spaniards in 1780. His gallant conduct in this engagement was subsequently acknowledged by the Sailor King, William IV., then Lord High Admiral. In September, 1780, Admiral Rodney appointed Sidney Smith lieutenant of the "Alcide," which was confirmed by the Admiralty in 1783,

evidently with the intention of saving the then rule which directed that no officer could obtain the rank of lieutenant until he was nineteen years of age. He was in the action fought by Rear-Admiral Graves against the French fleet off the Chesapeake, under M. du Barras; and in the following year was in the action fought by Rodney with the French fleet at the Leeward Islands, when a complete victory was gained over the French fleet commanded by the Comte de Grasse. In May, 1782, was promoted commander of the "Fury" sloop, and on the 18th of October following, was advanced to the rank of captain into the "Alcmene." In 1784 the "Alcmene" was paid off.

In 1793, on his return from a mission to Constantinople, he assisted at the burning of the Toulon fleet and arsenal. He was then appointed to the "Diamond" frigate, employed in clearing the Channel of French cruisers and privateers, and when thus employed was captured off the port of Havre, and sent to Paris as prisoner. The "Annual Register" for 1796, thus officially records the circumstance. "Advice was received at the Admiralty, brought by Lieutenant Crispe of the "Telemachus" cutter, of the capture of the enterprising Sir Sidney Smith, commander of His Majesty's ship "Diamond," on the coast of France, having on the 18th of April boarded and taken a lugger privateer belonging to the enemy, in Havre-de-Grâce harbour by the boats of his squadron, then on a reconnoitring expedition; and the tide making strong into the harbour, she was driven above the

French forts, which the next morning, the 19th, discovering at break of day the lugger in tow by a string of English boats, immediately made the signal of alarm, which collected together several gunboats, and other armed vessels that attacked the lugger and British boats, when, after an obstinate resistance of two hours, Sir Sidney had the mortification of being obliged to surrender himself prisoner of war, with about sixteen of his people and three officers with him in his lugger." After an imprisonment of two years, Sir Sidney made his escape from the Abbaye Prison, Paris, thanks to the non-vigilance of the governor of it. Shortly after his return to England he was appointed to the command of the "Tigre," a French vessel captured by Lord Bridport off L'Orient, in June, 1795, and also as Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Court at Constantinople. From thence he proceeded to St. Jean d'Acre, where he captured the enemy's flotilla of gunboats; he also did good service at the battle of Aboukir, not only in the embarkation of the army, but by taking part in the operations of the troops on shore. In 1805 Sir Sidney was made an admiral, and distinguished himself under Sir John Duckworth, in forcing the passage of the Dardanelles in 1807. He afterwards commanded on the South American station, and at the close of the war was second in command in the Mediterranean. From a love of adventure, Sir Sidney was, as an amateur, present during the battle of Waterloo, and most humanely assisted, at his own expense, in removing the wounded to the hospitals.

On December 29th, 1815, Sfr Sidney Smith was invested with the Insignia of Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, by the Duke of Wellington, at the Palace Elysée Bourbon, Paris. The ceremony, which I witnessed, was a most impressive sight. It was thus described, "At six o'clock his Excellency the Commander elect arrived at the Elysée Bourbon, and being conducted and supported into the presence of the noble Duke, representing the sovereign on the occasion, by the two junior Grand Crosses Sir James Kempt and Sir Charles Colville, after the reverences in advancing (the knight elect being already a knight, the usual ceremony of dubbing him as such was formally dispensed with) his Grace proceeded, according to the Order of his Royal Highness the Grand Master, the Prince Regent, which he first read, and invested his Excellency with the Insignia of the Order, after which his Grace shook hands with Sir Sidney most cordially, and congratulated him on his newly acquired honour. In addition to a numerous body of Knights Grand Crosses, Knights Commanders and Companions, my father, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Hardwicke, both Knights of the Most Noble of the Garter, were present on this auspicious occasion. The ceremony being concluded, on the banquet being announced, the Duke desired his Excellency the British Ambassador, Sir Charles Stuart, to conduct the new Knight Commander to the hall of the same, where the members of the Order, including several foreigners of dis-

tinction, amongst them Don Michael Alava, General Muffling, and Count Demetrius Vallamachi, an Ionian nobleman, had already assembled. Here I may mention that Alava, the tried friend of Wellington, had the good fortune to be present at two of the greatest of our victories by sea and land—Trafalgar and Waterloo. At the former he was on board the ship of one of his Spanish relations, at the latter by the side of his Peninsular commander, Wellington. After the health of the King and the Prince Regent had been drunk, the Duke proposed that of Sir Sidney Smith, a toast which was received with the greatest enthusiasm. When silence was restored, Sir Sidney rose and addressed the meeting as follows :—

"My Lord, Noble Knights, Grand Crosses, Commanders, and Companions, I should not do justice to my feelings were I not to endeavour to express them in returning you my thanks for the honour you have done me by this reception ; at the same time I cannot do justice to them by any mode of expression I can make use of. The language of compliment must die on the lips of any man in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, first, from the inadequacy of all language to express what every man must feel when speaking of such a highly distinguished chief; next, from the recollection of the noble simplicity of his character which disclaims it. It will, I trust, be readily believed that I must be most truly grateful to be invested by a knight of such high renown and glorious achievements, and more so in this particular place, and in an

assembly of so many illustrious and highly distinguished Knights, Commanders, and Companions. A combination of circumstances which could only happen in the present times, and are mainly owing to the successful result of the battle of Waterloo. Noble and illustrious Knights, I beg you to accept the expression of my humble thanks for the honour you have done me."

Sir Sidney, who was rather fond of hearing himself speak, received Wellington's permission to propose a toast, the "Health and Deliverance of the White Slaves in the Barbary States;" the company then adjourned to the ball-room, where a brilliant assembly of ladies, English, French, Spanish, Russian, were gathered, and at which the Duke de Berri, the Foreign Ministers, and a large concourse of military were present. No peacock was ever prouder than was Sir Sidney on that occasion; decorated with numerous orders, he pointed out to all who would listen the exploits that had gained them. For some time Wellington's personal staff, of which I formed one, were getting rather tired of Sir Sidney's constant visits to the Palais Elysée Bourbon, who, when the Duke would not see him, devoted a considerable time to us in the waiting-room, boring us not a little with the old worn out story of St. Jean d'Acre. One day when he had been unusually prolix, it was suggested that a harmless practical hoax might produce some effect upon the gallant hero, and Arthur Hill, afterwards Lord Sandys, aided by others, myself not excluded, prepared to carry it out. Our first step was to

get a huge door-key gilded, and a suitable box lined with crimson velvet made to contain it. This was supposed to be the key of the gate of St. Jean d'Acre. Our next move was to get a letter written in the Syriac language, as if coming from the authorities of Acre, offering the freedom of that ancient city to the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, in remembrance of the heroism he displayed in successfully defending it against the vigorous attack of the first Napoleon, thus causing the enemy to retreat after a siege of sixty-one days.

The parchment being prepared, and a huge seal affixed to it, the box and the document were directed to Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, to be left at the Palais Elysée Bourbon. Of course the *concierge* handed the precious article over to the orderly-sergeant at the Duke's gate, who brought it to the waiting-room. There it remained until the following morning, when the hoaxee as usual made his appearance.

"Can I see his Grace?" he asked.

"He is unfortunately very busy this morning," was the reply, "as the messenger leaves for England at three o'clock."

The Admiral sat down, and began,

"This day sixteen years ago 'it was the middle of March,' "—we knew what was coming.

"By the way," said Arthur Hill, "there's a packet for you somewhere. It only arrived yesterday, and thinking you would probably call, we did not forward it, here it is."

"A packet for me—from Syria I declare!—what can it be?"

The box was opened, the document produced, and the gold-looking key appeared resplendent on its velvet cushion.

"I must see the Duke, but perhaps as he is engaged I may as well walk to the Embassy, both his Grace and his Excellency, Sir Charles Stuart, will be delighted at the honour conferred upon me. The key of the city, what a delicate compliment!"

A rosette of red ribbon was attached to the golden prize, which Arthur Hill, who kept his countenance admirably well, said was meant to be worn in a manner similar to that worn by a Lord Chamberlain on the outside pocket of the coat.

"Of course," he continued, "you will have a smaller gold one made, keeping this in its case, and handing it down as an heir-loom."

"Perhaps you will kindly send for a cabriolet," said Sir Sidney, "I will proceed at once to the Embassy."

Not wishing to carry the joke too far, Fremantle suggested that it would be a bad compliment to the Duke of Wellington if he was not the first to be made acquainted with the honour that the hero of Acre had received. To this Sir Sidney assented, saying that the only persons he would mention the circumstance to, would be Lady Smith and his step-daughters; he added,

"We dine at the Elysée to-day, I will do myself the honour of waiting upon the Duke to-morrow at twelve o'clock; perhaps you will kindly apprise his Grace of my intention."

Away went Sir Sidney, and as a matter of course,

the secret oozed out, and was made the subject of a conversation at the Duke's dinner-table that day.

"A gold key!" said he, when Miss Rumbold, one of Sir Sidney's beautiful step-daughters, told him in confidence that her father had received a most flattering present from Acre. "Key of the fortress! Ah! I fear some of my staff are at the bottom of this!"

"You will hear all about it to-morrow," continued Miss Emily Rumbold, "for Sir Sidney is to call upon you at twelve. My sister and myself fancied it was a hoax got up by that arch-hoaxer Lord Arthur Hill, aided and abetted by Lord William Lennox and Colonel Fremantle, shall we apprise Sir Sidney of it?"

"I think you had better say nothing about it," replied the Duke, "or you will be blamed for telling me."

Nothing more occurred; Sir Sidney appeared in high spirits during the whole of the evening, and the next morning sure enough made his appearance with the precious article.

He was received most cordially by the Duke, whose quick eye, had the subject never been hinted to him, would have immediately discovered the trick. He, however, silently listened with patience to the reading of the document and the intended reply. After the interview the hero again strutted into the waiting-room, where a note awaited him from Lady Smith, pointing out that she had just been informed the whole affair was a hoax, probably got up by some of the Duke's aides-de-camp,

and expressing a hope that he would treat it as a joke. To the latter advice the disappointed knight attended, and putting a good face upon the matter, declared that he was always sceptical on the point, feeling assured it was a harmless *plaisanterie* (looking steadfastly at Arthur Hill) of some person or persons unknown. Our consciences rather smited us, but one good effect was produced—we heard no more of St. Jean d'Acre.

The Misses Rumbold were at that time the English belles of Paris, and were as amiable and unaffected as they were handsome. Never shall I forget Miss Emily at the ball given by my mother at Brussels the night before the battle of Quatre Bras, dancing the last dance of the evening with the late Colonel Horace, then Captain, Seymour, of the 1st Life Guards, aide-de-camp to Lord Anglesey, for a handsomer couple were never seen. They would have formed as fine a subject for Millais' splendid picture, as did the "Young Brunswicker." Never shall I forget the breaking up of that ball; but any expression of mine would be weak after Byron's beautiful lines:—

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise."

Rogers's lines, too, are equally expressive:—

"But hark! the din of arms! no time for sorrow,
To horse! to horse! a day of blood to-morrow!
One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,
Fly to the field to triumph—or to die!"

Although presentiments are in most instances unrealised, and only those that are realised recorded, I can quote rather an extraordinary one connected with the above ball. My brother aide-de-camp, Lord Hay, of the Grenadier Guards, who at that time was much smitten with the charms of a young lady, now no more, called me into his room at Enghien, where Maitland's brigade of Guards (on whose staff we were) were quartered, the day before the battle of Quatre Bras, and told me in the strictest confidence the secret of his heart. He added, "I feel certain I shall be killed in the first action, and that all remembrance of me will speedily vanish."

I replied that such thoughts were puerile; that he ought to drive them from his mind.

He continued, "Here is a gold chain with a locket attached to it; if I fall, promise me to give it into the hands of her for whose welfare I shall offer up my last prayer."

I promised faithfully to obey his injunctions, though with a war just before us, I felt that I myself might be numbered among the slain.

"For auld lang syne," he continued (we had been at a private tutor's together), "keep this sword and sash for my sake. I have a presentiment that all my worldly goods and chattels will perish with me."

"What folly!" I exclaimed.

"I care not if I fall," he proceeded. "Better to die on the field of battle than to live a life of misery; and Louisa gives me no hope."

Strange to say, poor Hay was one of the first officers of the Guards killed on the 16th of June. It is true he was a conspicuous object, and being tall, handsome, and on the above occasion splendidly dressed in a fancy uniform, braided frock coat, scarlet waistcoat richly ornamented with gold chain lace, cocked hat, flowing red and white feathers, and well mounted, he was probably taken for an officer of distinction. Suffice it to say, he fell by a pistol shot from a straggling French dragoon, who had taken refuge in a ditch; and within three and thirty hours of his prediction Hay was buried in the wood the Guards had so bravely defended againt Ney's terrific attack. Strange to relate, his servant was taken prisoner, with his favourite horse "Abelard," and all his baggage stolen or lost. Thus the prediction was fulfilled.

Upon my return to England, knowing that his brother, the late Earl of Errol, or his favourite sister, Lady Isabella Wemyss, had no relic of their brother, I presented the gift of my old friend to them, and trusted that the sword—a beautiful sabre—would be preserved as an heirloom, and handed down to posterity as having belonged to one of the noblest and most gallant officers that ever breathed.

"For thee the Muse a wreath would twine,
Young Scion of a noble line!
She weeps not those whose race is run,
Their glory full, their triumph done;
Amid the blaze of honours won,

They brighten as they fall;
But thou—thy course scarce yet begun,—
In death's dark night to set so soon!
No! Pity's softer call,
If not the Muse, shall snatch thy name,
And give it to the rolls of Fame!"

WATERLOO.

Henry Davidson Esq., Advocate,
Edinburgh, 1816.

I felt poor Hay's death acutely, and after a time began to consider how best I could carry out my departed friend's wishes. I did not like to write, having promised to deliver the locket and chain into the lady's own hand, so I waited patiently until my return to England, when I addressed a letter to the father, stating the circumstance under which I was anxious to have an interview with his daughter. A most courteous reply was sent me, and an early day named for my visit. Upon entering the room, I was struck with the beauty of the fair girl. Her father was present, and after shaking me warmly by the hand he left the room. I then proceeded to hand over the gift, and deliver the message that had been entrusted to me. A flood of tears followed, thus proving that Hay's love had not been unrequited.

"I may have appeared heartless," she said, "in allowing his attentions, and then telling him there was no hope. Oh, had he known what a pang it gave me to wound his noble nature, but I was compelled to act as I did; my father might have yielded, but Lord Errol was firm, and wrote to say that he would not consent to his son's marrying anyone until he had attained his majority. This

nearly broke my heart; when I heard of his having been cut off in the prime of life and beauty I felt that I was the indirect cause of his death, as he often told me he would rush into the fray regardless of his life."

After giving way to the greatest grief, she held out her hand and thanked me over and over again for the balm I had poured upon her wounded spirit. Time circled on, more than twelve years had elapsed, when one day, on my way to the Isle of Wight, I stopped to dine and sleep at Southampton. After dinner I strolled on the pier, where the first object that attracted my attention was a lady sitting on one of the benches, and who as I passed gazed intently at me; I fancied I had seen the face before, and while pondering in my mind who it could be, the fair incognita addressed me.

"Have you forgotten me?" she said, "this will recall me to your remembrance," at the same time holding up the chain and locket.

"Excuse me," I exclaimed, "it is so long since we met, and then only for a brief period. Are you staying here?"

"Until to-morrow," she responded, and then in a faltering tone added, "My husband has been called to London, but returns to-morrow. I hope you will allow me to introduce you to him. He is most kind," this was said in a low tone, "and knows all."

Were I writing a work of fiction I should make my heroine constant to her departed first and only love, and probably die of a broken heart; but

as I am recording facts, I must add one more case of inconstancy in women, which like many other cases had palliating circumstancss. Miss —— had been left with a brother and sister, her beauty had attracted a widower much older in years, and sufficiently well off in the world to provide for her and those dear to her. She had candidly told him that her heart could not go with her hand, that her love was buried in Belgium. He was content to accept her on those terms, trusting that time would bring about a change in her feeling, and after some months had elapsed the marriage (not one of the soul, as all marriages should be) took place. As I left early on the following morning, I had no opportunity of again seeing either the one or the other. The grave has long since closed over their remains.

To return to the subject of this memoir. No man was more cool and collected when beset by imminent danger than Sir Sidney Smith; Barrow quotes an instance which reminds one of the following anecdote told of Wellington by Rogers in his "Recollections." Of his Grace's coolness under the most trying circumstances, Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance. He was once in great danger of being lost at sea, and it was bed time when the captain came to him and said, 'It will soon be all over with us.'

"'Very well then,' responded Wellington, 'I shall not take off my boots.'"

The story told of Sir Sidney runs as follows: When in his North Sea command, the "Antelope"

was caught amongst the numerous banks in this sea by a sudden and boisterous blast of wind, when a tremendous surf was raging furiously over the shallows, and the ship became unmanageable; every endeavour was made to wear her but in vain; to stay her was out of the question, and nothing appeared to be left but to let her drift on to the breakers. Sir Sydney, having exhausted all his skill, thus addressed his officers:—

"Gentlemen, we have apparently acted in concert, but to no effect; you see your danger, and although we have done all we could to avert it, if there be any among you who have a suggestion to make, I shall be most happy to hear him; but there is not a moment to lose." All were silent; no one offered the least counsel. "Then," said he, "there is unfortunately but one opinion. I must believe that you will all agree with me that our situation is not a very enviable one, and so, my comrades," ringing the bell for his servant with the utmost apparent composure, "he said to the man, "Tell the cook to send up coffee."

This reminds me of the story of the French chaplain, who finding the enemy were about to attack the frigate he was on board of, thus briefly addressed the crew.

"Amis, vos âmes à Dieu, vos corps à la Patrie; point de poltrons en Paradis."

Although I often met Sir Sidney at Paris after the key hoax had been practised, and although he was aware that I had some hand in it, he never showed the least resentment. In conclusion, Smith

had a warm and generous heart; like a true British tar he scarcely knew the value of money, and his purse was ever open to those in distress. He was an early riser, simple in his habits, temperate in his diet, and abstemious to the greatest degree; for although he lived at a period when drinking among the higher classes was one of the grossest vices of the day, he was never known to be guilty of any excess. Although swearing was then very prevalent in the navy, Sir Sidney never uttered an oath, and reproved those kindly but firmly that indulged in execration.

His conversational powers were great, and when not egoistical he was what is termed "good company." His memory was very retentive, and he was ever ready to enliven a party with anecdotes, charades, or conundrums; though not professedly a wit, he occasionally uttered some puns and smart sayings. There was yet another circumstance which indicated the excellence of the heart of the old "salt," he loved children and children loved him.

> "And we know
> That underneath the armour of his breast
> Were springs of tenderness; all quick to flow
> In sympathy with childhood's joy or woe,
> That children climb'd his knees,
> And made his arms their rest."

To show how soon the interest in man, however great has been his career, fades away. I will recount an anecdote told by Frederick Reynolds.

"During the summer, I met at my friend Frederick Bourne's, in the Adelphi, Sir Sidney Smith and

Monsieur de Philippeau, owing to whose intrepidity and generosity the former gentleman had escaped from a French prison. They talked over the dangers they had run, and much interested us, particularly with that part of the story where the keeper of the prison was satisfied, on Sir Sidney's pledging himself to follow the officer (M. Philippeau in disguise) *wherever* he might choose to conduct him; and also afterwards, when, in the confusion of the moment, the gallant Frenchman had nearly discovered them, by giving the driver of the *fiacre a double Louis.*

"Monsieur Philippeau was apparently a mild, retiring character, and evidently shrank unaffectedly from the praises his grateful friend so liberally and justly bestowed upon him.

"Some few years afterwards I dined with Sir Sidney at Andrew's, in Cleveland Row, almost immediately after his return from Acre, where he had so gallantly defeated Bonaparte and his 'tens of thousands.' It may *now* be expected that every person present was highly interested in Sir Sidney's most unassuming relation of the different events connected with this memorable siege. Quite the contrary. In spite of all the daring feats and glorious victories of our different naval and military commanders, sufficient, it might be supposed, to raise the wonder and envy of the world, yet on their return to their native land, 'with all their blushing honours full upon them,' how few of their countrymen will listen to their narratives; as if it was quite in the common course of events that an

Englishman, under the most disadvantageous and disastrous circumstances, should always be victorious; and that the captain of a man-of-war, in raising a most important siege, and with a handful of men, conquering the hitherto *unconquered* Bonaparte, had merely *done his duty!*

"On the day to which I have just alluded, while the gallant Commodore was relating his story, and had 'arrived at the thickest of the fight,' an abstracted wealthy citizen, who sat opposite to him, and who had the absurd trait of filing a little bill in Chancery against himself, mentally and *privately*, and then of answering it *publicly*, thus abruptly broke out:—

"'No, I'll tell you why I do not think half so well of Mr. Forster, my wine merchant, as I used to do; he says Sherry will rise, and therefore wants me to take a whole pipe. Now, Sir Sidney, don't you think that Sherry will *fall?*'

"I have only to add that I presume Bonaparte included this gentleman in his calculation, when he called us a nation of shopkeepers."

Sir Sidney died at Paris in the year 1840, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. His honoured remains were followed to the grave by a numerous body of friends, among whom were many British and foreign officers. The procession walked on foot to the Protestant Church, where his long-tried and valued friend, Bishop Luscombe, read the burial service. The coffin, by a request of the deceased, was placed on a slab that covered the grave of his

devoted wife, Lady Smith. Orations were then delivered by three distinguished Frenchmen, who fully appreciated the glorious and hardy enterprise, the deeds of heroism, of our lamented countryman. Two years after the death of Sir Sidney, the English residents in Paris erected a monument to his memory. On the lower compartment of the monument are stanzas on Sir Sidney and Lady Smith, of which the less that is said the better. In the upper compartment, on the right of the bust, which is well executed :—

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH, G.C.B.
Admiral of the Red,
Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath,
Grand Cross of several foreign orders, &c.,
Born 21st of July, 1764,
Died 26th of May, 1840.

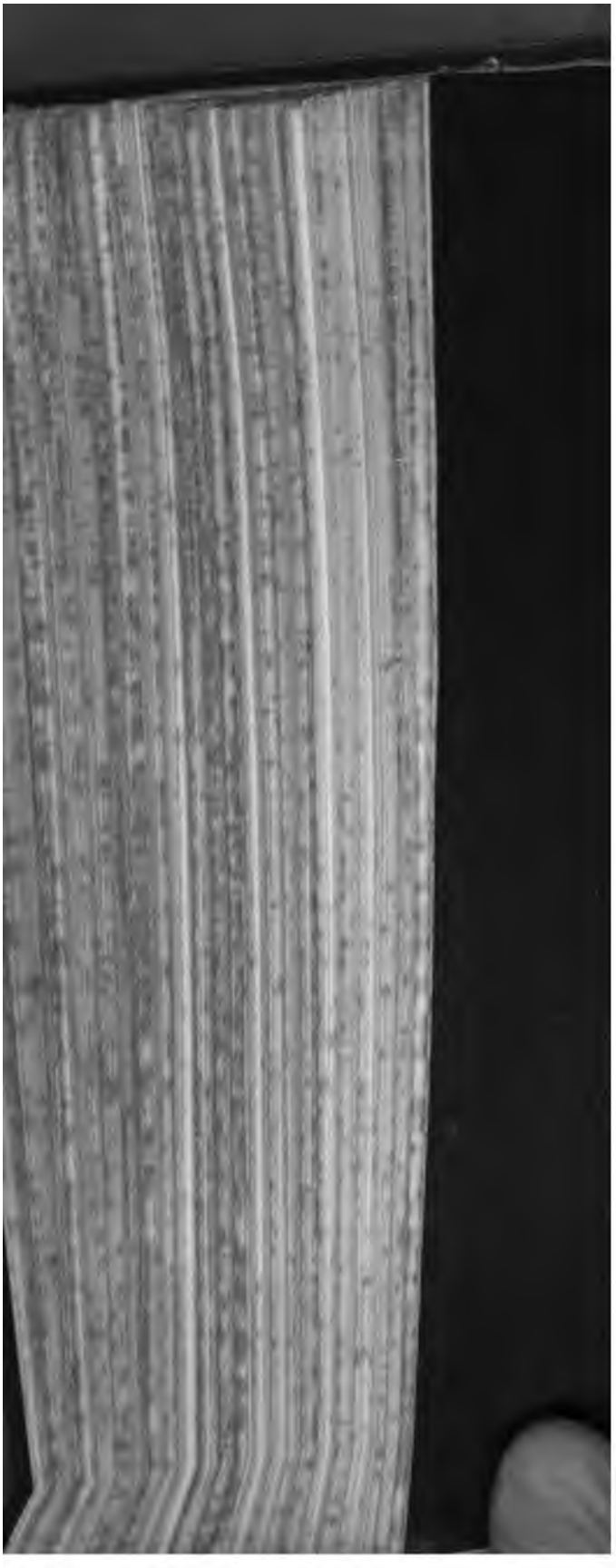
In the upper compartment, on the left of the bust :—

CAROLINE MARY,
Wife of
ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH,
Born 10th of May, 1760,
Died 16th of May, 1826.

Strange to say the word "Acre" is wanting, which reminds me of a celebrated monument of Wellington, in which "Waterloo" is omitted.

A full-length statue of Sir Sidney, voted by Parliament, to be erected at the public expense, is placed in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. Lady Smith left three orphan daughters, and Sir Sidney had the happiness of seeing them well married. Caroline became the wife of Colonel

Adolphe de St. Clair, of the French Garde du Corps du Roi. Maria married Rear-Admiral Arabin, of the Royal Navy; and Emily became the Baroness de Delmar. The latter I often had the pleasure of meeting after her marriage, and to the last she retained her good looks. Alas! not one of these beautiful and highly accomplished ladies is left, to adorn that society of which they were once the most brilliant ornaments.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

London: Printed by A. Schulze, 13, Poland Street.